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THE PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC REVOLT.*

THE publication of Mr. Froude's valuable history in successive installments of volumes, if prejudicial to the formation of a fair and broad estimate of the soundness of his conclusions, has at least this advantage, that it enables his critics to distinguish more clearly the various aspects which the story of the Tudor period may assume when scrutinized from different points of view, and suspends the ultimate judgment on the whole until the criticism has been exhaustive and complete. Although the satisfactory treatment of any peculiar aspect of the history must necessarily carry us, more or less,

over the whole area of the work, yet each successive epoch has its own preëminently striking feature, which seems to claim with justice an especial and more immediate attention, and allots to the critic, by a natural law, the shape which his examination should assume. The domestic relations and private character of Henry, with the cognate subjects of the royal succession and the papal supremacy, are necessarily pointed out as the centerpieces of the first stage of Mr. Froude's history; and, nearly as distinctly, the attainders and popular disturbances of the succeeding period point to the characteristics of the civil government of the Tudors as the subject-matter of a second investigation. The ecclesiastical policy of Henry can hardly be estimated properly until we have before us the results of

* *History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Death of Elizabeth.* By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Vols. V. and VI. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1860.

the Protestant and Catholic movements, in advance and retrogression, in the reigns of his two successors; while the period of Elizabeth would seem to give us the practical solution of the problem which Henry set before him in his attempt to combine a religious compromise with a religious penal test. We have yet to wait for the new materials which Mr. Froude may bring us towards a satisfactory judgment on this last point; but we are enabled by his present volumes, taken in connection with much of his former, to anticipate with some confidence what our decision is likely to be, even though it may be somewhat different from that which Mr. Froude intimates to be the result of his own more extended labors.

We should probably start from a serious difference in our estimate of the qualifications of the Tudor princes for becoming the national interpreters and guides in ecclesiastical matters. That the Tudors — taking as their representatives Henry VIII. and Elizabeth — were great civil rulers, we are prepared to admit and maintain; that they were equally wise heads of the Church, we are quite as much disposed to question. In the one case, their mental and physical characteristics harmonized in a remarkable manner with the demands of the crisis and the national sentiment. In the other, the peculiarities of the problem which was forced upon them by the course of events were exactly such as to convert the strongest points of their character into serious disqualifications.

That the English ecclesiastical system was in the reign of Henry in a very different condition from the political, will be admitted by every one. True it is, that the transitional character of the age applied to both systems alike; Church and State had both outlived their actual external garb, and required equally to be refashioned in accordance with the requirements and feelings of the times. In both cases the popular mind had passed beyond the confines of earlier formularies, which it found inadequate to give utterance to its unspoken aspirations. But the manner in which this feeling operated in the two cases differed, just as the past history of the one contrasted with that of the other. Questions of constitutional rights had ceased to occupy the foreground in public attention, because, in the increasing distance from the epoch

of their agitation, they had quietly fallen into their natural and unobtrusive position in the harmonious retrospect of the landscape. The ecclesiastical horizon, on the other hand, was obscured, and the recognized landmarks of religious belief and clerical authority had become half obliterated in the anxious eyes of bewildered public opinion, by the noxious exhalations of a foul and stagnant system. In both cases it was the uncertain light of daybreak, in which familiar objects assume a strange and doubtful aspect, and the standards of right and wrong seem to vary and deflect with the changing atmosphere. But, in the one instance, the advancing light, if it gave little assistance on an unexplored road, pointed to errors avoided and dangers already escaped from, and was full of promise of future good fortune; in the other it disclosed only the miseries of the past and the uncertainties of the present.

In relation to this double aspect of State and Church, the Tudors had in the one case only to throw themselves into the position of national leaders, and to work a political machine already prepared to their hands. As administrators, they were, beyond doubt, in their natural position. Keeping their eyes steadily on the currents and fluctuations of popular feeling, they guided the ship so as to avoid meeting the opposing front of the waves, and steered steadily, though with much skillful tacking, to their desired end. But if good seamen, they were bad shipwrights; and when, as in the case of the Church, the timbers were so rotten that the vessel had to be taken to pieces and rebuilt before the new voyage could be undertaken, they laid down the "ship's lines" with little regard to any thing but their own arbitrary presumptions as to speed and safety, and hoped by the adroitness of their steering to escape from the consequences of their own willfulness. Their successful and popular government of the English commonwealth was based on a careful observance of forms of law which had become the outward symbols of freedom and prosperity with the people; they forgot that, in the case of the Church, the abuses of the ecclesiastical order, while they had scattered and confused the ideas of faith, had not destroyed them. They were exactly in that undetermined state in which, although they did not present themselves

in an aggregate and regularly organized form, they nevertheless required to be consulted and allowed for in their separate and undeveloped existence quite as much as if they were presented in the distinct attitude of a settled and uniform national conviction. But the Tudors, although they respected any usage or prejudice which had succeeded in identifying itself with the unmistakable voice of the whole nation, had little respect for individual convictions or fractional manifestations of opinion. They held themselves to be the natural representatives of the English nation; and where these had a common national faith, as in civil affairs, they accepted it and acted upon it; but where this did not specifically exist, they could not be satisfied, in their representative capacity, until they had invented one themselves. In constructing such a creed, the Tudors identified themselves so entirely with the nation, that they seemed to think they had only to strike the balance in their own minds between the opposite tendencies of its scattered convictions and wishes, and the nation itself would follow implicitly in the wake of their political logic, and merge its own ideas in a royal formulary of faith. There was, indeed, one feature in the Roman Catholic system which had never been in harmony with the national spirit of England. This was the dependency on Rome, and the exercise of the papal authority within this kingdom. When Henry's private feelings and wishes led him to throw off this yoke, and brave the consequences of an alienation from the papal sheepfold, he was backed and encouraged by the feeling of nearly the whole nation, whatever might be their opinion on the divorce question itself. The ill-feeling against much of the practical organization of the Roman Catholic Church throughout this country sustained him, again, in many of his more serious measures against monks and ecclesiastical dignitaries. So far the demolition of the Church system may be said to have been a national movement as well as a royal project. But beyond this point there was no settled and general national feeling; and the Tudors, left to their own strong wills and imperious instincts, without the useful controlling power imposed by their wise respect for a definite national will, tried to make the English nation believe, disbelieve, and refrain from believing on the single strength

of a royal *ipse dixit*. Nor was this the sole or chief mistake. The Tudors, as efficient administrators, had a strong opinion on the uselessness of laws without penalties for those who infringed them. In state affairs they had little difficulty in carrying with them that out-of-doors support which is essential to the enforcement of penal provisions. Their harshest enactments are to some extent palliated by the fact that they were embodiments of popular sentiment, or at any rate not flagrantly in violation of it. When, however, the royal scheme of religious faith was imposed by the same machinery, the result could hardly fail to be very different. The nation was decidedly anti-Romanist; but the circumstances of the case prevented it from being neutral between Catholicism and Protestantism, so as to be flexible to the King's Middle Scheme. Protestantism, as a religious creed, was necessarily aggressive in its attitude, and definite and positive in its positions; to exist at all, it must inevitably dwell upon points of difference rather than of agreement. Compromise at this stage would empty it of its significance, and amount to a virtual suicide. It assailed, not the mere outworks, but the very citadel of Catholicism, and no surrender of the former only could be accepted as a satisfactory conclusion of the struggle. The questions which had been awakened by this controversy were such, that any dereliction of duty on the part of the leaders of the Protestants would have only led to their agitation passing into the hands of more uncompromising managers. Although Protestantism had not yet achieved the character of a national movement, it had grown so deeply down into the hearts of a considerable section of Englishmen as to defy extirpation at the hands of any one. Its existence had become a political and social necessity, and that existence was based on principles negative of all compromise. English Catholicism was at first more open to that solution. As with most formal adherents of an established faith, individual conviction was, at the commencement of the struggle, rather vague and unformed; and the exaggerated pretensions of the Papal See had opened a door through which a modified Protestantism might have been introduced, without alienating the sympathies or irritating the prejudices of the great majority of English

Catholics. But between this and the creed of the avowed Protestants there would be the difference of a negative and a positive system; and though a skillful management might have succeeded in assigning to each its natural and proper place in the ecclesiastical constitution of England, every thing which threw increased emphasis on the more important points of difference between the two Churches had the effect of thinning the numbers of this undecided class, and recruiting either the Catholic or Protestant camp at its expense. It must be evident that if the contest were prolonged, and as the tradition of a settled authoritative faith gradually died out, the nucleus of a middle party would also be destroyed, and the partition of the nation between two great hostile religious camps would be completed. The more decided Catholics, on the other hand, who were fighting *pro aris et focis*—the partisans of the papal supremacy—would lose no opportunity of widening their party by putting in the foreground those doctrines of the Catholic Church which were menaced by the Protestants, and still cherished, through ancestral associations, in the body of the nation, and exaggerating the tendencies of the Protestant movement, so as to prevent any concession, however slight, in that direction. So that we had, in the second place, a class of formal Catholics, whose continued existence as such was incompatible with a prolonged religious struggle, and a defeated but determined body of Papists, in the strict sense of the term, whose only chance lay in prolonging that struggle by exalting non-essential differences into essentials.

The wisest statesman might have failed in an entirely satisfactory settlement of so complicated a state of things; but a wise statesman, or one who was endowed with congenial qualities of mind, might, as the history of the three succeeding centuries leads us to conclude, have done much towards that end, or might at least have placed the state in a tenable and stable position in relation to the struggle, so long as it continued. Compromise, in the sense of giving up any important point either way, and subsiding into tranquil impartiality, was clearly out of the question at that time. The only compromise which could be accepted would be that implied in a scheme of comprehensive toleration, and the only

basis of a national church sanctioned by authority that would be firm and durable must be laid in points of common agreement. To arrive at these, it was, in the first place, essential that the Crown should take up an independent position, removed from the field of religious controversy, and representing common national interests. From this calm vantage-ground it might have acted as a moderator of passions, and an arbiter and balance between extreme tendencies; securing to each their strictly religious standing-ground, but denying to either any assumption of national authority which it had not fairly earned by its spiritual conquests. Such views as these may seem vague and unpractical in the face of the positive difficulties of the position; but in their want of definiteness lies their real value. The national mind of England was undefined on religious questions, and none but the widest and most flexible rules could be properly applicable to its management. That much might have been done in this manner at the commencement of the Reformation in England, there can be no doubt. The more extreme Protestantism and Catholicism were very localized, the former being more especially characteristic of the large towns. The vague traditional Catholicism was spread over those country districts which then, as now, retained longer ancestral impressions. To force upon these last an unmitigated Protestantism, would be as injudicious and unjust as to suppress the onward tendencies in the first case. The state would have found ample and appropriate work in preserving general order and mutual forbearance, and in devising a remedy against those offenses to public morality which had provoked general indignation in the earlier part of the reign of Henry, and had been denounced by sober Catholics as decidedly as by the most zealous Lollards.

But whatever good might have been effected in this manner, the Tudors had no idea of a temporizing policy which involved such a studied abstinence on the part of the executive. They could not wait until the English nation had worked out the problem of its future national faith for itself and in its own way. They stepped in, not with a system of tolerance and comprehension, but of arbitrary selection and compulsory imposition. The Tudors unhappily were theologians as well as

statesmen. Henry had earned one of his titles — that of “Defender of the Faith” — by a treatise in answer to the apostle of the Reformation. He determined to inaugurate his new appellation of “Supreme head of the English Church” by imposing on Catholics and Protestants a newly devised symbol of faith obnoxious to both. Neither Catholicism nor Protestantism had attained to a national character; therefore both Catholicism and Protestantism were to cease to exist, and a scheme was to take their place, which we can only describe by saying that it contrived most successfully to combine the worst features of religious dogmatism with the lowest and most latitudinarian Erastianism. And this was to be not merely the residuary or passive creed of the nation, but its sole and active faith. Englishmen were not merely to cease to be dogmatic in other directions, they were also to become dogmatic for this royal *tertium quid*. The enthusiasm of Catholics and Protestants in favor of their own convictions was to cease, and they were to become enthusiasts for a scheme in which they had no interest and the faintest faith. There is something so audacious and shameless in this combined invocation of fanaticism and worldliness, that we see at once the Tudor theory of government must have been based upon a profound contempt for individual character as well as individual convictions. If they had believed in any general existence of high principle in individual cases, they would hardly have ventured upon a scheme which appears on the face of it to assume a natural servility or an inconceivable amount of stolidity. But the case was worse than this. Had the king's creed been formed and enunciated once for all, there would have been at any rate the merit of setting up a fixed standard of faith, around which the national opinion might possibly be induced to range itself. But Henry's creed was a shifting one, with the variations in his personal and domestic relations, and not even a steadily progressive one. It sought to maintain and establish itself under all its phases, not by mediating between extreme parties, but by allowing by turns Protestants and Catholics to enjoy an installment of power to persecute their adversaries. The extremities to which Cromwell was allowed to proceed, and the license afforded for a time after his fall to

the Romanizing bishops, may have been wise measures in a prince whose only desire was to teach all parties to tremble at the royal displeasure; but it inevitably prevented the adherents of the court religion from being other than sycophants and time-servers, and entailed upon the succeeding generation a fatal legacy of religious heart-burning and of the true *odium theologicum*. Religious bigotry and persecution were made a question of time and not of principle; men were encouraged to hate and persecute on religious grounds; but they were deprived of the initiative, and degraded to the rank of mere hireling executioners.

So far as the outward success of such a policy could say any thing for it, Henry might indeed boast that he had gained his object. The Tudors never faltered in any road on which they had once fairly entered; and Henry had carried through his project with a high and unrelenting hand. The stake and the scaffold had done their work with impartial injustice; the earnest on both sides were silenced, or only opened their mouths when it suited the king's plans to employ their zeal in his politico-religious permutations. A so-called national Church existed, into outward adherence to which all others had been dragooned. It represented nothing in the nation but the arbitrary will of the king; but while the king lived no one dared to dispute that will on such a point; and the general acquiescence might have been mistaken at first sight for a legitimate belief. But the death of Henry dispelled such dreams, if they existed in the minds of any of his courtiers. Chance, rather than any deliberate policy on the part of the late king, threw the reins of government at the commencement of the new reign into the hands of the Protestants. The birth of Edward, and the subsequent misadventure of the Catholic queen, Catherine Howard, determined which of the revolts from the Middle Scheme of Henry should first have its way. The gallant and accomplished, though somewhat insolently ambitious, Earl of Surrey had just paid the forfeit of his head — possibly for a meditated treason, possibly for indiscreet self-confidence. His father, the old Duke of Norfolk, was a prisoner in the Tower, expecting every hour to be led to the scaffold. The Catholic party had received the last blow from the dying hand of Henry, and

the Protestants were for the time in the ascendant, because they were not the latest victims of the royal displeasure. The Protestant family of Seymour succeeded to the throne and to the government of the realm. An uncle of the young king boldly grasped the protectorate. The will of Henry, with its laborious provisions for continuing a state of things which depended on his life alone, was swept aside as idle words and waste paper. The Reformation began to move onwards; the Protestants of England and the Continental reformers applauded the movement, and thanked God with lightened hearts and confident hopes; the Catholics bided their time in gloomy and watchful resentment; and the nation at large, the sheet-anchor of authority gone, awaited with puzzled expectation what would be the new spiritual revelation from high quarters.

Edward himself was as yet too much a child, and till the very last part of his life too much under the influence of others, to make his own character and feelings an important element in the history of his reign. That he was an extraordinary boy for his years is manifest from the Journal which he has left, and which has all the marks of proceeding from the mind of the boy himself. That the premature development of his mind was connected with the physical disease which brought him to so early a grave, there can be little doubt. Whether a character of such a peculiar cast would ever, under any circumstances, have been matured into a really great and powerful organization, may be well doubted. Its tendencies were just and conscientious, but they were not warm or generous. There is something almost heartless in the cold indifference with which Edward seems to have regarded the violent deaths of his uncles; and we can hardly think that such a temperament could ever have recommended itself to the English nation, as those of Henry and Elizabeth did under every drawback. His whole education had been systematic, and his religion was systematic also. It was a formularized Protestantism, and orthodoxy seems with him to have been another word for an intelligent and orderly classification of religious phenomena. It distressed him seriously that his sister Mary could not be brought to see the useless and irrational character of her popish mass. She

considered it answer enough that she was not disobeying her father's orders. He was irritated, as he might have been at an obstinate adherence to a palpable blunder in Latin composition. The *Discourse on the Reformation of Abuses*, on which Mr. Froude lays some stress, as an indication of the great insight which Edward exhibited into the condition of England and the abuses of the government, really goes no further than to prove that the young king, who was fond of taking notes of facts as they fell under his notice, had been tempted by some of them into an exercise, on the model of his classical favorites, on the duty of good government. His remedies have all the vagueness of the moral speculations in which clever youths are fond of indulging, and contain no indication that the writer had any insight into the causes and real bearings of the matters which had arrested his attention.

Edward, Earl of Hertford and Duke of Somerset, the uncle of the young king, and the Protector of the kingdom during the earlier part of the reign of Edward, was a man whose character has a much more important bearing on the history of England than that of his royal nephew. Mr. Froude appears to us to have done him scant justice, if we look to the difficulties of his position, and the glimpses we are able to obtain of his real wishes and intentions. His first portrait of him is the most favorable. It paints him as the historian supposes that he was at the death of Henry, and when his own independent career had yet to be entered upon. "The Earl of Hertford," he says: "ardent, generous, and enthusiastic, the popular successful general, the uncle of Edward, was dissatisfied with the limited powers and the narrow sphere of action which had been assigned him. He saw England, as he believed, ripe for mighty changes easy of accomplishment. He saw in imagination the yet imperfect revolution carried out to completion, and himself as the achiever of the triumph remembered in the history of his country. He had lived in a reign in which the laws had been severe beyond precedent, and where even speech was criminal. He was himself a believer in liberty; he imagined that the strong hand could now be dispensed with, that an age of enlightenment was at hand, when severity could be superseded with gentleness, and force

by persuasion. But to accomplish these great purposes he required a larger measure of authority." There may be some truth in this character of Somerset taken in itself; but as an explanation of the course which he took and of the steps made in advance in the reformation of religion, we think it is incomplete and unsatisfactory. Somerset's own temperament might in any case have led him to prefer the more generous and freer course which the historian speaks of, and to underrate the difficulties with which such a sudden change would be attended. But it is another question whether any choice of the course which he should pursue was given to him, in the sense in which Mr. Froude understands it to have been. The peculiar and anomalous position assumed by Henry with reference to the two religious parties had become, even before his death, almost untenable. None but one who had made the position himself, and by his strong will and powerful ascendancy of intellect had kept it so long, could have continued it much longer; and the last proceedings of Henry, and the communication respecting the eucharist with which he startled Cranmer, seems to indicate a growing conviction in the mind of that king himself, that he must soon abandon his armed neutrality, and identify himself with the cause of one of the combatants. Much more must this conviction have weighed upon Somerset. By terrorism alone, it is useless to deny, had Henry's *via media* been imposed on the nation. But could a Council of Regency, or a Protector during a minority, venture upon maintaining a system isolated from the sympathies of the nation by such violent and despotic means?—It is beside the question to discuss whether the strong hand might be removed with safety; it had actually been removed by the hand of death, and there was no one who could hope, with the smallest chance of success, to reimpose it. None but a mature and reigning king, and a reigning king such as Henry, could have done this. Henry was gone, and Elizabeth came too late by the interval of two revolutions. Somerset had no choice but to make up his mind to another system; and in choosing this he had to consider in what direction lay the best chances of forming a strong and beneficial government. A Council of Regency in such a case was equivalent to introducing into the execu-

tive itself the chaos from which it was necessary to rescue the country at large. A council could be efficient only with a single ruling spirit; and it was far better that the form of divided authority should be laid aside at once, and that, with the title and office of Protector, Somerset should also openly take upon himself the responsibility of public affairs.

Unable to stand by himself as Henry had done, Somerset's choice between factions could only lead him to the Reformers. Besides his own convictions, which led him in that direction, his social position dictated the same choice. The older nobility were either avowed leaders of the Catholic party, as the Howards, or leant in that direction in matters of religious dogma, as De Vere and Talbot. The nobility attached to the Reformation and the conformists, who had given to Henry their outward adhesion, were chiefly creations of the last reign. Somerset himself was one of them; and the *parvenu* blood of Seymour, scorned and hated as such by these proud relics of the older baronage, naturally sought refuge and support with those pedigrees which stood on a similar footing. But to secure the support of this party an onward movement in the Reformation was absolutely necessary; and Somerset only obeyed that sternest of all dictates when he became the leader of the Protestant revolt against the Middle Scheme of the deceased king. So that, after allowing the first demonstrations of the Protestants to produce their effect on the public mind, the Protector gave the movement "the formal sanction of the government." "A general order is given for the purification of the churches," to adopt Mr. Froude's marginal summaries. "Images are put away, windows broken, and walls whitewashed. A general visitation is instituted. A *Book of Homilies* is issued, with instructions for the clergy. The behavior of the country clergy to be inquired into. Ancient customs are to be discontinued." We fully agree with Mr. Froude that this was going too fast and too far. As he remarks in his admirable manner, "the spirit of the innovations was destructive merely, and customs which were interwoven in the details of common life could not rudely be torn away with impunity. To most men habit is the moral costume which saves them from barbarism; and although there are costumes which may be worse than naked-

ness, it is one thing to do what is right, it is another to do it rightly and at the right opportunity." The policy was an unsound one; but the question recurs: On whom does the responsibility of its being considered necessary rest? and was it not, with all its faults and its inevitable provocatives to reaction, a nobler and healthier policy than that under which the living thought of England was compressed during the reign of Henry? We may lament the immediate consequences of the withdrawal of a strong hand, but when its continuance carried with it the demoralization of a nation, is it not better that men should think and act honestly, even at the expense of some intolerance and fanaticism? Religious persecution was the offspring of the reign of Henry; and if it had now ceased to be regulated by the interests or caprices of a king, it gained, surely, in its moral influence on both persecutors and persecuted by being dictated by sincere conviction in a considerable portion of the nation, however narrow and however deplorable.

But under Somerset the reforming movement, though vexatious and intolerant as respected the feelings and convictions of a large portion of the nation, was mildness itself when contrasted with the authorized persecutions of the reign of Henry. A Protestant face was indeed put by the hand of authority on the public services of religion, but the first Act of Uniformity, in January, 1549, was on the whole a moderate measure; the second, of the year 1552, which went a stage farther, was not passed till after the execution of Somerset. It was upon the extreme Protestants themselves, the "Anabaptists" and "Arians" rather than the Romanists, that the severer penalties of the law were visited.

The difficulty against which Somerset had really to contend, in religious as well as civil matters, was well and emphatically stated by the shrewd diplomatist Sir William Paget. "Society in a realm," he wrote to the Protector, "doth consist and is maintained by means of religion and law; and these two or one wanting, farewell all just society, government, justice. I fear at home is neither. *The use of the old religion is forbidden; the use of the new is not yet printed in the stomachs of eleven of twelve parts of the realm.*" The legacy of selfishness, unregulated by fixed and deeply-rooted religious

convictions, which Henry had bequeathed to England in the persons of the leading men of his court, produced its natural effects in the lower ranks of society. There can be conceived no crisis in the life of a nation, as there is none in that of an individual, more dangerous than a change in religious faith. The old standard of authority in the mind once removed, any new one, however conscientiously set up in its place, can not escape from the conditions of its origin. It must rely entirely upon its continued hold on the intellectual apprehension of those of whose moral conduct it is become the arbiter. The symbol of faith is not external enough to be always respected, even when appreciated; and the human mind is too apt to deceive itself by juggling tricks, to become with safety the sole basis of religious belief. The natural dangers of such a transitional state had been aggravated by the restrictive and arbitrary impositions of Henry. There was no traditional feeling to support the anomalous creed which the king sought to impose; and the terrors of the civil arm left to the mind of most men only one escape in a continual tampering with their consciences so as to force their convictions within the letter of the religion prescribed by law. All respect was soon lost for what was so little respected by themselves; and the accession of Edward found a nation with the outward forms of religious faith, but with the foundations of morality seriously undermined. Such a state of things was not inconsistent with religious fanaticism. The intellectual adherence to a particular creed survived, and was exaggerated by a consciousness of its reality having become doubtful. And when this creed gained a healthier freedom of growth under the auspices of the Protector, the weeds which had grown up with it not unfrequently detracted from its seemliness, and threatened to choke it altogether. Somerset himself had not escaped unscathed from this dangerous ordeal, with the untoward consequences of which he had to contend in the body of the nation. It was a necessary danger from which no great religious movement can be exempted, and it is no serious disparagement to Somerset's abilities that he failed to cope successfully with it, and was overwhelmed by the consequences of the very movement which it was his duty and his necessity to foster

and promote. But this very moral deterioration in Englishmen since the Reformation, which perplexed and distressed Latimer and Gilpin, and the more earnest Reformers, was the means of bringing out into strong relief the nobler and purer characteristics of the Protector. Perhaps his own position as a *parvenu* may have had something to do with the result; if so, however, the fact is nearly a solitary one in the history of *parvenus*; but certain it is that the sympathies of the reforming Protector lay with that class of his countrymen who had suffered most in consequence of the Reformation, and who had most reason to look back to the times of crass ignorance and full stomachs. The lower classes in the country districts, who depended most of all on those in immediate local authority over them, had experienced to a frightful extent the consequences of the substitution of the demoralized selfishness of individuals for the customary benevolence of eleemosynary corporations, and of the grasping acquisitiveness of struggling aspirants for court favor, for the open-handed hospitality of former times. Men's hearts seemed to have grown hard in proportion as their consciences had become restless. The Reformation had, like the Gospel, in its promulgation brought any thing but peace and happiness into the households of England. Old ties had been rent asunder; old laws repealed or violated with impunity. Prices had risen, wages had fallen. Wealth seemed to have passed away from the generality, and to have concentrated itself in the persons of a comparatively few individuals. Dress and expenditure on the part of these wealthy few was lavish, without any sensibly beneficial influence on those below. Somerset's own household was magnificent beyond all the just requirements of his position. Others with less excuse followed his example; while the working classes covered the highways with their poverty-stricken and starving multitudes, and were ready to commit their lives and fortunes to any enterprise, however desperate, which offered an escape from their intolerable misery. Somerset, selfish and self-indulgent though he was in some things, felt keenly this result of the movement of which he was the recognized head, and, encouraged by such men as Latimer, tried with earnest sincerity to grapple with its evils. But in his at-

tempts to moderate the grasping spirit of the land-holders, and to restrain the victims, partly of their selfishness, partly of inevitable social changes, from resorting to violent and excessive means of redress, he almost wholly failed; nor was he wise in some of the methods he adopted to effect his end. He failed to obtain for the people what he desired; he provoked, with fatal results to himself, the hatred of the land-owners. He fell, the victim of intrigues, in which personal selfishness was thinly veiled by the hypocrisy of public motives, though only too much helped to success by the manifest errors and misfortunes of the government; he succumbed before a man in whom the demoralizing influences of the previous reign had worked more fatally, because on a less noble soil; but in falling, Somerset left behind him his surest title to esteem in the eyes of posterity, and his strongest appeal to their commiseration and allowance for his failings in the love of the common people, of which not even failure and the scaffold could rob him.

The second ruler of England during the nominal reign of Edward was John Dudley, Earl of Warwick and Duke of Northumberland. The son of Henry VII.'s favorite and the father of Elizabeth's favorite, he himself enjoyed until the death of Edward an uninterrupted course of progressive advancement. We can not introduce him better than by giving at length the character with which he is ushered into the pages of Mr. Froude's history: "Perfectly free from vague enthusiasm, in his faults and in his virtues he was alike distinguished from the Protector. Shrewd, silent, cunning, and plausible, he had avoided open collision with the uncle of the king; he had been employed upon the northern border, where he had done his own work skillfully; and if he had opposed Somerset's imprudent schemes, he had submitted like the rest, as long as submission was possible. He had the art of gaining influence by affecting to disclaim a desire for it; and in his letters, of which many remain in the State-Paper Office, there is a tone of studied moderation, a seeming disinterestedness, a thoughtful anxiety for others. With something of the reality, something of the affectation of high qualities, with great personal courage, and a coolness which never allowed him to be off his guard, he had a character well

fitted to impose on others, because first of all, it is likely that he had imposed upon himself." This is a portrait which, from its indistinctness in some points, might easily be converted by an advocate of Northumberland into a panegyric. Indeed, not merely plausible palliations, but undisguised panegyrics, have been based on much fewer historical concessions in the case of other great men. But in the pages of Mr. Froude Dudley's character grows darker and darker as the narrative advances, until the portrait, if more distinct and consistent in itself, is scarcely reconcilable with the qualities awarded to him in the foregoing passage. In the closing scenes of Northumberland's career we miss the intellectual clearness and the shrewd watchfulness which are made the leading features in this earlier portrait. His mental capacity scarcely raises him above our contempt, any more than his moral weakness. He was, perhaps, an example of that class of minds whose endowments are special, and, we might say, professional in their character, and who consequently are unequal to the wider demands from the administrator of the multiform business of a great state; who are brave without possessing the calm self-possession of true and sustained courage, are clever and shrewd without deeper intuitions of nobler ends, and consequently with a defective insight into the more subtle distinctions of human character, and who rise rather through the expectations excited by the completeness of their own qualifications for a secondary position, than from any great affectation on their part of virtues which they have no intention of permanently displaying. Northumberland, too, it must be recollected, had his grave disadvantages to contend with in the outset of his government. He rose on the ruins of a man who had perished in the fullness of his popularity with a large portion of the nation; he had all the odium with the people of ingratitude to his former benefactor; nor, even if it be true that it had come to be matter of life and death between them, and that Somerset's existence menaced that of Northumberland, could the successful anticipator of the fatal blow hope to obtain the sympathy attaching to his popular victim. The heyday of the Reformation had gone by when he succeeded to the helm of affairs. The bright visions which had attended

the opening years of Edward's reign had passed away. All the worst features of the Reforming movement, in its harsh narrowness and its tainted advocates, had been pressing upon public attention. The clouds were fast gathering which threatened a return of civil convulsions, if not of the darkness of a Popish restoration; and Northumberland was called upon to ride the whirlwind for which he was only partially answerable. The braver and better spirits among the Reformers openly denounced the evil and bewailed the inevitable consequences. The more timid, such as Cranmer, after contributing their share to the mischief by violations of law and justice, shrank back into a corner, and busied themselves in the humbler work of forging new fetters for the conscience in forty-two Protestant articles of faith. But Northumberland at any rate stood to his post, and fought his increasingly doubtful battle with the boldness of a desperate gambler, though not of a foreseeing statesman; and upon Northumberland first of all fell the consequences of his own rash errors and his own ambitious crimes.

The state of feeling in England on religious matters in the closing year of Edward's reign may be described with tolerable accuracy in Mr. Froude's own words. Speaking of the rising prospects of Mary, he says:

"A return of communion with the See of Rome was unthought of. Mary herself was not supposed to desire what, in common with the rest of the country she had renounced under her father. A return to the constitution of religion as her father left it [?] was probably the wish of three quarters of the English nation. The orthodox Catholics were outraged by the imprisonment of the bishops, and the establishment by law of opinions which they accounted as heresy. The moderate English party had no sympathy with a tyranny which had thrust the views of foreign Reformers by force upon the people. Even the citizens of London, where Protestantism had the strongest hold, had been offended by the offensive combination of sacrilege and spoliation with a pedantry which could not bear the sound of the church-bells, and regarded an organ as impious. The clergy, at the moment when the king's illness became serious, were being subjected to a compulsory subscription to the Forty-two Articles, under pain of ejection from their benefices; while the universal corruption of public functionaries, the sufferings of the poor, the ruin of the currency, and the embarrassment of the finances, reflected double discredit on the opinions of which these were considered the results."

This picture, perhaps too universally somber in its coloring, is meant by the historian to be confined to the reign of Edward, and the fuller development of the Reformation under him; but much of it was transferred, there can be little doubt, from the preceding reign, and only an additional intensity imparted to it by time. The torrent burst its bounds in one direction when the barriers which held it were withdrawn by the death of Henry; but its pent-up waters had gathered much of their impetuous strength from the violent restraint which had been laid upon their natural progress. The Reformation, under Edward, it is true, brought upon the land much immediate evil and misery—it also, however, entailed upon it many lasting blessings: it swept away much that was venerable in the eyes of contemporaries, but it also removed at once, and forever, many customary abuses and degrading superstitions, which would probably have yielded only to a hand of violence. The returning wave of superstition never again could attain to the same water-mark. The English nation, though, as a whole, it repudiated the extreme form to which the Reformation had been pushed, would never again tolerate with the same patience even the mitigated Catholicism of the days of Henry. The church system of Edward disappeared with small regret along with those who had brought discredit upon it by their selfish ambition; but it had gained sufficient hold on the mind of the nation to revive, with happier auspices, when purified from the alloy of worldly selfishness by the fires of Smithfield.

The Protestant revolt having run its course, and been brought to a premature conclusion, the Catholic reaction, in its turn, occupied the field. It began with all the *prestige* of the seemingly disastrous failure of its rival. It had escaped, by the force of accomplished events, from the false position in which it was placed, in the reign of Henry, between an unpopular dependence on Rome and the quasi-Catholic convictions of the king. It might become more completely *national* than the Church had yet been since the commencement of the century, if it would only refrain from the error of becoming papal. In the public feeling towards its royal patron were united the national attachment paid to the lineal successor of

an ancient line of kings, and the respect felt for her fidelity to her religious convictions under every trial. The gallant spirit with which Mary had thrown herself into the contest for her crown, against the timid dissuasions of the imperial ambassador, and in spite of the anxious forebodings of the worldly wise Charles V., had cast a certain halo of greatness about her character, which was reflected upon the religion with which she had identified herself. Under Henry, the Catholic religion might be fairly said to have been placed at a disadvantage, which prevented its intrinsic merits from being estimated. Now, freed from embarrassing traditions, and with the aid of that popular forgetfulness of long-past evils which is a most powerful agent in all restorations, it started under the happiest auspices; and nothing but gross incapacity in its managers, or its inherent badness and incompatibility with English society, could bring about any but a favorable issue.

Of the Catholic reactionary movement, Mary herself is, we need hardly say, the central figure. To her royal courage it owed its great success at the outset; to her obstinate adherence to what she considered the line of policy dictated by duty it owed its first difficulties, and to her morbid eagerness for a Spanish husband its imminent danger of a sudden fatal catastrophe; to her undaunted bearing alone in the crisis which she had herself provoked it again owed its safety and triumph; to her growing fanaticism and increasingly gloomy bigotry it owes, in a great degree, the hateful associations of the blazing fagot and the martyr's stake, with which its doctrines have been ever since clouded in the eyes of Englishmen; and with her death disappeared the last chance of upholding that system which the imperious will of Henry had not been able to deprive of the affections of a large portion of the nation, and of which the temporary triumph of its adversaries, during the reign of Edward, had only served to demonstrate the inherent strength.

Mary is Mr. Froude's most successful historical portrait. He had just enough sympathy with the daughter of Henry VIII.—just enough appreciation of those among the higher qualities of the Tudor family which Mary displayed — just enough dislike to the more uncompromis-

ing Protestants, who were a trouble and offense to Henry and a difficulty to Elizabeth—to counterbalance his natural antagonism to the Romish queen as the zealous undoer of the work of her father. Mary's English characteristics were almost entirely confined to those qualities of undaunted courage and indomitable and unflinching persistence in a once conceived purpose, which the Tudors shared with their subjects. In other respects she was essentially Spanish in her feelings and ideas. It was more than a political or religious fancy which led her to yearn for the match with Philip of Spain. It was rather an instinct of her physical and mental constitution. She felt as a Spaniard even when she acted and spoke as an Englishwoman. The fashion of her mind and her daily habits had all the stiff and proud formality of the Spanish court; her bearing might inspire respect, where her minute and morbid devoteism did not provoke contempt, but it failed to rouse enthusiasm or secure warm affection. Her character was naturally honest and straightforward; and she only deviated from truth and practiced dissimulation where the superior interests of her Church or the persuasions of her most trusted advisers had convinced her that it was pardonable, and even her duty so to do. On the whole, we think she was more conscientious than Mr. Froude has succeeded in proving that Henry was, or than he is likely to be able to succeed in proving Elizabeth to have been. But, though an honest and brave queen, Mary had few statesmanlike qualities. Her end was single and set clearly before her, but the ways by which she walked towards it were ill-chosen—selected with little regard to the necessities of her position. All delay was to her mind a sin, as well as a heavy weight of misery. The early circumstances of her life had tinged with a morbid character all her impressions and impulses, whether sanguine or the reverse. For years she had brooded over her mother's wrongs, her own withheld rights, and the growing desolation of the Church of God. She then figured herself as one who had been destined by heaven to wear out a long martyrdom of sorrow and humiliation, and she strung up her nerves to the trial, and suffered all her warmer and more hopeful feelings to be frozen into a cold, unmoved, deathlike endurance. When the unpopularity

and errors of Northumberland, and the rising enthusiasm of the English people in her cause, seemed to invite her from her retirement to the struggles of the world, a new light flashed upon her as to her destined mission. The first stage of her trial had been passed through with faithfulness, and heaven had rewarded her by choosing her, thus approved by suffering, for the nobler work of reestablishing the fallen altars in the high places in the land. She felt herself an apostle now instead of a martyr, and with the sword of faith in her hand, she went forth, resolute to allow no danger to herself to deter her, no worldly distrust of the guidance and help of heaven to discourage or hold her back. What could be more opposed to the results of human reasoning than her present elevation? Who, after such a demonstration of the high purpose of God, should dare to doubt or falter in the path he had pointed out? The imperial ambassador and his imperial master might hesitate, and suggest caution and delay; but had they not done so when hesitation and delay would have consigned her to the Tower-prisons instead of the palace? Her English Catholic advisers might hint at compromises, and speak of accomplished and irrevocable acts of ecclesiastical spoliation. She might be forced to yield for the time for want of immediate instruments of her wishes; but the conviction, and the determination to act on the conviction, remained fixed, in her breast, awaiting the first opportunity for action. Philip himself—a bigot, but a politician—might shrink from the consequences in a wider point of view of running counter to the rooted feelings of the nation. The Pope himself might countenance or even suggest gentler methods; but Mary had a divine commission in her own heart's faith, of which even papal infallibility could only imperfectly read the import, and which called upon her to be up and doing while the light of day still continued, lest the night of heretic darkness should suddenly return, in which no such work might be done.

Mr. Froude has disentangled very skillfully the natural disposition of Mary from the policy dictated by her sense of religious duty, and imposed upon her by the constant solicitations of advisers. The deaths both of Northumberland and of Lady Jane Grey must be attributed to the last rather than the former motive.

Mary, when we can catch a glimpse of herself, apart from the religious fanatic and the Catholic politician, seems to have been far from cruel in her disposition. She had not the fierceness of her father, and except perhaps in the solitary case of Cranmer, can not be held to have been vindictive. Let but the triumph and restoration of the true religion be assured, and it was enough for Mary. In her domestic relations the queen appears in a less pleasing light. We can excuse her ill-concealed hatred of Elizabeth, the presumptive heiress to the crown, in the flower of her youth and beauty, the darling of one party, the hope and object of increasing interest to the whole nation. But the manner in which the jealousy of the Queen was displayed towards the daughter of Anne Boleyn exhibits most of the weaknesses of her character, both intellectual and moral. In the slight notices of Elizabeth given in these volumes we see the first shadowings forth of what promises to be after all the leading interest of Mr. Froude's history; and it is some excuse for Mary that even now we seem to grudge, as many did in those days, the years which are to elapse before the curtain falls on her checkered fortunes, and rises again on the glories of her more highly gifted rival. Mary was not wanting in that amount of penetration which jealousy, particularly in a woman, gives into the character of another; and the result of her reading of the mind of Elizabeth was the bitter conviction, which she vainly endeavored to stifle, that she would succeed in overturning all that Mary had so eagerly rebuilt. The Queen's relations with her husband, Philip, are even less pleasing; and we agree with Mr. Froude that the picture is one to be hastily sketched, and escaped from as quickly as possible. The self-deluded and doting bride of a husband on whom she had been forced, in spite of his scarcely dissembled distaste and repugnance, the haggard and care-worn woman, never young in her feelings, and now no longer young in years, aping the passionate and love-sick humors of a girl, is no pleasing spectacle in any one, and least of all in a queen. Philip is but slightly sketched by the historian, except in his more sensual aspects. The finished portrait of the master of the invincible Armada is, we suppose, reserved for the more brilliant age of Elizabeth. Of a future matrimo-

nial alliance with that princess, according to Mr. Froude, he entertained some idea even during the life of Mary; and this last fact (if true) is all that is wanting to fill up the cup of bitterness which the unhappy Queen had to drink to the dregs.

Besides Mary, if we pass by the imperial ambassador Renard, who is more a politician than a Catholic enthusiast, the principal figures in the reactionary party are Gardiner, Bonner, and Pole. Of these, Gardiner is the most interesting, as being the type of those religionists in England who were good Catholics, but bad Papists; who were vehement to the extremities of fire and the ax against doctrinal heretics, but would not have been unwilling to see the foreign and semi-political authority of the Papal See shaken off. Although in the height of the reaction under Mary, and with the recollection of his sufferings under a Protestant king fresh in his mind, Gardiner made a contrite recantation of his acknowledgment of the supremacy of the Church assumed by Henry, there can be no doubt that his real feelings were adverse to the pretensions of Rome. Like most men, Catholic and Protestant, he had to a certain extent compromised himself under Henry on other points. Even Latimer, bold and uncompromising in other cases, seems to have shrunk back from confronting the real crimes of that king; and in his most plain-speaking discourses adopts a tone of satire calculated rather to tickle the ears than move the conscience of his royal auditor. We must not, then, blame Gardiner if he too stood less on the dignity of what he believed to be truth than might have been expected from his general character. The reforming era under Edward afforded him—as the Marian reaction afforded the more sincere Protestants—an opportunity of redeeming his time-serving conduct, and of regaining the respect, if not the approval, of posterity. The coarse brutality of Bonner, which gained for him, in the popular imagination, even an undue share of the detestation with which the agents of the Marian persecutions were loaded, serves as an excellent foil to the polished, scholarly, and somewhat jesuitical fanaticism of Gardiner. Both, again, are contrasted strikingly with the burning zeal of Cardinal Pole, in whom the spirit of Peter the Hermit seemed to have become again incarnate, preaching a holy war against a

new army of infidel heretics. This fiery and uncompromising evangelist of Rome seems to have personified the doctrines he was combating; and to have been almost incapable of a religious controversy in which he could not enter a field of deadly combat with some individual and representative foe. On Henry, as the incarnation of royal usurpation on the rights of holy Church and the Satan of the religious faith of England, he poured forth the vials of his wrath with small discretion as to facts, and less reserve as to language. Perhaps something of the lingering hatred of the more legitimate Plantagenets for the descendant of Katherine Swinford mingled unconsciously with this personal controversy. Like Mary, he had waited in sackcloth and ashes the termination of the days of the Church's desolation under Edward. When Mary entered on her enthusiastic enterprise, he he was the one who most completely sympathized with her feelings — perhaps the only one who did so. The wary caution of the Emperor, and Gardiner's jealous and English distrust of the uncompromising advocate of Papal supremacy, kept him for some time from the scene of the growing triumphs of Catholicism. Again and again he implored to be allowed to place his foot on his native soil, confident that his presence would be sufficient to set a stamp of permanence on the reaction. When at length he was permitted to return, the way had been made smooth before him, and he had only to perform the congenial and joyful task of welcoming back to the fold of Rome, and solemnly absolving, in the name of the holy father, a repentant nation and their ecstatic sovereign. This solemn scene of national humiliation is described by Mr. Froude in one of his most graphic passages; and we could not select a fitter illustration of the spirit in which he has treated the history of the Catholic reaction. In a few words he had previously set before us the external portrait of the Cardinal: "He was now fifty-four years old, and he had passed but little of his life in England; yet his features had not wholly lost their English character. He had the arched eyebrow, and the delicately cut cheek, and prominent eye of the beautiful Plantagenet face; a long, brown, curling beard flowed down upon his chest, which it almost covered; the mouth was weak and slightly open; the lips were full

and pouting; the expression difficult to read." The Lords and Commons had agreed, with what Mr. Froude calls "dangerous unanimity," to make their formal submission to Rome:

"And now St. Andrew's Day was come; a day as was then hoped, which would be remembered with awe and gratitude through all ages of English history. Being the festival of the institution of the Order of the Golden Fleece, high mass was sung in the morning in Westminster Abbey; Philip, Alva, and Ruy Gomez, attended in their robes, with six hundred Spanish cavaliers. The Knights of the Garter were present in gorgeous costume, and nave and transept were thronged with the blended chivalry of England and Castile. It was two o'clock before the service was concluded. Philip returned to the palace to dinner, and the brief November afternoon was drawing in when the parliament reassembled at the palace. At the upper end of the great hall a square platform had now been raised several steps above the floor, on which three chairs were placed as before; two under a canopy of cloth-of-gold, for the king and queen, a third on the right, removed a little distance from them, for the legate. Below the platform benches were placed longitudinally towards either wall. The bishops sat on the side of the legate, the lay peers opposite them on the left. The Commons sat on rows of cross benches in front, and beyond them were the miscellaneous crowd of spectators, sitting or standing as they could find room. The Cardinal, who had passed the morning at Lambeth, was conducted across the water in a state-barge by Lord Arundel and six other peers. The King received him at the gate, and, leaving his suite in the care of the Duke of Alva, who was instructed to find them places, he accompanied Philip into the room adjoining the hall, where Mary, whose situation was supposed to prevent her from unnecessary exertion, was waiting for them. The royal procession was formed. Arundel and the Lords passed in to their places. The King and Queen, with Pole in his legate's robes, ascended the steps of the platform, and took their seats.

"When the stir which had been caused by their entrance was over, Gardiner mounted a tribune; and in the now fast-waning light he bowed to the King and Queen, and declared the resolution at which the Houses had arrived. Then turning to the Lords and Commons, he asked if they continued in the same mind. Four hundred voices answered: 'We do.' 'Will you then,' he said, 'that I proceed in your names to supplicate for our absolution, that we may be received again into the body of the holy Catholic Church, under the Pope, the supreme head thereof?' Again the voices assented. The Chancellor drew a scroll from under his robe, ascended the platform, and presented it unfolded on his knee to the Queen. The Queen looked through it, gave it to Philip, who looked through it also,

and returned it. The Chancellor then rose and read aloud as follows:

"We, the Lords spiritual and temporal, and the Commons of the present Parliament assembled, representing the whole body of the realm of England, and dominions of the same, in our own names particularly, and also of the said body universally, in this our supplication directed to your Majesties—with most humble suit that it may by your gracious intercession and means be exhibited to the most reverend father in God the Lord Cardinal Pole, legate, sent specially hither from our most holy father Pope Julius the Third and the See Apostolic of Rome—do declare ourselves very sorry and repentant for the schism and disobedience committed in this realm and dominions of the same against the said See Apostolic, either by making, agreeing, or executing any laws, ordinances, or commandments against the supremacy of the said See, or otherwise doing or speaking what might impugn the same; offering ourselves, and promising by this our supplication that, for a token and knowledge of our said repentance, we be, and shall be always, ready, under and with the authority of your Majesties, to do that which shall be in us for the abrogation and repealing of the said laws and ordinances in this present parliament, as well for ourselves as for the whole body whom we represent. Whereupon we most humbly beseech your Majesties, as persons undefiled in the offenses of this body towards the Holy See—which nevertheless God by his providence hath made subject to your Majesties—so to set forth this our most humble suit that we may obtain from the See Apostolic, by the said most reverend father, as well particularly as universally, absolution, release, and discharge from all danger of such censures and sentences as by the laws of the Church we be fallen in; and that we may, as children repentant, be received into the bosom and unity of Christ's Church; so as this noble realm, with all the members thereof, may, in unity and perfect obedience to the See Apostolic and Pope for the time being, serve God and your Majesties, to the furtherance and advancement of his honor and glory."

"Having completed the reading, the Chancellor again presented the petition. The King and Queen went through the forms of intercession, and a secretary read aloud, first, the legate's original commission, and, next, the all-important extended form of it.

"Pole's share of the ceremony was now to begin.

"He first spoke a few words from his seat. 'Much indeed,' he said, 'the English nation had to thank the Almighty for recalling them to his fold. Once again God had given a token of his special favor to the realm; for as this nation, in the time of the Primitive Church, was the first to be called out of the darkness of heathenism, so now they were the first to whom God had given grace to repent of their schism; and if their repentance was sincere, how would the angels, who rejoice at the conversion of a single

sinner triumph at the recovery of a great and noble people.'

"He moved to rise; Mary and Philip, seeing that the crisis was approaching, fell on their knees, and the assembly dropped at their example; while, in dead silence, across the dimly lighted hall came the low, awful words of the absolution:

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, which with his most precious blood hath redeemed us and washed us from all our sins and iniquities, that he might purchase unto himself a glorious spouse without spot or wrinkle, whom the Father hath appointed head over all his Church—he by his mercy absolves you, and we, by apostolic authority given unto us by the most holy Lord Pope Julius the Third, his vicegerent on earth, do absolve and deliver you, and every of you, with this whole realm and the dominions thereof, from all heresy and schism, and from all and every judgment, censure, and pain for that cause incurred; and we do restore you again into the unity of our Mother the holy Church, in the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

"Amidst the hushed breathing every tone was audible, and at the pauses were heard the smothered sobs of the Queen. 'Amen, amen,' rose in answer from many voices. Some were really affected; some were caught for the moment with a contagion which it was hard to resist; some threw themselves weeping in each other's arms. King, Queen, and Parliament, rising from their knees, went immediately—the legate leading—into the chapel of the palace, where the choir, with the rolling organ, sang *Te Deum*; and Pole closed the scene with a benediction from the altar."

From the apostles of the triumphant Roman Church we must turn again to the fallen Church of Henry and Edward, degraded now to the condition of a seditious heresy. As we have said, the Reformation appeared for the first time in its true and pure color in the fiery trials of Smithfield. We had now the reality of Protestantism face to face in its strength with undisguised Romanism. No royal patronage, no baneful worldly prosperity, lowered the character and obscured the merits of the reformed faith. Latimer, Ridley, and even Cranmer stood forward in a strength of dignified courage which man alone could not give. Of Cranmer we have hinted our less favorable appreciation than that given by Mr. Froude. There is something, to our apprehension, which is more than amiable sensitiveness in the manner in which on several occasions he shrank from the call of duty. There is too much of the flattery of a courtier in his subserviency to the wishes of Henry; there is too much of personal

spite in his treatment of Gardiner during the reign of Edward; there is something too painfully ignominious in the circumstances of his recantation—however nobly itself recanted—under the terrors of Mary's inquisitors. But the last scenes of his life hinder us from passing any severer judgment on Cranmer than that he, perhaps more than any other man, suffered morally from being involved in the confused and tangled meshes of that royal Middle Scheme, from the snares of which two successive religious revolutions rescued the English national character, and practically established the fact that in the two honest extremes, rather than in the dishonest *via media*, are to be recognized the true elements of England's greatness.

To our previous knowledge of the royal victim of the Catholic triumph under Mary, "the Twelfth-day queen," the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, Mr. Froude adds little beyond his sanction to the general meed of enthusiastic praise bestowed on her noble disposition and remarkable attainments in learning. But the shrinking reluctance which she displayed in accepting, and the thankful indifference with which she gave up her phantom title, might be quite as much indications of a mind unequal to the crisis, as of a high-minded superiority to selfish ambition. The manner, however, in which she succeeded in nerving her unstable though well-meaning father to undergo his fate with dignity, and without flinching from his religious convictions, is a clear indication, along with her own firm though gentle bearing, of something above the ordinary virtues of a devoted martyr. For her death the imperial ambassador seems to be primarily responsible; but who is to bear the fearful responsibility of the later persecutions which converted England into mere religious shambles, it is not so easy to determine. Mr. Froude lays the burden on Cardinal Pole; but his reasons are at the best but plausible inferences, and all his references to the Cardinal savor a little too much of the rancor of the apologist of Henry against his most violent calumniator, not to make us pause before implicitly receiving such an imputation. If we are not mistaken, there are writings of Pole in which a more moderate course is recommended; and, zealot as he was, this is not inconsistent with his character. He was an Englishman after all in many of his feelings; and England once brought into submis-

sion to Rome, he had less genius for destroying a prostrate enemy than for combating him on equal terms, or bearding him in the fullness of his power. Has not Mr. Froude touched on the more probable authorship of these cruelties when he describes the increasing gloom, the feelings of wounded sensibility, the bitter disappointment of the Queen herself? It is not necessary to picture her as a monster of wickedness if we accept this solution. She thought, doubtless, that in this, as in every thing that had gone before, she was strictly fulfilling her duty to God. But the future looked dark for the prospects of Catholicism in England. She felt that her own days were numbered. The long-cherished hopes of a child to succeed her, and to be cradled in the faith of her ancestors, had faded away. She could not, she saw, prevent the succession of Elizabeth. Elizabeth, she knew, was bound over by the circumstances of her mother's marriage to the cause of the Reformation. How could she save the Church from this great impending danger? By no long-continued policy, by no gradual removal of the elements of evil could this now be effected. The medicine must be sharp and immediate in its action. She might so crush the hateful heresy, so maim it of all its leading members, that not even the good-will of Elizabeth would be able to infuse new vitality into the shapeless body. At any rate it was her duty to try; and when she had resolved on this, there were many inferior agents to stimulate her zeal, and few in a superior position willing or able to stay her hand. She failed in her violence even more decidedly than her father had done with his ambiguous Middle Scheme. He had at least lowered the tone of the movement which he could not altogether guide in the path he had determined for it. She by a baptism of blood only gave it a new and nobler title to the affections of the English nation.

Under Elizabeth, the idea of a Middle Scheme between pure Protestantism and Catholicism was partially revived, though in a modified form. This is not the occasion to speak of the merits or demerits of that "Anglican" platform; but the Puritan Revolution of the next century, and the Nonconformist disruption of the Protestant Church in England in the present day, do not say much for the wisdom, in a broader and far-sighted view, of the second *via media* of the Tudor princes.

From the Edinburgh Review.

THE PATRIMONY OF ST. PETER.*

It will be recorded hereafter, amongst the strangest incidents of an age pregnant with momentous changes in the state of Europe, that in the middle of the nineteenth century, and at the very time when the people of Italy seem to have entered upon their lost inheritance of freedom and independence, an appeal was made by the Roman pontiff to the chivalry of France and of the Catholic world—that this appeal was answered by an accomplished general, who had served with high renown under the tricolor flag, and who only quitted the ranks of the French army because the liberty of his country was even dearer to him than her arms—that in this singular enterprise no man could distinguish how much belongs to military ambition or how much to religious zeal—than a band of mercenaries and of volunteers flocked to the standard of this chief from the banks of the Danube and of the Shannon, from the mountains of Switzerland and of the Tyrol, whilst Italy arrayed herself in arms against them, and another band of free lances, under a chief of equal renown, undertook and achieved the emancipation of Sicily—that men who in other times had fought with ardor and perseverance the battle of civil and religious liberty against clerical authority, are now foremost in defending what they call the rights of the Papacy—that in proportion as these rights are assailed and shaken in Italy they meet with new and unex-

pected champions in the other Catholic States of Europe—that even an edict of taxation has gone forth from the altar, and the treasury of St. Peter is once more replenished by the pence of the faithful; in short, that whilst every thing which belongs to the temporal power of Rome is utterly effete, alike incapable of self-defense and of government, she has once more sought, by a bold assertion of her spiritual power and her spiritual rights, to rescue and to maintain her temporal possessions and authority. The doctrine on which these appeals for support and these demonstrations of sympathy rest is this: that the whole temporal power of the Roman pontiff, and every portion of his temporal dominions, partake of the inalienable and indestructible character which the Roman Catholic Church attaches to his spiritual power—that this sacred character belongs even to the diplomatic transactions or legal instruments by which successive popes, condescending to accept such human securities, have at different times determined their territorial jurisdiction—and that a dispute, which to heretical eyes assumes the vulgar form of a rupture between a deposed sovereign and a discontented people, is in reality a question of faith in the divine rights of the Vicegerent of Christ.

We undertake to show in the following pages that a more unfounded and delusive pretension was never raised, even by the Court of Rome. We hold that pretension to be utterly at variance with the true principles of the Latin Church itself, which has ever drawn a broad distinction between the temporal rights of the Roman pontiffs, differing in no respect from the temporal rights of other princes, and their spiritual authority. As regards the provinces which the popes hold or have recently held in Central Italy, as far north as the right bank of the Po, the tenure of those possessions is too recent and the mode of acquisition too well known, to

* *Note Circulaire adressée par le Gouvernement des Romagnes à ses agents à l'étranger.* Boulogne. 1859.

The Court of Rome and the Gospel. Translated from the Italian of the Marquis ROBERTO D'AZEGLIO, with a Preface by A. H. LAYARD, D.C.L. London. 1859.

Le Pape et le Congrès. Paris. 1859.
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admit of a doubt on the subject. In the endless wars of Italy there is, in fact, scarcely a province which the popes have not, at one moment or another, claimed, usurped, or lost; but as an attempt is now seriously made to arm the Catholic world in defense of what is called the Patrimony of St. Peter, we shall proceed to show how entirely devoid of any spiritual claim on the veneration of mankind is the sovereignty of the checkered territories known as the Papal States. It is possible for the eye of superstition to see the mark of the finger of St. Peter on the throat of a John Dory, but it is impossible for historic criticism to find the smallest trace of apostolic handling in the acquisition of the patrimony of the Court of Rome.

It is important to our inquiry to know, first, how the Bishop of Rome came to exercise any political functions, and what was their character while the See of Rome was still subservient to the Empire. Up to and during the time of the early councils of the Church it is certain that the bishops of Rome had no superiority of rank above the bishops of Constantinople, Antioch, Alexandria, or any other great patriarchal diocese. All the authority of the Church was concentrated in the councils, of which the Bishop of Rome was a simple member. The Church at that period was an universal European republic, with an elective representative constitution on the broadest democratic basis. The Episcopal deputies to the great Christian Amphyctyonic assemblies of Nicæa, Carthage, or Tyre, presided over the spiritual interests of the whole Christian world, and their deliberations settled the form of creed which was to direct the future destinies of mankind. Had Constantine never transferred the seat of empire to the Bosphorus, the Bishop of Rome might never have enjoyed any greater independence than the Patriarch of Constantinople. But by the removal of the overshadowing supremacy of his imperial lord, the Pontiff of Rome, inhabiting the largest and most famous city of the world, the historic seat of universal dominion, hallowed with the blood of countless martyrs, and with the traditional sufferings, and death of two of the chiefest apostles, was invested with a separate dignity; and authority which served as a basis for all future usurpations. It must be added, also, that the popes

manifestly made themselves the representatives of the popular sentiments of the Roman people in all matters both of religion and politics; and as the influence which the first popes possessed was the free homage of the citizens of Rome, the personal qualities of the majority of them must have been such as to command respect.

In the darkness of those tempestuous times, here and there a shadowy figure crosses the arena, but of the greater number the names are known and no more. But amid the calamities which fell upon Italy, when the whole continent rocked beneath the tramp of barbarian hosts; when the farms, villages, vineyards, and populations were visited with fire and sword; when the inhabitants of fortified towns beheld with trembling, from their walls, the flames and smoke of their desolated country, and heard the cries and groans of their countrymen, coupled like hounds, and dragged off into bondage; when the country around was reduced from smiling fertility to a dreary and plague-smitten wilderness; when the inhabitants perished of hunger by hundreds of thousands—there was abundant scope for the exercise of the episcopal virtues; and many, doubtless, followed the example of the courageous devotion of Leo the Great, and of the unwearied charity and humility of Gregory.

Moreover, the popes were ardent advocates of the favorite and popular tenets of the Romans. The Romans were passionately Catholic, or anti-Arian; and in the great Arian controversy the Roman bishops showed great devotion to the Catholic cause. The Romans and Italians generally were deeply attached to the worship of images. The Roman bishops therefore defied the edicts of Leo the Iconoclast. Moreover, the exarchs of Ravenna endeavored to reduce Rome to the position of the second city of Italy. The bishops of Rome showed for centuries a jealous endeavor to withstand the power of the archbishops of Ravenna, and to bring them under their control; and this would naturally cause the Roman to attach himself with gratitude to the one great and venerable dignitary of the empire left to him amid the deserted grandeur of Rome. But it was in their hostility to the Lombards that the popes showed themselves the most complete representatives of the feelings of the Roman people.

The Lombards were Arians; the Romans, as we have said, vehemently Catholic. The hatred between the two nations was intense. Liutprand, the Bishop of Cremona, a Lombard, writes:

"We despise so deeply the Roman name, that in our anger we know no greater insult for our enemy than to call him a Roman, for in this name alone we comprehend all that is ignoble, cowardly, luxurious, lying, and all the vices."

On their side, the Romans were not slow to return the antipathy. In the letters of the bishops of Rome, which remain of the time of the Lombard domination, the Lombard name is never mentioned without execration. They are the fetid Lombards; the most impious Lombards. The only reproach against Charlemagne was, that he married the daughter of a fetid Lombard. Now the Lombard kingdom existed for two hundred and six years. The people showed great aptitude for civilization. The Lombard code of laws is the best collection of Gothic laws in existence. This formidable nation were Arians, and besides being Arians, they maintained in Italy a separate and exclusive existence. Unlike Theodoric and his Ostrogoths, they never amalgamated with the inhabitants. The result must have been, in time, that the Roman name, all remains of Roman institutions, and the Roman Catholic religion itself, would have perished before them. Except the Exarchate and Rome, they already possessed the whole of Italy: and when at last they conquered the Exarchate, the Roman pontiff, Gregory III., was convulsed with terror. In vain he wrote the most suppliant letters to Constantinople. The emperor Constantine Copronymus was, however, willing that he should apply to Pepin, king of the Franks. Pepin descended twice into Italy; the second time, at the pressing solicitation of a letter indited by St. Peter himself, in which the apostle promised him all felicity, both in this world and the next, if he would free his church and tomb from the hated Lombards. The arms of Pepin were successful. The Exarchate was wrested from the Lombards, and the keys of its cities were placed on the altar of St. Peter. Twenty years passed by. Again the Church felt the perilous neighborhood of the Lombards, and again its chief implored the assistance of Charlemagne. The son of Pepin likewise descended into

Italy, and with the exception of the great Lombard duchy of Benevento, the dreaded kingdom disappeared under the dominion of the Franks.

But the presence of Pepin and Charlemagne in Italy marked a greater era in the history of the Papacy even than the overthrow of the Lombards. It was under these monarchs that the ambition of the Papacy for temporal domination first disclosed itself by undeniable evidence. Up to this time their attempts at aggrandisement had been confined to the acquisition of lands, farms, and chattels; but the forged document of the donation of Constantine, as well as the false decretals of Isidore, both of which were fabricated about the end of the eighth century, prove that at that time the ambition of the bishops of Rome, for both spiritual and temporal dominion, had not only palpably declared itself, but formed a resolute conception of the policy necessary to attain these ends.*

The donation of Constantine was probably invented expressly as a precedent for Pepin, and to stimulate his generosity and his piety. This document has, from the motives it discloses, more real historical importance than the donations of Pepin and Charlemagne or the pretended one of Louis-le-Débonnaire.

Neither Pepin nor Charlemagne could confer any rights which they did not themselves possess: the donation of Charlemagne comprised the whole of Italy, but many parts of the Peninsula, especially the Lombard duchy of Benevento, which he had been unable to subdue, owed him no subjection at all. At all events, it would appear that the donation, so far as valid, conferred no more than a sort of feudal tenure under the emperor. For Charlemagne himself coined money, and

* The patrimony of St. Peter in the times of Gregory the Great, consisted in the estates of the churches, which were very large, chiefly in Calabria, in Sicily, in the neighborhood of Rome, Apulia, Campania, and Liguria; in Sardinia and Corsica; in the Cozian Alps; in Dalmatia and Illyricum; in Gaul; and even in Africa and the East. These were wisely and honestly administered by the great Pontiff. But this ecclesiastical property was wholly distinct from the temporal dominion of the Popes in Italy, which was entirely the creation of a later age. (See Dean Milman's *Latin Christianity*, vol. i. p. 441.) Even when Pepin ceded to the Pope the Italian territories conquered from the Lombards, the Papal representatives who received the homage of the authorities and the keys of the cities, continued to speak of the Republic of Rome.

exercised acts of sovereignty, over the city of Rome, as well before as after he bore the imperial name. The fabrication of the donation of Constantine, as well as the unauthorized bestowal of the title of Emperor by the Bishop of Rome upon Charlemagne, was doubtless a joint scheme by which the Pontiff hoped to put his temporal power, which consisted of mere administration of portions of the diocese under his charge, on a more secure footing. Up to the time of Charlemagne the Pontifical briefs ran in the name of the Emperor of the East; after the coronation of Charlemagne they ran in the name of the Emperor of the West.

The two centuries which followed the decease of Charlemagne were the darkest among those dark ages. After the disintegration of the mighty empire which his genius had created, every portion of Europe was reduced to desolation by the parricidal and fratricidal wars which arose among his degenerate descendants. The invasions of the Hungarians, the Saracens, and Normans were attended with such ferocities that the litanies of the churches cried to heaven for protection from the arrows of the invaders, and the end of the world was thought to be at hand. Henry the Fowler and Otho the Great achieved the deliverance of Europe and Christendom by the defeat of the Hungarians, and secured the remnants of civilization from impending destruction. And it was but natural, since the chiefs of the House of Saxony rivaled the achievements of those of the Carolingians, that the Bishop of Rome should appeal to them for the same protection.

The appeal of John XII. to Otho the Great marks an important epoch in the annals of the world. It was the commencement of that connection of Italy with Germany which has been attended with eight centuries of enmities and disaster. The political and social condition of Italy had altered materially since the first establishment of the Carolingian dynasty. Feudal institutions had every where taken root, and the dukes, marquises, and counts of the great fiefs of Ivrea, Susa, Friuli, Spoleto, and Tuscany were contending for the empire of the peninsula. In the general rise of feudalism, the Pope himself had become little more than a feudal superior elected among the powerful and warrior barons of Rome. The annals of the Papacy, for

more than a hundred and fifty years, are a dreary succession of revolutions, licentiousness, and crime. Six popes were deposed, two murdered, one mutilated. Theodora and her daughter Marozia, patrician women of scandalous lives, rivaled the monstrous vices of the Messalinas and Clodias of old Rome, and disposed of the chair of St. Peter at will among their paramours and their progeny. John XII., the grandson of Marozia became pope at the age of nineteen; and it was this youth, at once priest and soldier, contaminated with all the most hideous vices which degrade human nature, whose palaces were scenes of continual debauchery, whose reputation was such that even in the days of his successor, pilgrims were deterred by it from visiting the tomb of St. Peter—who, through fear or jealousy of Berenger II., the Italian emperor, invited the Germans into his country, and who, by conferring the imperial crown on Otho, entailed upon it centuries of foreign invasions. Under the Othos and the succeeding German emperors, the bishopric of Rome became the spoil of the intrigues of the nobles or of the caprice of the populace, subject to the approving voice of the emperors, who indeed often forced their own creatures upon the people and nobility of Rome. The profligate vices of the bishops of Rome, during this period, brought their authority into hatred and contempt. Under Crescentius, the Romans endeavored to shake off the yoke both of the Empire and the Church, and to revive the ancient Republic; and the authority of the Church of Rome had perhaps departed forever, had not one imperious spirit amid the ranks of the monastic clergy, meditating on the traditions of the Church burning with indignation at the aspect of its servile and degraded condition, conceived and organized a stupendous scheme for its renovation and aggrandizement. Gregory VII. was the Cæsar or Napoleon of the Church. He found it an anarchical republic, and he left it an autocratic empire.

It does not fall within the scope of this article to say more of this extraordinary man, or of the great pontiffs of the Middle Ages who were inspired by his example, than will explain their share in establishing the temporal dominion of the Papacy. Hildebrand was the incarnation of the spiritual desire of the Middle Ages for emancipation from the empire of brute

violence and feudalism. It is not to be doubted that if Hildebrand had lived in later times, both his wisdom and his character would have led him to mold the policy of the Papal Chair to suit the changed circumstances of Europe. His truly great spirit would have ennobled the Papacy in any age. His design was, amid the turmoil and havoc he saw around him, to found a government unique in the history of man; an universal empire, in which the supreme power should be possessed by a real vicegerent of Christ, placed apart from the whole human race, and invested with unlimited authority over all the emperors, kings, and potentates of the world—but on this condition—that he should be a type of the highest virtues and perfections of human nature. What he wished to found was a dynasty of saints — *Romanus pontifex efficitur omnino sanctus*. This was to be the keystone of the great arch of spiritual dominion which Hildebrand designed to establish upon the earth. Inspired with that great idea, with a soul torn with anguish at the servile subjection of religion, with a heart full of compassion for the calamities of the human race, the prey of the brutal passions of barbarism and tyranny, he determined to make the Church an ark of refuge amid the contending floods of violence and rapine, a secure retreat for piety and justice from the brutal license of those iron times, the mother and guardian of a spiritual caste who should be the leaders and protectors of oppressed humanity. It was for this that he dared to arm himself with the anger of God, and to remain with unabated confidence in the face of insult and disaster. *Dilexi justitiam et odii iniquitatem*, were the last words uttered by the peasant-born priest, who had conceived the only plan for the redemption of the human race which it was possible to conceive in the despair and horror of a miserable age. To carry out so mighty a project he had need of a superhuman strength of will and all the unrelenting austerity and arrogance of soul which he showed in the famous scene at Canossa. Doubtless his character was not one of Christian virtue alone; but it happens at certain epochs of the world that men are marked even in their failings as though by the finger of God to perform an allotted portion of the work of civilization. The reputation of the great inventor of the medieval

policy of the Roman Church has had to suffer from the abuse made of his institutions by those who, from want of genius, grandeur, originality, and generosity, were utterly incapable of appreciating the real worth of his reforms or the reason of their invention, and blindly and servilely followed a system no longer adapted to the age in which they lived.

But although the great idea of Gregory was destined to fail of success from its own inherent defects, and because the results he wished to arrive at have been obtained by means it was impossible for him to divine—by the universal spread of knowledge through the press, by the decay of feudalism, by the great triumphs of the inventive genius of man, and by all the other mighty influences which Romanism refuses to recognize—it is to him that the Papal power is indebted for its constitution and its privileges at the present hour. By him was its present mode of election devised and carried out, through which it was emancipated from a servile dependence on the Empire, as well as placed above the passions and the influence of the populace; and by his policy it was that the very title of Pope became the exclusive appellation of the bishops of Rome.

Looking only to the effect of the pontificate of Gregory VII. on the temporal dominions of the Holy See, if we except the donation of the famous Countess Matilda, the heiress of the Counts of Tuscany, his Amazonian ally and champion in his great contest with the Empire, it was not very considerable. Indeed, Hildebrand, at the same time that he contended for universal spiritual dominion, could not maintain his position in the city of Rome, and once nearly perished in a tumult of the populace. Nevertheless by the donation of the Countess Matilda, as well as by the suzerainty they claimed over the kingdoms of Naples and Sicily, the Popes had at all events acquired fresh pretensions which they lost no occasion of agitating. But it is difficult to see what real validity there is in either of these claims. The Countess Matilda made a gift to the Holy See of all the goods (*bona*) which she possessed *jure proprietario*. She held by inheritance of the great fiefs of the Empire, Mantua, Modena, and Tuscany, as well as of the duchy of Spoleto and the March of Ancona, which are supposed to have been allodial.

The fiefs of the Empire she was unable to alienate, even were the words of the donation sufficiently large; and if by the rules of feudal law she had power to alienate her allodial estates, she could not divest the Empire of its right of sovereignty over them.

The donation of the Countess Matilda was immediately on her decease declared invalid by the Emperor of Germany, Henry V., who took possession of the whole of her domains. The donation, however, like the fictitious and illusory gifts of Constantine, Pepin, Charlemagne, and Louis-le-Débonnaire, served as a pretext for the usurpations of the Papacy when the spiritual ambition of Hildebrand was supplanted by one of more earthly alloy.*

Not until the return of the popes from Avignon in 1376 can the temporal dominion of the Holy See be said to have had any thing more than an illusory existence. During the three centuries which followed the pontificate of Hildebrand, the papal power was such as not to degenerate altogether from the magnificent scheme of its great founder. With Urban II. it inspired all the mail-clad nobles and warriors of Europe with the chivalrous enthusiasm which resulted in the conquest of Palestine. With Alexander III. it put itself at the head of the great Lombard league, and identified its cause with that of the Italian liberties, and played a leading part in the glorious episode of Italian history which resulted in the treaty of Constance. This was the era in which kings submissively led the palfrey of the Pontiff of Rome by the bridle. But from the time of Alexander III., the mere earthly spirit of temporal aggrandizement began to prevail. The power, however,

of the Papacy was never displayed with more audacity and vigor than under Innocent III. and Innocent IV. Yet, nevertheless, though they made and unmade kingdoms, and attempted to hold all the princes of Europe in vassalage — though they reigned supreme over the conscience of Europe, directed crusades against infidels, and ruthless persecutions against nations accused of heresy — though they carried on an unrelenting war against the House of Hohenstauffen, dethroned and persecuted to death the last scions of that race, and pursued them beyond the grave with all the anathemas of priestly vengeance, their position within the dominions over which they aspired to rule was in as precarious a condition as ever. Innocent III., by following in the steps of Alexander III., and allying himself with the municipal liberties of the towns, contrived to get his suzerainty acknowledged over a portion of the territory now claimed as the patrimony of St. Peter; but neither Innocent IV. nor his successors could maintain the privileges granted to Innocent III. And in Rome itself, the pontiffs, whose anger was dreaded with superstitious horror throughout Europe, passed lives of peril and restraint, and were often driven into exile by the turbulent factions of the Colonnas, Orsini, Frangipani, and Savelli, or by the republican outbursts of the people.

And here it may be remarked, that one of the chief causes of the worldly success of the Papacy has been its belief in its own perpetuity. Strong in their conviction of being able to outlive all antagonism, the popes have never omitted to possess themselves of any claim however futile; no matter how long circumstances may have compelled them to allow their pretensions to remain dormant, at the proper moment they have known how to advocate them with success. Moreover, some of the most important privileges of the Church have been obtained during minorities or changes of dynasty in the Empire, accidents to which the Papacy from its constitution was not liable. The minority of Henry IV. was one example of this, that of the son of Frederick II. was another, but the most striking instance of all was in the pontificate of Nicolas III.

Charles of Anjou was one of the many strangers introduced by the popes into Italy, to its ruin and desolation. With

* Before the days of Gregory VII., the popes had acquired the claim of *suzerainty over Naples*, which subsequently gave them occasion to invite the House of Anjou to take possession of that kingdom to the destruction of Italy. Leo IX., in a military expedition against the Normans, was taken prisoner, and to obtain his liberty he, without any title whatever, invested the Normans with their conquests, who, conceiving the Papal investiture to be a better title than the sword, consented to hold their territories as a fief of the Holy See. That faithful son of the Church, the King of the Two Sicilies, refused, on his restoration to his continental dominions in 1815, to continue the present of the *chinea*, or white palfrey, to the Pope as his feudal superior, though the Neapolitan provinces were in fact the most ancient of all the temporal possessions of the Holy See.

the aid of the popes Charles had extinguished in blood the House of Hohenstauffen, and he had extended his influence over the whole of Italy. But Rodolph of Hapsburgh being, after a long interregnum, elected Chief of the Empire, aspired to the title of King of the Romans. The position of Nicolas III. was most favorable, placed between the two rival powers, and he determined to lean towards whichever should bid highest for his support. By skillful diplomacy Rodolph, who was ignorant of the rights of his crown and of the very geography of Italy, was induced to release the imperial supremacy over all the possessions already granted to St. Peter.

This document is the real foundation of the Papal power. The dominions comprised in this charter of Rodolph (1278) are pretty nearly coextensive with the Papal territories of the present day; they extended from Radicofani to Ceperano, included the march of Ancona and the duchy of Spoleto, which came from the Countess Mathilda, the exarchate of Ravenna, and all the territory of the former imperial acts of donation. But the rights of the Empire thus released were only an ill-defined, and in many cases merely nominal, suzerainty over small principalities, or over cities which had for centuries enjoyed free municipal constitutions. Bologna, for example, was at that time one of the most important cities of Italy; the first charter of its liberties was as old as the time of Otho the Great: its municipal independence was acknowledged by the Emperor Henry V. in 1112. It had the right of coining money, of electing its consuls and magistrates, and its rule extended over a great part of the *Æmilia*. Its university was the largest in Italy, numbering at one time fifteen thousand students, and its school of law was famous throughout Europe. The town had always taken the Guelf side, and had been a most useful ally of the Papacy. With their own army they defeated and took prisoner Henzius, the natural son of Frederick II., and his lieutenant in Lombardy; they passed a law never to allow the son of the German Emperor to be ransomed. Henzius was lodged in a sumptuous apartment, in the house of the *podestà*, visited by the Bolognese nobles, and kept in a splendid captivity till his death. On another occasion they successfully carried on war against the Venetians with an

army of forty thousand men in the field. The traveler at the present day is struck with the antique air of municipal grandeur which invests the public buildings, palaces, and squares of Bologna; and the spirit of her inhabitants has shown itself again and again, in times of peril, not to have degenerated from the days of her old renown, notwithstanding the debasing nature of the tyranny she has so long endured. Bologna, in 1447, acknowledged the authority of Nicolas V., on condition of preserving its old independence. The convention was ratified by succeeding popes. Julius II. threatened with the wrath of God and his Apostles Peter and Paul, whoever should violate the liberties of the Bolognese.

The other towns of Central Italy enjoyed equal municipal privileges, and the small republic of San Marino yet subsists to prove what vitality there was in those time-honored municipalities which elsewhere have perished under the perfidious violence and oppressive atmosphere of a Papal government.

That line of the popes which may be called the dynasty of Hildebrand ended in Boniface VIII. The old spirit died out in that violent, profligate and ambitious pontiff with a tragic agony not unbecoming the unbending pride which had so long disturbed the world. When taken prisoner by the Colonnas, whose castles he had overthrown, and by the emissaries of the French king, against whom he had fulminated in vain the anathemas of the Church, he was dressed in full pontifical robes; and the venerable aspect of the aged Pope, then eighty-six years of age, awed the rude soldiery. But the humiliation was more than his haughty spirit could endure—he refused all nourishment, spoke no word, and rejected all consolation. At length, finding himself alone, he bolted the door of his apartment, and, after a long delay, it was broken open: his body was found lifeless in the bed, the staff he daily used gnawed with his teeth in his frenzy, and covered with foam; his gray hairs were dabbled with blood; and it seemed that, unable to endure his defeat, the implacable old man had staggered to his bed, after having dashed his head against the wall in a paroxysm of inconsolable frenzy at his destiny. It was not unfitting that the end of such immeasurable ambition should be suicide and madness.

The secession of the popes to Avignon, after Boniface VIII., was followed by the darkest period of the Middle Ages, whether we look to the internal corruption and profligacy of the exiled Church, or to the condition of Italy. Rome itself became a wilderness, where the herdsmen of the Campagna, almost as barbarous as the subjects of Evander, alone peopled the ruins of the Imperial City. The money extorted from the whole Christian world was spent by the popes in exciting sanguinary wars against the free states of Italy, and in endeavoring to establish their temporal dominion over the country which Rodolph of Hapsburgh had released from the suzerainty of the Empire. The condition of this portion of Italian territory was more wretched than that of any other of the Peninsula. There was no republic or potentate strong enough to form a rallying-point for the rest: while the petty tyrants who had arisen among the republics—the Manfredi of Faenza, the Malatesti of Rimini, the Ordelaffi of Forlì, and the Polenta of Ravenna—rivaled in their continual quarrels the great houses of Visconti, Gonzaga and Este in the north; and the republics of Perugia, Viterbo, and Orvieto reproduced the factions of Florence, Pisa, and Genoa without emulating their glory; the popes, who might have exercised their power most beneficially in alleviating the miseries of a distracted country, aggravated the wretchedness of the people by selfish efforts at usurpation. Their vicars and legates—Bertrand de Poiët, the Cardinals Alborno, and Robert of Geneva—desolated the country at the head of bands of savage mercenaries, with the most lawless *condottieri* of the time in their pay. The savage bandits, whom the gold of Avignon allured to its service, sacked and burnt the houses of both friend and foe. At the captures of Faenza and Cesena (1377) nine thousand persons of every age, sex, and condition were put to the sword. During the massacres the legate of the Vicar of Christ exhorted his troops to the slaughter, and in triumphant fury shouted to them to spare none. Old and young, men and women, priests, monks and nuns, all perished; the wild Bretons, who formed part of the army of the French Pope, seized children by the feet and dashed their heads against the wall; none survived but those who were able to flee away.

The news of these horrible catastrophes fled from town to town, and inspired the inhabitants with fresh indignation against the Papal government, when the Pope, Gregory XI., died. By a strange fatality, he had just come to visit Rome. Had it not been for this accident, the seat of the Papacy might never again have been fixed in the Eternal City. It had seemed, indeed, that the pope would have subsided into a mere French patriarch. The Avignon popes were all French, a large majority of the College of Cardinals were French, and the policy of the Holy See had been subservient to that of France, and fraught with misfortune to Italy. But the last remnant of the Roman people had been reminded not long before by Cola di Rienzi of their ancient glory and of the share they once possessed in the Papal elections, and they naturally observed that the enormous revenues of the Church which once went to enrich Rome were now expended for their destruction. They determined to have an Italian pope: they beset the Conclave with loud cries—*Romano lo volemo o almeno Italiano*. Of the cardinals who formed the Conclave, eleven were French, four only Italian, and one Spaniard; but, fortunately or unfortunately, the French were divided into two factions, and the result was that a Neapolitan was elected, who assumed the style of Urban VI.

The violent temper of the new Pope affronted the cardinals immediately after his election: they seceded from Rome, and at Fondi created an anti-pope, the notorious Robert of Geneva, the author of the massacre of Cesena; who, as though in derision, took the title of Clement VII.; and thus commenced the famous schism, in which Europe beheld with astonishment two infallible popes launching at each other the anathemas of the Church, and accusations of the most sordid and brutal of vices. Before the Council of Constance could put a stop to the scandal, the ecclesiastical censures were brought into such contempt that the world was ready for the revolution of the Reformed Churches. Indeed, among the popes who succeeded to the Papal chair, appeared, one after another, types of every crime and licentiousness, until all were united in the person of Alexander VI., the Heliogabalus of the Papacy. The life of Urban VI. was more scandalous than that of the most scandalous popes of the tenth cen-

ture. Six cardinals, who were preparing a remonstrance against his vices, were subjected to torture in the Pope's presence, tied up in sacks, and thrown into the sea. Boniface IX. disquieted the people by his venality and nepotism. Balthasar Cossa, a vile and factious intriguer, poisoned his predecessor and obtained the tiara. Eugenius IV. commenced his pontificate by a persecution of the Colonnas and the murder of two hundred of their adherents. His miserable policy and restless extravagance caused him to be driven from Rome by a revolution which proclaimed the Republic. Pius II. (Æneas Sylvius) forms a bright exception; but his successor, Paul II., commenced his pontificate with perjury, and disturbed Italy with his restless ambition and disregard of every right, divine and human. His successor, Sixtus IV., surpassed him in every vice, squandered away the revenues of the Church, and profaned its highest dignities, by bestowing them on his nephews, five worthless youths, whose pomp, vanity, and debauched lives were the scandal of all. The very *valet de chambre* of this pope, a boy of twenty, was made a cardinal; he was supposed to be an accomplice in the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and had one of the Colonnas murdered in his house. However, the pope who succeeded Sixtus IV. was so feeble and corrupt that the very vices of his predecessor appeared in advantageous contrast. Innocent VIII. was governed by still baser parasites, and his administration was contaminated with still filthier vices. His necessities were such that he was obliged to pawn the tiara. He had seven illegitimate children by different mistresses, whom he publicly recognized, and among whom he distributed the immense revenues of the Church. In his last illness he endeavored to prolong his life by a transfusion of blood, and three youths were uselessly sacrificed in the endeavor to prolong the earthly enjoyments of a worthless old man. It is no marvel that a College of Cardinals, composed of the creatures of such predecessors, should have given to the world such a pontiff as Alexander VI., who, with his illegitimate children and the debauched ministers of his pleasures, ran through the whole nomenclature of crime from barefaced assassination to the most refined treachery and dissimulation, and has affixed to his reign an indelible brand of impiety and infamy.

Nevertheless, his son, Caesar Borgia, the type of the most hideous vices in the modern annals of princely depravity, was regarded as a benefactor by the populations of the Romagna intrusted to his rule. Endowed with dauntless valor, with consummate craft, with military talent, and with the highest strength, dexterity, and beauty of limb and body, he had made his vices and his crimes subservient to the interests of the people of the Romagna, whom the infirm purpose and reckless mismanagement of preceding popes had made the prey of the sanguinary tyrants who were spread over the country. The dreadful merit of Caesar Borgia consisted in subduing some of these petty lords by means of the others, and then removing his allies with the cord, the dagger, or the bowl. Property was protected under his rule with a respect never known before, and the very instruments of his justice, as soon as their rule of necessary severity was over, were quietly executed, and their bodies exposed to the public gaze. The people of Cesena crowded early one morning, with looks of mingled horror and satisfaction, around a scaffold in the market-place, which upheld the body of one of Caesar's captains cloven in two, with the bloody ax lying by, and no word of explanation. These were the remains of the governor before whom they had all trembled but the day before, of whose inexorable cruelty he had made use to establish order and to clear the district of malefactors, and for whom he had no further occupation.

Julius II. consummated the work thus commenced. This pontiff — who from youth upwards preferred the cuirass to the cassock, who entered Mirandola through the breach, and desired Michael Angelo to portray him with a sword in his hand — is nevertheless one of the popes on whose pontificate the Italians can look with most respect. He possessed a certain rude air of grandeur and generosity. He ruled without nepotism. He subjected the whole of the territory claimed by the Church to its dominion; under his dominion the petty tyrants died out — the Manfredi of Faenza, the Ordekaffi of Forli, and the Baglioni of Perugia. He respected, however, the municipal franchises and independence of the towns: and his proclamation before his death, that he would "free Italy from the barbarians," has caused his character to be

judged with more favor than it really deserves; for Julius II., by his promotion of the infamous League of Cambrai for the spoliation of Venice, had been the means once more of introducing foreign armies into Italy, with all the rapine and murder which in those days of ruthless warfare followed in their train. Nevertheless the last hope which Julius II. held out to Italy was one which found an echo in every Italian heart.

The misery and exhaustion of the country had arrived at such a pitch, swept as it had been ever since the fatal invasion of Charles VIII., by the destroying hordes of French, Spaniards, Swiss, and Germans, that it was clear that but one alternative now remained for Italy — national independence or death. National independence and the expulsion of the barbarians had become the prayer of every state and province in Italy. But Italian affairs were involved in such a labyrinth of oppression, perfidy, and intrigue, that it was impossible to extricate them, unless some great power could be found to take the lead in a war of independence. The incongruities which have excited such astonishment in the political schemes of Machiavelli are to be explained by the changing nature of the impediments to Italian freedom, and the successive alterations which took place in his opinions as to the means of overcoming them. Whether a prince or whether a republic should effect the deliverance of Italy, was immaterial. The desire of Machiavelli and of all Italy was to have Italy free: "*Puza ad ognuno questo barbaro dominio.*" But amid the horrible calamities which then were poured into the peninsula from every side, none was greater than that two members of the house of Medici, who had extinguished the liberties of Florence, should at that conjuncture have filled the chair of St. Peter. From the moment that Leo X. assumed the lead in Italian politics the doom of Italy was sealed. A cardinal at thirteen, his whole life was a sort of derisive buffoonery of the sacred character which was thrust upon him. A prodigal, a voluptuary, he scandalously dissipated the enormous revenues which the economy of Julius II. had collected together;*

* Leo X., it was said, spent the revenues of three pontificates, his predecessor's, his successor's, and his own.

and while the interests of the Church, of Italy and of Christendom, were at stake, he disregarded every right interfering with either his selfish enjoyments or the aggrandisement of his family. By secretly conspiring with Charles V. he again brought down upon the devoted plains of Italy all the horrors of war, and the calamities thus let loose, and increased by the cowardice, irresolution, and malignant treachery of his cousin, Clement VII. (Julian dei Medici) resulted in the disastrous defeat of Pavia, which gave Italy up to the dominion of Charles V., in the sack of Rome by the savage rabble of the Bourbon, and in the capitulation of Florence, after a siege in which she displayed an ineffectual heroism worthy of the best days of her independence. The whole Christian world was convulsed with horror at the news of the sack of Rome, but the mind of Clement VII. was engrossed with the scheme of imposing a bastard nephew on the republic of Florence; by a flagitious compact with the Emperor, he betrayed the liberties of Italy, on condition that the army, yet fresh from the sack of Rome, should besiege and deliver up the republic of Florence to an illegitimate descendant of the Medici. Betrayed on all sides, the republic prepared itself for resistance. The citizens repaired the fortifications; they destroyed the suburbs, and laid waste the vineyards, orchards, olive grounds, and pleasant gardens around the beautiful city, and the citizens enrolled themselves to defend the walls. One of their number, Francesco Ferrucci, displayed a heroism and a military genius in the field worthy of the birthplace of Dante. In one of his expeditions, the imperial and pontifical soldiers surrounded him on all sides: wounded severely with two arquebuse-shots, he had himself carried into the fight in a chair; dying, pierced with wounds, he supported himself on his lance, beneath the burning sun of August, and rejected all proffers of surrender. At last he was taken prisoner, and brought before the papal general in a neighboring fortress; the latter stabbed him with his dagger; Ferrucci cried, as he fell: "You stab a dead man!" He was the last hope of the Florentines. By that dagger-thrust Clement VII. put an end to the Florentine Republic and decided the fate of Italy. It must be remembered that the popes introduced the Spaniards into

the peninsula, and that Clement VII. afterwards, through fear of their power, joined the League against them. Of this war Giberto, his confidential minister, said: "It is not a question of petty vengeance, a point of honor, or a single city. *This war will decide the deliverance or the eternal slavery of Italy.*" All Italians felt the same, and yet Clement betrayed his allies and countrymen and turned the arms of the Spaniards against Florence. The energy of the resistance of the doomed city was caused by the conviction that the fate of Italy depended on it. The city capitulated on the twelfth of August, 1530, upon favorable conditions, which were observed as might be expected by princes without faith towards men without power. From that day Charles V., with the combined forces of Spain and Germany, held Italy at his mercy, and was more absolute there than any monarch since the days of Charlemagne.

By this time, however, the popes had established their power over the States of the Church. Their authority, we can see, had been first erected on a sure basis by Julius II., who died in 1513. But the scheme was as old at least as the days of Pepin. It was conceived in fraud, prosecuted with treachery and massacre, and consummated by a pope more fitted to be a captain of Landsknechts than the Vicar of Christ. This extraordinary usurpation thus took more than seven centuries for its execution. Nothing remained for the following popes to do but to suppress, one by one, the municipal rights which their predecessors had guaranteed. Every city had bargained for its independence. Fano acknowledged the popes, early in 1463, on condition of choosing its own *podestà*. Julius II., when he drove the Baglioni out of Perugia, restored the old liberties of the town. Sinigaglia was only to pay two thousand ducats a year in recognition of the pope's sovereignty, and was to send its own troops into the field. Bologna was to have complete control, through its council, over its finances, and to have troops of its own. Julius II. annexed not a single town of the Romagna without granting them settled privileges, which were designated their "Ecclesiastical Freedom!" and it was a rule that the president at the head of the administration of the Romagna should be

a layman. And here it is to be remarked that in the Papal States, as in Italy at large, the absence of any thing like a parliament or estates, as a rallying-point for the whole, facilitated the suppression of the franchises of the towns, one by one, at the convenience of the princes. Ancona was one of the first towns to fall. It had refused to pay more taxes than were stipulated in its charter. Under the pretext of defense against the Turks, Clement VII. caused a fortress to be built in the city: when the works were complete, he garrisoned it, and, in September, 1532, surprised the town with an armed force, who were drawn up in front of the town-hall, where the Anziani were sitting entirely unsuspecting, in consultation about the government of the city. Defense was attempted, but found useless. All arms had to be delivered up; sixty-four nobles were exiled, and the old liberties annihilated. The freedom of Perugia was destroyed in like manner. Paul III. doubled the salt-tax; Perugia resisted the imposition. Ten thousand Italians and three thousand Spaniards were directed against it under one of the pope's nephews, Pier-Luigi Farnese. The city was compelled to surrender on the third of June, 1540. It sent delegates to ask pardon of the Pope. They appeared in the portico of St. Peter's, in mourning garments, with halters round their necks; but in vain—their franchises were annihilated, and their town dealt with in the same way as Ancona.

The liberties of Rome had already perished. The Romans, up to the return of the Papacy from Avignon, had always maintained their municipal sovereignty against the usurpations of the pope, and amid the sanguinary factions of the Roman nobles. The senate for three hundred years had preserved the prerogative of coining money. But the popes, on their return, with the aid of foreign tribute maintained a standing army, and thus suppressed the republic. Martin V. was the first who coined money with the papal superscription. The Romans, under the young and eloquent noble, Stephen Porcario, made a last effort to shake off the incubus of papal rule. But the movement was quickly suppressed. Porcario and nine of his confederates were hanged, and the spirit of Arnold of Brescia, of Brancalione, and of Rienzi resigned itself to sloth and despair. One by one, all the

municipalities of the Papal States followed each other to the grave, and every institution of the country was absorbed by the uncontested ascendancy of ecclesiastical powers and of the canon law.

Two important additions, however, were made after 1530 to the papal territory—the duchies of Ferrara and of Urbino. The House of Este had reigned in sovereign power at Ferrara over a powerful principality for four hundred years. Modena also was theirs. The popes had been content with the empty honors of the suzerainty over Ferrara. Modena was a fief of the empire. The Duke Alfonso II., finding himself without children, had named Don Caesar d'Este, a descendant of Alfonso I., as his successor. The new duke was proclaimed amid the shouts of the populace. The Emperor Rodolph II. invested him with the fief of Modena. But the Pope, Clement VIII., less generous than Rodolph, seized on a favorable conjuncture of European politics to refuse the investiture of Ferrara: he determined to annex it to the Holy See. With all the lugubrious apparatus of excommunication—with extinguished tapers, amid the confused noise of drums, trumpets, and cannon, the Pope, from the loggia of St. Peter's formally deposed Don Caesar d'Este, and released his subjects from their allegiance. The result was that Don Caesar was forced to make, on the twelfth of January, 1598, a formal renunciation of Ferrara, Commacchio, and part of the Romagna, and to content himself with Modena, where his mild and equitable temper made him beloved, while the remnant of the glory of the

House of Este embellished its capital. The Pope immediately erected a fortress in Ferrara, to overawe the inhabitants. The banqueting-houses, pleasure-grounds, and Belvidere of the dukes—retreats associated with the memories of a brilliant court, of Boiardo, Ariosto, Tasso, and Guarini—were destroyed, and the calamitous benedictions of the Papacy gave its streets and palaces that desolate air of grandeur which it still retains.

The duchy of Urbino was also a fief of the Papacy, and was annexed in 1626. The aged Duke of Urbino, overcome with grief at the death of his only son, was persuaded to abdicate in favor of the Papacy; but the old prince lived long enough to see his country assume the same degrading uniformity of livery as all other ecclesiastical towns, to witness the dreary decay which fell on the once proud residence of the Montefeltri and the Della Roveri, and to hear his people utter the same maledictions against the avarice and tyranny of priests as arose from every district subjected to their dominion. These territorial acquisitions of the popes in Italy coincide in point of time with the great schism of the sixteenth century. Precisely as their spiritual authority over the world was assailed, and the resources drawn from foreign countries interrupted, the pontiffs sought to strengthen and extend their power as Italian princes, by conquest and by negotiation. But this temporal power was not so much the result of their spiritual dominion as it was a compensation for the loss of their spiritual supremacy.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

From the National Review.

WILLIAM CALDWELL ROSCOE'S POETRY.*

THESE works consist of two Tragedies, and a small number of Minor Poems and Sonnets. Of the Tragedies, one, *Eliduke*, is an early work, now published for the first time. Of this tragedy we do not propose to speak in detail here. We believe that with certain retrenchments it would be a very effective acting play. It is full of life and movement and dramatic interest, and it contains a sufficient variety of persons to keep the attention of an audience from flagging. The characters, however, are not in reality particularly individual or well-marked. The principal personage, *Eliduke*, is intended for a man of high aspirations, but wanting in moral determination to resist a guilty passion. But the wavering complexity of such a character was perhaps not well suited to Mr. Roscoe's powers at any time, and was certainly beyond them at the early age at which the tragedy was written. *Eliduke's* worse and better natures speak in turn, and each of them at such length as to destroy the organic unity of the character. *Eliduke* too is open to an observation which has been unjustly applied to *Violenzia* (the other tragedy) by one of its critics — that it is "an exercise" in the Elizabethan school. We do not believe that the forms of that school were ever perfectly adapted to Mr. Roscoe's genius. They grew up among men of redundantly fertile imagination, teeming with passion, and rooting themselves firmly in the world of outward interests. The more abrupt the alternations of vivid action, of potent passion, and of rampant humor, the more direct the reflection of the intricate contradictions of the world, the more the ideal elements were to be furnished by the spectator of the drama, as he would furnish them if it were a real and not a feigned action, the more at ease

these luxuriant minds found themselves. It is not wonderful that they were Mr. Roscoe's favorite study. His was just the mind to derive sustenance from such a mass of strong intellectual food. But according to the conception which we form of his own imagination, its natural creative instincts were of a widely different class.

We should be tempted to characterize Mr. Roscoe's power as more idyllic than dramatic. We wish he had written a greater number of pieces like the ballad of *Fontanee*, or the pathetic and quaintly beautiful *Ariadne*, and had added to the too short series of Sonnets, among which are some that we think can not fail to find appreciation. But we have now only to take what he has left us; and among his poetical works, the *Violenzia* — in some superficial respects an Elizabethan tragedy — is by far the most important.

The time and place of the tragedy are left indeterminate, but evidently belong to the middle ages and the north of Europe. It opens with the betrothal of Ethel, earl of Felborg, to *Violenzia*, sister to Robert, earl of Ingelwald, the king's chief general, and to Arthur of Ingelwald. This scene is a fit proem, and at once places the grave, lofty, reticent, deeply-loving Ethel, and the more vivid and passionate *Violenzia*, plainly before us; and its solemn sweetness affords a fine contrast to the whole remainder of the play. The song with which *Violenzia* begins to unwind the thread of her terrible destiny is a true lyrical inspiration:

"Hark! the still air gives voice, and sings,
And music mounts on murmuring wings;
Grave silence, throned in upper skies,
Unfolds her silken slumbering eyes;
No voice but jars the ear of silence,
Save tuned breath, which doth 't no violence."

The scene quickly shifts to the court. The Swede is ravaging the land, and Robert receives orders from the king to

* *Poems and Essays by the late William Caldwell Roscoe.* With a Prefatory Memoir. London: Chapman & Hall. 1860.

march against him with Ethel as his second in command. Violenzia meanwhile is to be left at the court as in a place of safety. The King is a hot young voluptuary, with all the habits of unrestrained power and luxury, and is in the hands of an old pander-courtier, Malgodin, who is the demon of the piece. The third scene shows us a hall in the palace, the King enamored of Violenzia's beauty, and Malgodin lyngly suggesting:

"Very light! very light! Such a weather-cock as all women; hath such a fire in her eye as many women, and needs such an excuse as some women. By an equal not to be touched, but by a king."

Violenzia in her inexperience seems to be lending too ready an ear to royal flatteries, and is visited afterwards and reproved both by her brothers and by Ethel, according to their different natures; by Robert and Arthur harshly and violently, and by Ethel with a gentle and mournful earnestness. They are followed by Malgodin, who comes with disgraceful proposals, and the first act closes with Violenzia's proud but unhappy determination to tell no one, and to stand alone, unassisted in her innocence.

The first scene of the second act gives us a glimpse of the camp, as Ethel and his friend Cornelius converse of life and duty in the early morning air; but the tragic change is close at hand. The remainder of the act (the most conventional and least successful in the play) is taken up with fruitless machinations against Violenzia by the King and Malgodin, and ends as the King moves off to the fell deed of violence which he accomplishes:

"The flaring candle backward bends its beams;
My passion backward bends, but fiercelier
burns.

I love and loathe. Proud girl—that didst
invite

War and not peace, rude storm for soft sur-
render—

Yet, oh! forgive me, sweet—no more—Again
The passionate fever surges in my veins.

Out, curious spy of day! And, O dark
night!

[*Extinguishing the light.*

Be deaf and patient, like a wicked slave,
That watches while his master fills a grave."

The third act commences with Ethel's indignant rejection of court slanders against Violenzia, with which the mind of

his friend Cornelius has been poisoned; and then he shuts himself in his tent at night, and pursues the thread of quiet reflection which is habitual to him, till he hears an unusual sound:

"What's that? Is't true that spirits ride the
wind?

Most melancholy ones, then. Hark, again!
The sound of weeping, making awful pauses
Of the short hushes of the storm. Who sighs
Against my threshold? My warm blood runs
cold,

And gathers at my heart. What, am I mad?
Let's see what may be seen.

[*Goes out, and returns.*

The empty dark,

Wherein no star doth pierce the thick eclipse,
But all is shrouded in a watery veil.

Again! again! That's human! who goes
there?

[*Exit. Returns, carrying VIOLENZIA. She throws
herself on her face before him.*

ETH. Violenzia!

VIO. Oh! hide me! O my misery!

ETH. What art thou, that thus bred of sud-
den night

Shakest my knees with sobbing? Stand!
stand up!

VIO. Lay not thy hand upon me.

ETH. In my breast

Strange thoughts take substance, and begin
to shake

My soul's foundation. Thou—thou—art not?
speak!

VIO. I am! I am! The King!

ETH. Away! away!

Hell hath no words for it.

VIO. Alas! alas! alas!

ETH. By heaven, 'tis midnight, and the lu-
natic moon

Peeps through my tent-holes.

Art thou the thing that thou pretendist to be,
Or some accursed midnight wandering ghost
Come to afflict me? With my bright sword's
point

I'll try thy substance.

VIO. Mercy! oh! have mercy!

ETH. Where's Mercy, since she hath forsook
the heavens?

Who guides—who guides the terrible machine?
O Violenzia! take back thy words,
And make me subject to a false alarm,
Or with my sword I'll break these gates of life
That shut in living death.

[*Pointing his sword against himself.*

VIO. Alas! alas!

ETH. I dream! I dream! It is not yet near
day. [A long pause.

VIO. Speak, speak to me!

ETH. Sayest thou? Stand up, I say!
Why beatest thou with thy forehead on the
ground?

This is no shame; this is our misery.

Lift up again that streaming face of thine,
Wet with unutterable woe. Look up!

Vio. Touch me not, Ethel! Oh! your touch
is fire,
And burns my abhorred miserable flesh!
How shall I break these walls, or how get free?
I am cased in such pollution as makes sick
My soul with me. Oh! that these my tears
Could quite dissolve my substance, and the
ground
Soak up my detested being! Would I were
dead!
Would I were dead! were dead!
ETH. Peace, shaken child!
Control the greatness of your agony.
Alas! I can not. My perturbed soul,
Like an imprisoned mist, doth shake and wave,
And I perceive no light."

We shall quote the whole of the conversation between Ethel and his friends Olave and Cornelius, when he first comes forth in his great misery, not only to justify our opinion of the poem, but also in order to bring out the central idea of the play.

"Enter ETHEL.

OL. Look! he knows it!
ETH. Good morrow, friends. Give me your hands. Let's see—
This should be Olave, this Cornelius.
Hath any deadly mischief come to you?
You shake your heads. No plague-star stands
i' the sky,
And rains disease? I know it is not so;
No earthquake gapes. I know—I know it, I.
Open the door. The jolly sun mounts up;
Why should he stain his glittering cheeks with
tears?
O dewy grass! O voice of birds! O friends!
Look, I can smile too; but within me here,
Ay, in my heart, there's fire—there's fire—
there's fire!
COR. O piteous voice!
OL. Will you not cut his heart out?
ETH. Revenge—revenge—they say that word's
not lawful,
And sweet religion weeps at it. Dark, dark,
O God! I know whom thou afflict'st with griefs
Thou lookest for great things from him. If my
acts
Must grow up to the measure of my woe,
I shall amaze the world.
OL. Ay, with revenge!
Whose fiery wing shall overtake your shame,
And blind the eyes of them that look on it.
ETH. Who plagues me with revenge? Am I
not mad enough?
Have I no devil here? Cornelius!
Is it not said we must forgive our foes?
COR. So it is said.
OL. For priests! for priests! not men.
ETH. For mine own wrongs, I could as soon
forgive them
As dip my hand in water; but that she—
O most accursed monster! why, the sun
Would not too boldly look on her. Foul thoughts

Did from her presence and fair virgin eyes,
Like ghosts from daylight, fly ashamed. Alas!
Was there no way to strike me singly—none?
But for my sins must needs another soul,
And in myself a dearer nobler self,
My life's life—my heart's blood—my air—my
center—
Must that for me be shattered? Oh! yes! yes!
I had no crown to lose but my heart's crown;
No wealth but my heart's wealth—unpriceable;
Rich reputation none; no mother's eyes,
But my love's eyes did ever look upon me;
Here was I grafted, here grew, and since the
stock
Is blasted, here must wither!
OL. Will you bear it?
I would you were dead sooner! Have you
heard?
He sends to seek the lady—ay, sends here
To you and to her brothers, threatening death
To any that detains her. Is't enough?
ETH. Did my brothers hear this? Robert and
Arthur both?
OL. Ay, and so heard as if the shameful
words
Were javelins in two angry lions' sides,
And gnashed their teeth, and could not speak
for rage.
But you'll forgive—you'll bear it?
ETH. What I shall do,
As yet I know not. This I will not do—
Now, when my soul is mad, and I perceive not
The right from wrong, let my blind rage take
wing,
And the great tasks and terrible purposes,
With which Heaven sets my soul and martyrs
me,
Mix in confusion irretrievable.
Yet not the less, for this my slow delay,
Will I be swift in execution,
Steadfast, and frightful to the guilty soul
Of him that did this thing. Leave me, good
friends.
[Exit OLAVE and CORNELIUS.
Why so.
Oh! horrible! detestable! I'll not think of it.
Oh! pitiful! oh! wondrous pitiful!
I shall go mad if I do think of it.
What's to be done? Back, back, you wander-
ing thoughts,
That like whipt hounds hang with reverted eyes,
Back to the carcass of my grief! O villain!
Away! It is some devil whispers me.
What! no revenge? Young, young too, and a
soldier.
No noble rage? Must we endure like clods,
Under the heavy tread of tyranny?
Whereto, then, had we this quick fiery spirit,
That starts at injury? the bruised worm turns;
And man, framed delicate and sensitive,
On whose fine soul injustice drops like fire—
Must he bear all? Stay there, Ethel of Felborg.
Art thou so personal? affects it thee?
Such deeds strike deeper. This is not a thing
The impulsive moods of angry men may mix
in—
No, nor admits a passionate remedy:

But an occasion when, men standing amazed,
The visible hand of awful judgment should
Crush up iniquity, and retribution
Divine walk on the earth. No; no revenge.
Teach me, O terrible God!
I do believe—witness these swift hot tears—
I do believe thou lovest me even in this;
And therefore now thy sovran hand put forth,
And my dejected desultory soul
Bind up to thy great meaning. I believe.
I'll go and seek my brothers."

The passionate Robert and the broodingly vindictive Arthur at once determine to join the Swede, and rush to their vengeance by the shortest road. The moral strife of the play turns on the conflict between retribution and revenge. Ethel, by his influence with the army, first turns them against the common enemy of the land, and defeats the Swede. In the combat Robert and Arthur are taken prisoners, and sentenced to death by Ethel as traitors. Ethel, in a deeply pathetic scene, endeavors without success to elevate them to forgiveness of their brother and executioner. When he leaves them, they succeed in persuading the weak Cornelius, who is left in charge of them, that his real office was to connive at their escape. The use they make of their liberty is to visit the retreat of the stricken Violenzia, and take her life, as a sacrifice to the honor of their house. Arrested, red-hand they are led off to death as traitors and murderers both. We must make room for Ethel's soliloquy:

"ETH. Take them away to present execution,
And bring back word to me when they are dead.
ARTH. Lean on me, Robert.
ROBT. Pah! you smell of blood.
ARTH. Well! well! well!
FIRST SOL. He cared but little for her.
SEC. SOL. Not a whit.

[*Exeunt OLAVE and Soldiers conducting ROBERT and ARTHUR.*]

ETH. He did not care for her! no, not a whit!
I did not love thee, Violenzia!
Be it so! be it so! be it so!
I can bear it—I can bear it—I can bear it.
Being dead, I now may kiss thee, may I not?
Cold angel, the last time I touched those lips—
Have done! Look down, you heavenly arbiters;
Be not harsh with me, if my heart should burst
Because a girl is dead. Nay, I can bear it.
I do not fling myself upon the ground,
And drown the thirsty earth with rainy tears;
I do not tear my hair, or beat my breast,
Or heave my laboring heart from its foundations.
I can be patient. See, my God, she bleeds!
Is there no more to bear? Oh! no, not thus.

I do not tax, high Heaven, thy great designs,
No, nor abate my faith a single jot.
Why, this is mercy; do I cavil at it?
She is in heaven by this, where angels flatter her,
And soothe her with white hands; I would not
have her
Alive for all the world. Oh! she is dead!
Her beauty was the rapture of my eye,
And her affection was the corner-stone
Of all my reared existence. That was long ago;
Chaste marriage-joys, the faces of young children,
And all the sweet felicities of home—
These are old dreams, and long since vanished.
Soul-softening memory, fly! Take up, O heart!
Peace is for angels, and we mortal laborers
Must die in harness; I am content, great Father,
And kiss thy tender hand.
Smil'st thou, pale innocent? Was death so kind
to thee,
That came in guise so barbarous? Come, dear
burden,
I must not leave thee here.

[*Exit, bearing VIOLENZIA into the inner room.*"]

Then Ethel, not till he has labored with his scruples at assuming an office beyond the law, leads his army against the King himself. Taking him prisoner, he endeavors to obtain a legal sentence against him; but the judges declare him to be beyond the limits of their authority. Then Ethel himself prepares to assume the responsibility of a judge of life and death. The tardy contrition of the lustful tyrant, however, moves him, and he is banished to repent in another land. The people cry that Ethel shall be king—Ethel who is then near to the death of a shattered and overwrought frame. Rigid in his adherence to abstract rights, he places the crown on the head of the lawful heir, and sinks in death as he kneels before him.

It is contrary to our practice to criticise other critics; but we must express our amazement that some at least who are well qualified to judge should have been able to read this tragedy unmoved, and treat it as inconsiderable, devoid of originality, and a mere "exercise." Of its grave defects, as we see them, we shall endeavor to speak as if we had not known the author. Of its merits we shall record as fearless and confident a judgment.

The character of Ethel is one of the most thoroughly original conceptions in literature. Violenzia herself literally lives upon the stage, and is as truly dramatic a character as any that has ever been drawn. The clear and orderly sequence of plot is beyond all praise; and this tribute is not to be confined to the mere manipulation of incident, for the lights and shadows of

the play are arranged with a masterly hand. The exquisite poetry, the profound passion, the agonized and heart-rending pathos of many passages *must* in time be recognized by readers. The dangers of so cruel a story vanish in the atmosphere of moral elevation, which converts the whole into a great religious work. Now that its author is beyond the reach of praise and blame, we venture an earnest request to our readers to seek in it that which, to many who have studied it deeply, vindicates its claim to an enduring place as a noble work of art, and the first in rank of all dramatic poems published in England since *The Cenci*.

Still we adhere to the opinion that Mr. Roscoe's genius was not essentially *dramatic*, in the sense in which that of many inferior writers is so. All the male characters in *Violenzia* tend to be types rather than individuals. The tendency is shown even in the character of Ethel himself, though in his case the prominence of his deeds and sufferings keeps him from becoming a mere abstraction. But in the other characters the defect is apparent enough. Robert, Arthur, the King, most of all Malgodin, are rather impersonations of qualities than living men. We must say, too, that the unredeemed rufianism of Malgodin jars in such a play. The other elements are not rude enough, and there is too general a refinement in the style to make the introduction of such a character seem suitable, notwithstanding the nature of the plot.

Besides this important defect there are minor ones, which we notice chiefly to show that we are not blind to them. The prose scenes of humor immediately suggest to a superficial reader that the writer is reproducing conventionally an antiquated form. Moreover, the legal aspect of the trial-scene suggests almost ludicrous associations, and it is remarkable that Mr. Roscoe's keen sense of humor (or the amusing remonstrances of his friends, which are recorded in the Memoir) should not have induced him to alter this part of his scheme.

It is, in fact, related to a deep-seated defect. Mr. Roscoe seems, by the preface which accompanied the work on its anonymous publication some years ago, to have been apprehensive of dissent from the proposition that "the conscious and intensely anxious struggle of a religious spirit to conform the life, under difficult circum-

stances, to the ideal of duty and the requisitions of the divine affections, may be a fit and lofty subject for a dramatic poet, and not the less so if the nobler nature be represented victorious." We only feel a very modified objection to it as so stated. Still there is some ground for the objection. A "very anxious mental struggle" of any kind, which is protracted, and not the transitory conflict of a crisis, does detract from the directness, the force, the emphasis, which seem to be required by the conditions of the drama. Its proper field is the novel, where its swayings to and fro, its wasting grief, its harassing scruples, and the final victory, can be fully worked out and exhibited. Hamlet and Faust are there no doubt. But what do they remain? Enigmas, as they always must. Mr. Roscoe proposed to himself, not an enigma, but a solution. Nevertheless, his conquest of this particular difficulty is so far complete, that we are not disposed to think that his work needed much apology on that account in itself. The real defect is the impossibility of reconciling the diffident scrupulosity of Ethel with his career. The highest man is not necessarily beset with fears and scruples; and if the aspect of his character mainly depends upon the cautious and doubting scrupulosity of his conscience, it is hard to believe that his element is the camp or the battle-field, and that he will enjoy a course of uninterrupted ascendancy over the hearts and wills of men and the physical force of his enemies. This is more especially the case when the scruples have a tincture of mere legality about them, as we feel that they have in Ethel. The original order for the execution of the brothers, much as it cost him in grief, seems to give him no scruple. The simple question,

"What is the doom of traitors taken in arms?"

settles all, and at the same time he is filled with doubts and scruples on the subject of attacking "an anointed king." This contrast between the absence of doubt where natural affection was to be set at naught, and its presence where "the right divine of kings" was to be invaded, suggests a want of healthy clearness, spontaneity, and force, which could not but have been felt when Ethel had to play the orator or the general.

We shall leave the Minor Poems pretty

much to speak for themselves, merely warning our readers that they must expect to find in them idealism and simplicity to a greater extent than is now common, and to a greater extent even than in the tragedies. There is no play of luxuriant diction, and yet there is nothing realistic. The poems have many of the beauties and some of the limitations of the more delicate classes of sculpture. The emotional motive is always fresh and true; but the imaginative presentment stands somewhat apart from the forms of real life, diffusing an atmosphere of its own to which the mind of the reader must get accustomed if he wishes really to enjoy the work. Mr. Roscoe's mind required not only beauty but repose, and that too in the domain of conscious being. He could paint landscape in his poetry, but he never gave himself up to external nature. His idealism was in no respect superficial. It had to be reconciled with spiritual depth; while, as we have before pointed out, his imagination only seemed to live in an air of clear thought and simple expression. To those who can delight in the kind of beauty which these conditions imply, we commend the *Minor Poems*, convinced that they will recognize in them the essential spirit of poetry.

Ariadne, though very early, is extremely characteristic of the author; and, with the exception of weakness in one or two of the stanzas, (especially the closing one,) is to our minds nearly perfect in its way.

"Flushed Ariadne, laid
Upon her bridal bed,
Stretched forth at morn her half-awakened
hand,
But found no lover's breast,
Where warmly it might rest,
And still, half-slumbering, by his breath be
fanned;
She found the spot desert and cold—
No sleeping lover crouched where he had done
of old.

Whereat, in half-surprise,
She oped her orbéd eyes,
Gathering her thoughts from the domain of
sleep;
And dazzled by the bright
And streaked rays of light
That through the cavern's silver chinks did
peep,
Fancies she sees him as of yore,
And blames her sleepy hand that troubled her
so sore.

But when indeed she spied
He lay not by her side,
She sprang upon her feet with throbbing
breast;
And pacing the cold floor
She oped the cavern-door,
Through which the eager light exulting
pressed,
And spreading wide on every side
Left no unlighted nook throughout the cavern
wide.

But all within its round
He was not to be found;
In growing fear she fled from out the cave;
It opened on the sand,
And far away from land
Her lover's keel was cutting the blue wave;
At which sad sight she swooned away.
And on the yellow sand all helpless long she
lay.

Her pale lips lie apart,
Nor beats her broken heart;
Her light smock floating doth lay bare her
beauties;
Her white limbs, all astray,
In tangled disarray
Lie helplessly, nor heed their bounden duties.
In heavy masses, all unbound,
Her golden glittering hair lies heaped upon the
ground.

Old Ocean, all aghast
At the sad scene that passed,
On crested waves stole sadly to the shore,
And sighing made his way
To where the maiden lay,
And kissed her cold feet in affliction sore;
Whereat she started from her trance,
And rising, gazed around with sad and troubled
glance.

But soon rushed back again
The torrent of her pain,
Her lover's vessel was in sight no longer;
Dreaming he may be found,
She roams the isle around,
And ever as she roams her grief grows
stronger;
Until the doubt is dreadful truth,
That he hath fled the isle, and left her without
ruth.

Then, yielding to despair,
She tears her yellow hair,
And beats her bursting breast in hopeless
sorrow;
Thinks of her native land,
Curses the desert strand,
And fain from frenzy would she comfort bor-
row.
Then sinking into milder grief,
In shedding floods of tears she seeks a sad re-
lief.

The birds and beasts are all
Melted at her sad call;
But Philomela, from a neighboring bush
Adding her grief to her,
Such plaintive numbers pours,
Bids from her throat such thrilling notes to
gush,
And from her soul such woes she calls,
That drowned in liquid music down she dying
falls.

Sad Ariadne's grief
Found in the song relief,
And half in listening she forgot her woes;
But when she saw her slain
By her excess of pain,
Envy the bird that thus her grief could
close,
She hid her homewards to her cave,
And rather slew herself than would her sorrows
brave."

Even more perfect is *Love's Creed*.
If we sought for a parallel to it, we should
be obliged to turn to Goethe in order
to find any analogous combination of an
almost Catullian form with an ethereal
grace and tenderness of spirit.

"Sitting once with my beloved,
When our inmost hearts were moved
With love and joy,
She leaned her head upon my breast,
And, 'Oh!' she said, 'a girl so blest!
Darling boy!

'Since first the rolling world went round,
Upon its face was never found
As this of thine.
Love never was so richly heaped
On any heart, none e'er so steeped
In joy divine!'

'Ah, child,' I said, 'since Love first laid
His kingly finger on a maid,
And bowed her tongue
The sacred secret to disclose,
How, deep among her virgin snows,
His waters sprung,

'None worthy to sustain his power,
But felt in his fresh morning-hour
A bliss supreme;
But felt as if she stood alone,
Clothed in a joy none else could own—
A heavenly dream!'

But she: 'There are degrees in this—
Degrees in love, degrees in bliss,
As I can show.
Some more, some less of heaven may prove;
But only I have thee to love,
And this I know.

'When you enfold me in your arms,
Secure of love, secure from harms,
As now you do—

You may go search Time's kingdom over,
A peace you never shall discover
So full, so true.'

I smiled and bending down did close
Eyes that in fond remonstrance rose
With kisses sweet.

I said: 'No girl that ever pressed
Into a lover's happy breast
Since heart first beat,

'But did esteem herself the first;
And thought no babe was ever nursed
In such sweet rest.'
Yet still she would not be denied,
But shook her shining head and cried,
'None e'er so blest!'"

The following exists only as fragment,
and is as suggestive a bit of landscape as
any in Tennyson:

"Upon the reedy margin of the shore,
Shallow and waste, I stand,
And hear far Ocean's low continuous roar
Over the flats and sand.

The wide, gray sky hangs low above the verge,
No white-winged sea-bird flies;
No sound, save the eternal-sounding surge,
With equal fall and rise.

While the salt sea-wind whispers in my ears,
Fitful and desolate,
I seem absolved from the departed years,
Not grieved, and not elate."

The Sonnets alone would, as it seems
to us, be sufficient to stamp the writer as
one of the company of poets who deserve
to be remembered, though their words
may be few.

The following triad can hardly fail to
command admiration:

I.

"If the first meaning of imagined words
Had not been dulled by long promiscuous use,
And their fine sympathies and nice accords
Lost by misapplication or abuse;
Or if, within the breasts of those that choose
To read these lines, hung those responsive
chords

Quick to appropriate what sound affords
Of most deep meaning, and touch hidden clues,
Then might I from our English treasury,
Rich and abounding in poetic speech,
Choose out some phrase whereby to picture
thee,

Or come as near thee as my thought can reach;
For I, bright soul, can show thee in my line
No more than painter limn the Child divine.

II.

Then would I say, thou hadst a shape of
beauty,
And countenance both shamefast and serene:

Thy voice was low and pleading, and thy mien
A child-like sweetness mixed with dignity;
A most rare judgment hadst thou, which was
seen

To rest on prayer more than authority;
Thence sprang thy wisdom, which did ever
lean

On God, and moved in perfect liberty.
Thy lofty courage hid itself in gentleness;
Thy spirit, quick at love's neglect to move,
Could never reach before thy swift forgiveness;
And such a soft dependence didst thou prove
With these great gifts, thou, like a babe,
didst press

To rest in cherishing arms of those whom
thou didst love.

III.

Love in thy heart like living waters rose,
Thine own self lost in the abounding flood;
So that with thee, joy, comfort, thy life's good,
Thy youth's delights, thy beauty's freshest
rose,

Were trash thy unregretful bounty chose
Before loved feet for softness to be strewed.
Such were thy mortal temperings. Above
those,

Perfect, unstained, celestial, the clear brood
Of thy divine affections rose; white congress,
With brows devout and upward-winged eyes,
At whose graced feet sacred Humility lies;
Truthfulness, Patience, Wisdom, Gentleness,
Faith, Hope, and Charity, the golden three,
And Love which casts out fear—this was the
sum of thee."

We must not omit to cite an instance
of the melancholy depth to be found in
some parts of the series, noticing at the
same time the characteristic manner in
which gloom as well as cheerfulness is set
forth through the medium of a beautiful
artistic image:

"A WET AUTUMN.

Behold the melancholy season's wane!
Oppressed with clouds and with the rainy
days,

And the great promise of that lavish gain
All shattered, which his shining youth did
raise.

In misty fields the dripping harvest-grain
Hangs its dank head; the sorrowing reaper
stays

From day to day his sickling, chiding in vain
His unused sunshine and unwise delays.

*Thus when I see this bright youth aged in
tears,

With bitter drops I wash my wasting prime,
And sadly see mine own unharvested years
In the unprofit past their dark hours wave,
And the great visions of my early time
Wax fainter, and my face grows to the grave."

There is a quiet strength, we think, in
all which we have quoted, without which
nothing is really *graceful* in any high
sense. Grace implies a certain elasticity
—a certain natural tendency to the erect
—and an easy, unconstrained movement
within the limits of natural power; and
these qualities eminently belong to Mr.
Roscoe's poems. We conclude our notice
with the short piece which the editor has
placed at the close of the Minor Poems,
and which may fitly conclude any notice
of the poet's works or life.

"SYMBOLS OF VICTORY.

Yellow leaves on the ash-tree,
Soft glory in the air,
And the streaming radiance of sunshine
On the leaden clouds over there.

At a window a child's mouth smiling,
Overhung with tearful eyes
At the flying rainy landscape
And the sudden opening skies.

Angels hanging from heaven,
A whisper in dying ears,
And the promise of great salvation
Shining on mortal fears.

A dying man on his pillow,
Whose white soul fled to his face,
Puts on her garment of joyfulness,
And stretches to Death's embrace.

Passion, rapture, and blindness,
Yearning, aching, and fears,
And Faith and Duty gazing
With steadfast eyes upon tears.

I see, or the glory blinds me
Of a soul divinely fair,
Peace after great tribulation,
And Victory hung in the air."

From Colburn's New Monthly.

GARIBALDI—HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

THE eyes of Europe have, during the past month, been fixed eagerly and hopefully on the progress of one man; politicians of all shades, from the most ultra of our Conservatives down to the most capacious Liberal, agree for once in recognizing in Garibaldi the hero of the hour. Twelve months ago and many were disposed to believe the glozing tales of the priests, and regard the future liberator of Italy as a brigand; now that he has been recognized by the general of an established power, terms sufficiently strong can hardly be found to sing the praises of his chivalry and generosity in the hour of victory. Admiral Munday, (all honor to him for it,) in a recent dispatch, described in burning words the atrocities committed by the royal troops in Palermo, and offered a brilliant contrast by his remark, "The conduct of General Garibaldi, both during the hostilities and since their suspension, has been noble and generous;" but from the hour he awoke to the consciousness of his manhood, Garibaldi has never behaved otherwise. Nor can we account for the popular enthusiasm in his behalf by his successes in Sicily, for, though they are very wonderful, they are, after all, as nothing compared with the feats he achieved during his ever-memorable march from Rome upon Venice. We are disposed, therefore, to regard the present excitement about Garibaldi as arising from the circumstance that people see in his success a prospect for the settlement of the Italian imbroglio, which will restore peace to the Continent, and, at the same time, prevent any further annexation tentatives on the part of the great European Marplot. That Garibaldi will succeed in overthrowing the odious tyranny of Bombino there is no doubt, after reading his past life-history, which we purpose presenting to our readers in the ensuing pages, such as we have been enabled to compile it from the best authorities. A really authentic life of the hero

is among the desiderata of the day, for there is so much of the marvelous mixed up in the narrative, that it is a matter of difficulty to draw the line. One of the best accounts of him, however, based on information supplied partly by himself and partly by his friends, was recently published from the pen of Charles Paya, and it will serve as the basis of our article.*

Giuseppe Garibaldi was born at Nice on July 4, 1807, the descendant of a family which had long devoted itself to seafaring occupations, for which the lad also evinced a decided inclination. We know but little of his school-days, save that he displayed a remarkable aptitude for mathematics, and even at that early age revealed his contempt of danger by saving a party of his fellow-students, who were capsized by a sudden squall while sailing in a pleasure-boat to Villafranca. Garibaldi swam out to them, and saved their lives at imminent risk of his own. Soon after he entered on board a merchantman trading with the Levant, and during one of his voyages put into Civita Vecchia, and paid a flying visit to Rome. The abuses he witnessed there aroused the latent spark of patriotism, there can be no doubt, but it was not till the age of twenty-six that his political sentiments began to exercise a material influence over his fortunes.

The accession of Charles Albert to the throne of Piedmont in 1831 excited the hopes of the patriot party, led by Mazzini, for, as Prince of Carignano, the new king had been a liberal, if not something more. The conspiracy was detected, and Garibaldi, who appears to have been mixed up in it to some extent, started again for the East. While his vessel was lying at Taganrog, he met with a young Italian,

* We may also refer our readers to an excellent work by Mr. Dwight, published by Sampson Low and Co., founded on Garibaldi's own manuscript. Unfortunately it only comes down to the end of his South-American exodus.

who was initiated in the designs of Giovane Italia, and Garibaldi became a conspirator. On his return to Piedmont, he joined in Mazzini's abortive descent on Savoy in 1836, and had to fly again, this time to bid a long farewell to his fatherland. Disguised as a peasant he made his way to Marseilles, and obtained employment as captain of a French vessel trading with the Levant.

But the young man soon grew wearied of such a peaceful life; and we next find him sailing in an Egyptian corvette to offer his services to the Bey of Tunis. He was, however, soon disgusted with the supineness which is the rule in all Eastern establishments, and he resigned his command. In 1836 he resolved on seeking his fortunes in the New World, and proceeded to South-America, where a brilliant though painful career was awaiting him. With the aid of his compatriots he purchased a small coaster, in which he traded between Rio and Cabo Frio; and letters written by him at the time prove the despondency to which he fell a prey. The next year, however, a republican movement broke out in the province of Rio Grande, and Garibaldi was invited to join. He eagerly assented; his small vessel was secretly equipped for fighting, and no sooner out of port than the republican flag was hoisted.

After capturing several Brazilian vessels of considerable tonnage, Garibaldi cast anchor beneath the walls of Monte Video, having been persuaded that the city was favorable to the republican movement. He was speedily undeceived: a gun-boat attacked his vessel, and Garibaldi himself received a bullet under the ear, which stretched him apparently lifeless upon the deck. His terrified companions hoisted all sail, and steered for Gualagay, where the vessel was seized, and all cast into prison. Fortunately for our hero, he was allowed to leave prison on parole, and the generous attentions of the Spanish family with whom he resided, restored him to his old vigor. Presently, however, he learned that the authorities were about to break their promise to him, and throw him into close confinement, and thinking that this relieved him from his pledge, he escaped by night from Gualagay. After wandering about the country for two days without food and shelter, Garibaldi was tracked and led back to Gualagay, when the commandant suspended him by

the hands for two hours, and to the present day he suffers terribly from the injury. After some months' further imprisonment he was set at liberty, without any trial, and returned to Rio Grande, where he was received with open arms. He was at once appointed admiral of the republican navy, which consisted of only two or three wretched coasters, armed with guns of light caliber. At the same time commenced Garibaldi's marvelous exploits on land. Attacked at Camacuan by one hundred and twenty of the enemy, he cut his way through at the head of eleven men, and remained master of the field. He had already begun those marvelous arrangements which cause his followers to follow him through fire and water, for they are certain of victory so soon as they come within bayonet-reach of the foe.

Forced by the imperial fleet to take shelter in the port of Laguna, Garibaldi occupied his few moments of leisure in winning the heart of a young Creole girl, Anita, who, became the inseparable companion of all his dangers. The honeymoon was a short one; for, two days after the marriage, the imperial vessels entered the port, and began bombarding the republican vessels. Garibaldi, with his wife, was the last to leave the ship: he leaped into a boat with her and gained the shore, after firing his own vessel, which exploded with considerable injury to the Brazilian fleet. Of twelve officers engaged with him, Garibaldi was the only one that survived.

Not long after, and Garibaldi's new vessel was chased into a lagoon by the enemy, and as a last resource he ran his bark ashore; then, mounting his two guns on an elevation, he maintained such a sharp fire that the enemy was forced to retreat out of range. When they proceeded to renew the attack in the morning, however, Garibaldi and his vessel had disappeared. He had dragged her off the sand-bank during the night, and passed unseen through the Brazilian fleet. On a subsequent occasion Garibaldi was less fortunate. The Brazilians forced the entrance of the Lagoa dos Patos, where the Rio Grande fleet lay at anchor, and felt certain of victory, owing to their great superiority. But Garibaldi was not disposed to surrender. Ordering his men ashore, he blew up his vessel, and escaped to land on a dining-table.

Thus deprived of his vessels, Garibaldi

lost no time in organizing his sailors as a land force, with which he necessarily beat up the enemy. On one occasion, Annita, who always accompanied him, was taken prisoner by the Brazilians, but, roused to madness by the rumor that her husband was killed, she escaped during the night and rushed to the battle-field, where she eagerly sought for the remains of the man she loved. At length, convinced that her fears were unfounded, she proceeded in her flight, and had the delight of rejoining her husband after two days of perilous adventure.

After the birth of his first son, Garibaldi resigned his command, for the war was no longer one of principles, and embarked for Monte Video, where he supported his family for a time by giving lessons in geometry and algebra in one of the principal schools of the city. But this did not last long. The dictator Rosas was determined on regaining his hold of the Oriental republic, and his general, Oribe, was intrusted with the odious task. At the head of his terrible Gauchos, he spread desolation around, and finally appeared beneath the walls of Monte Video. The foreigners resident in the city determined to fight for their lives and property. A French legion was formed, but, as danger menaced from the sea, Garibaldi was invited to take command of the naval forces, which consisted of a corvette, a brig, and a cutter. His first exploit was unfortunate: he forced the entrance of the Parana, and tried to ascend that river, but he suddenly found his vessels aground on sand-banks, and in presence of the Brazilian fleet of six ships. For three days he carried on the contest; but, after firing every thing he had on board in the shape of projectiles, he blew up his ships and gained the shore in safety. Hurriedly forming his men, he broke through the enemy's troops sent to cut off his retreat, and regained Monte Video, where he was eagerly expected, for Oribe was preparing for the siege.

Garibaldi at once took the command of a body of eight hundred Italian volunteers, and kept the enemy at bay. On one occasion, at the head of one hundred and eighty-four men, he fought for eight hours against a force of fifteen hundred without yielding an inch of ground. When night fell, the guerillero had thirty-five killed and fifty severely wounded of his little band. We have had instances in history where commanders deserted their

wounded for the sake of their own safety; but Garibaldi was not a man of that stamp. He carried off every one in the face of the enemy, and succeeded in rescuing them. For this brilliant exploit, which cost the dictator five hundred of his best troops, the government of Uruguay made Garibaldi a general; but he refused all pecuniary reward, though at that time his family were compelled to live on his rations, and were obliged to go to bed for want of candle. The minister of war hearing of this circumstance, sent Garibaldi a present of twenty pounds, but he would only except half, and bade the messenger give the remainder to a poor widow he named; for, he said, "her necessities are greater than mine."

It would lead us too far were we to attempt to describe all the exploits Garibaldi performed in South-America. We will, therefore, pass on to that *annus mirabilis* 1848, when he, like so many of his countrymen, allowed himself to be deceived by the false promises of Pio Nono, as if it were possible for a pope to be liberal. He at once offered his services to the papal nuncio at Rio Janeiro, who, however, returned an evasive answer, and he at length decided on taking farewell of South-America, and returning to his country, where his strong arm was so much required. Subscriptions flowed in, and the guerillero was enabled to equip one hundred of the bravest of his legion, and charter a vessel for their passage. In June, 1848, the little band and their intrepid chief landed at Nice.

At this period Charles Albert was throwing away all his chances by settling down to invest Mantua. Garibaldi, seeing where his services would be most needed, hastened to Turin; but the coldness with which he was received by the ministry was a great blow to him. They declined the responsibility, and Garibaldi hastened to the King, who received him very courteously, but vacillated, and when urged for an immediate reply, referred him to the ministry. Garibaldi hesitated no longer, but proceeded to Milan, where he placed his sword at the disposal of the committee of public defense, and three thousand volunteers, attracted by the *prestige* of his name, was soon enrolled under his banner. On the signature of the capitulation by Charles Albert on August ninth, 1848, Garibaldi, disdaining to lay down his arms without striking a blow, threw himself

into the mountains round the Lago Maggiore, where he hoped that the disbanded Lombardese would join him and enable him to carry on a guerilla warfare, till operations on a more extended scale could be arranged. But the Austrians were too quick for him: menaced by a corps of five thousand men under General d'Aspré, Garibaldi had no resource but to fall back on the Piedmontese frontier, and reassembled his column in safety at Arona. Convinced that all further resistance was hopeless, he disbanded his legion, and himself proceeded to Switzerland, where he fell dangerously ill of the Lombardy marsh fever, which had carried off so many soldiers on both sides. On his recovery he proceeded to Genoa, where a high command in the Sardinian army was offered him, but he declined it, for it was his intention to proceed to the aid of Venice, which city was then closely invested by the Austrians. Leaving Genoa with about two hundred and fifty volunteers, he sailed up the Adriatic, when the news of the menacing state of things at Rome reached him, and he decided on proceeding at once to that city.

The French, fearing lest the Austrians might anticipate them, had offered their intervention to restore the old state of things: there was a chance for obtaining a foothold in the peninsula, and the chivalrous nation, *par excellence*, was even at that time fond of taking up arms for an idea, if there be any prospect of a tangible result. Cavaignac, in November, 1848, landed three thousand five hundred troops at Civita Vecchia, and the Roman Assembly could only protest by convening the Constituent Assembly, to which Garibaldi was elected as deputy for Macerata. The republic was proclaimed, and our hero at once set to work to protect the frontier against the Neapolitans. During the winter he labored incessantly in drilling the volunteers, and they were quite fit to take the field when the decisive moment arrived. This was not long delayed; the news of the defeat of Novara was the signal for France to stifle her sister republic in a Judas's embrace. The French, under Oudinot, were ordered to advance, and Garibaldi hurried back to the defense of the threatened city. On April thirtieth, the French opened the attack in two columns, but were vigorously opposed by Garibaldi, and after an obstinate fight, lasting seven hours,

were compelled to fall back on Civita Vecchia.

On May the second, news reached Rome that the Neapolitan troops had invaded the territory of the republic, and, on the seventh, that the Austrians and Spaniards had followed their example. General Oudinot consented to an armistice, during which fresh French troops were poured in, and Garibaldi, with his hands thus liberated, directed all his energies upon expelling the Neapolitans. On the tenth of May he came up with them, twenty thousand strong, under command of the King himself, at Velletri, and in half an hour they broke and fled. They could not face the terrible red devil, as Garibaldi was christened. Ferdinand of Naples fled ignominiously, and had a narrow escape from falling into the hands of the republicans. Garibaldi was preparing to carry the war into the Neapolitan territory, when he was recalled by the news that the French had denounced the armistice, and were marching on the Eternal City with an overwhelming force.

The combat was long and obstinate, but the French gradually advanced. To add to the perils of the republic, Mazzini entered into an unseemly dispute with Garibaldi, which compelled the latter to resign his command for a time. Urged by the populace, however, he agreed to return to the combat, and offered a brave though hopeless resistance to the French, who, on the morning of June thirtieth, forced their way through the breaches they had formed. On the second of July, Garibaldi, after performing wondrous feats of bravery, and exposing his life a hundred times, sent an aide-de-camp to the triumvirate announcing that further resistance was impossible, and they undertook to treat with General Oudinot.

On the afternoon of the next day, the banner of St. Peter again floated over the castle of San Angelo, but Garibaldi was no longer present to witness the humiliation. He quitted the city on the night or the second with four thousand infantry and about eight hundred horse, with the intention of making his way to Venice. He reached Terni in good order, but, on leaving that town on the eleventh of July, his troubles began. His men deserted by hundreds; the dragoons sold their horses to the enemy, and committed excesses, the criminality of which was unjustly thrown on the Garibaldists, who remained

true to their flag. But even the latter were growing desponding, for no outlet seemed left for them; the French were close at their heels, while the Austrians were collecting in front, and the peasants, urged by their priests, cut off every straggler from the legion.

In the face of these obstacles, Garibaldi struggled on till he reached Arezzo, where, however, he was refused admittance; and he therefore determined on leading his men to the republic of San Marino, where they would be, at any rate, safe from the fury of the Austrians. During his march he had several engagements with the troops commanded by Duke Ernest, and on the thirty-first of July the remnant of the band entered San Marino. The Austrians violated the frontiers of the republic, and Gorzowski, the general in command, stipulated that the legionaries should lay down their arms, while Garibaldi would be put on board a vessel bound for America.

But the intrepid guerillero had no intention of surrendering; on the same night he escaped with a chosen band from San Marino, and marched on the port of Cesenatico, where he seized some fishing-boats, in the hope of reaching Venice. They had almost past the mouths of the Po, when the Austrian flotilla hove in sight, and they in vain attempted to escape. Eight boats were captured, and that on board which were Garibaldi and his wife, Cicerovacchio and his two sons, and several others of his most faithful followers, only managed to gain the shore again with great difficulty. Here they dispersed for fear of attracting the attention of the Austrian patrols, the General, his wife, and an officer deeply attached to him, proceeding in the direction of Ravenna. For two days they wandered from forest to forest; but then the faithful Annita's strength failed her, and they had hardly reached the shelter of a peasant's cottage when she died. Garibaldi was inconsolable, and it was the fear alone of compromising his generous hosts which induced him to continue his flight.

During thirty-five days, which he occupied in reaching Porto Venere, on the other side of the peninsula, the escapes he ran were most extraordinary. His followers were not so fortunate: Ugo Bassi, chaplain to the legion, was taken by the Austrians and shot at Bologna, while an impenetrable mystery still hangs over the

fact of Cicerovacchio. Others perished in the forests, shot down like wild animals, and left as prey for the wolves. But even on reaching his fatherland, Garibaldi was allowed no rest: rumors were rife about fresh conspiracies formed by the red republicans, in which it was supposed that Garibaldi, owing to his recent connection with Mazzini, was implicated, and he was requested to quit the country. After taking farewell of his children, whom he left with his mother at Nice, he unobtrusively took up his wanderer's staff again, and we presently find him at New-York, engaged in candle-making, and solving intricate mathematical problems as he bends over the seething tallow. Thence he proceeded to Peru, where he received a brilliant reception from his compatriots, and finally accepted the command of a vessel engaged in the China trade. Little is known, however, of his movements till he returned to Genoa, in 1854, as commander of a small bark. Here he gave in his adhesion to the existing form of government, for he had ever a strong partiality for Victor Emmanuel, and took command of a small steamer plying between Nice and Marseilles. In this peaceful avocation he saved enough money to purchase a small estate in the island of Capraja, which he cultivated with his own hands, while taking an active part in the labors of the National Society, and waiting patiently for the hour of deliverance for Italy to sound.

When Napoleon determined on the war with Austria, Garibaldi was as much deceived by him as we were. He fully believed in the truth of the idea, and threw himself heart and soul into the good cause. The Sardinian government authorized the enrollment of volunteers, and no one but Garibaldi could take the command of them. But so great was the opposition, even at that time, offered him, and the mass of calumnies spread, that Count Cavour hesitated some time ere gazetted him.

The new corps received the name of Chasseurs of the Alps, and recruits flocked in from every part of Italy. So soon as hostilities commenced, Garibaldi left Turin at the head of nearly four thousand men, who, although many had never seen a shot fired in anger, were animated with the best spirit. Cleverly outflanking the Austrians, Garibaldi marched on Varese, where Urban hoped to catch him napping.

But the guerillero, leaving two hundred of his men to help the townsmen in keeping the Austrians at bay, marched round them and attacked them on the rear and flank. The Austrians broke and fled.

The partisan chief was, in reality, an object of the gravest terror to the Tedeschi. To the soldiers his mere name caused an invincible horror; he was declared to be invulnerable; and some went so far as to assert that bullets flattened on his forehead. These marvels attributed to the hero of independence caused one day such a panic among a reconnoitering party of Austrians, that the soldiers returned home panting, many of them having thrown away their arms in flying from a phantom, for no danger menaced them.

The Austrians suffered another sharp defeat at San Fermo, after fighting for eight hours, and the road to Como lay open to the patriot. An Italian committee was established in the town, and it became General Garibaldi's head-quarters. While here, many of the French newspaper correspondents visited the General, for the purpose of making copy, and we may be permitted to quote from M. Léonce Dupont, one of the liveliest of them, who gives us the following account of Garibaldi's personal appearance:

"I was introduced in my turn. I experienced some emotion in passing the threshold of a room in which was a man whose adventurous intrepidity had gained such a brilliant renown. At Paris he is endowed with legendary proportions, and regarded as a species of Schamyl. Every one dresses him after his own fashion; and of all the costumes I have seen, there are few which have not a relationship to a Calabrian brigand. A felt hat and ferocious countenance embedded in a mass of disheveled hair, a blouse, and large waist-belt adorned with a dozen cavalry pistols, a naked saber in his hand; such is the personage of the legend. He may have appeared in this condition ten years ago, under the walls of Rome, but times have changed, and Garibaldi with them. The man is small, delicate, and nervous, but his small gray eye flashes like polished steel. His hair is cut quite short, and though he wears his beard, it is exactly like hundreds we may see every day in Paris, were it not that it is beginning to turn slightly gray.

"I know not if he is cruel, but he has a very kind voice. He is so far civilized, that he wears eye-glasses, owing to his short sight. He appears to be about forty, but in reality is fifty-three. He is dressed like all the Sardinian generals, in a blue tunic, with silver lace on the collar and cuffs. When I entered, he made me

sit down by his side, and began by offering me his hand. Then he addressed some very polite remarks to me in the best French I have heard since crossing the Alps. I thanked him for granting me an interview, when he had so many more important matters to attend to, and also told him of the idea people who had not seen him formed of him. He gave the ghost of a smile, and seemed to care very little what was thought about him.

"If you would like to follow my column," he said, 'I will give you the means;' and he drew up a safe-conduct, to which he put his signature, and the seal of his staff. 'With that,' he added, 'you can march with us day and night, exchange shots with the Austrians, and write to your journal the bulletin of our deeds and your own.'

There is an exquisite touch of satire about the General's offer which the Frenchman, full as usual of his self-importance, does not appear to have noticed.

Nothing could surpass the affection his followers displayed for Garibaldi, though he was inexorably stern. Thus, M. Amédée Achard tells us that his officers had the greatest difficulty in obtaining the pardon of a volunteer whom he had condemned to be shot for stealing a ring scarcely worth three francs.

The victory at San Fermo caused Victor Emmanuel to see in the guerillero an eminent tactician, and it was for a moment hoped that he would be summoned to take a more important part in the campaign than he had hitherto done. But Louis Napoleon could brook no rival near his throne; he had been saved by an inspiration of Macmahon at Magenta, and it would not do to allow Garibaldi to grow too great, lest he might eventually become troublesome, when the results of the "idea" were to be claimed. As it was, his force had swelled to very decent proportions; he had under his command eight thousand men, formed into three infantry regiments, two hundred and fifty guides, and two hundred carabinieri. His artillery consisted of fourteen light guns, of which his volunteers had taken six in action before they could be spiked by the Austrians. Nor was Garibaldi idle while remaining at Como; he sent his troops to drive Urban's force beyond Monza, and occupied himself in coasting the Lago Maggiore with the four Austrian steamers he had captured, and lifted the treasury at the various customs ports.

On the eighth of June he made a forward move, and occupied Bergamo, which

town the Austrians evacuated on the previous night. Thence he proceeded to Milan, and had a private interview with Victor Emmanuel, the purpose of which has hitherto remained a secret. On his return to Bergamo, hearing that fifteen hundred Austrians were advancing from Brescia, he sent a small detachment to meet them, and compelled their retreat. On June fifteenth, Garibaldi advanced on Lonato, and his officers organized free corps in the Valteline, to the great alarm of the Austrians, who fancied that he was about to invade the Tyrol. He then suddenly poured down on Brescia, after defeating the Austrians again at Castenedolo. Hardly had he occupied that town, however, than he heard that a heavy column of the enemy was marching against him. He advanced with two regiments to meet them, but was led into a trap by some peasants, of whom he asked information as to the Austrians' movements. On their saying they had seen nothing of the Tedeschi, he sent back one of his regiments, but had scarcely mounted the heights with his small force than he was enveloped by the Austrian cavalry. Sending off in all haste to General Cialdini for reinforcements, he held his ground with his usual bravery. For a moment it was thought that the General was killed, for his horse fell with three bullets in its body, but he was up again in a moment. When the reinforcements arrived, the Austrians were compelled to retire, and Garibaldi held his ground.

Anxious to reproduce every trait which will throw light on the true character of the hero of Italy, we will quote here from M. Edmond Texier, of the *Siècle*, who repeats what was told him by one of the volunteers :

"We all adore our chief, though he speaks rarely, and is most incommunicative. So soon as we see him we look at his cap; if it is on the back of his head, it is a sign that he is satisfied; if, on the contrary, it conceals his face and the peak is over his nose, the situation is grave—we may expect something serious, and we get ready our arms. These two signs never fail in their effect. The other day, on our arrival at Bergamo, the cap was further back than ever. The telegraph had informed us of the arrival by railway of fifteen hundred Austrians, who were coming to Bergamo, unaware of our presence. We ambuscaded round the station; the telegraph announced that the enemy had reached the last station but one; our hearts beat with impatience and joy, minutes succeeded minutes,

but nothing came. The Austrians had gone back at full speed when they heard of our presence. Sudden change of the cap's position—for nearly two days we were unable to see even the tip of his nose. This devil of a man exercises such influence that I saw him in an action send citizens under fire, whom he gave the muskets of his wounded soldiers, and they behaved most courageously. Ever between the two lines of sharpshooters, it is a miracle that he has not yet been wounded; the peasants believe him bullet proof. I should never end if I tried to describe all the heroism of Garibaldi's small army, its fabulous marches, its surprises and combats. At Laveno, for instance, the Italians tore muskets from the hands of the Austrians through the embrasures. On opening the campaign Garibaldi much wanted some guns; but, unable to procure them from the War Ministry, he took four from the Austrians. For a long time Garibaldi has given up the use of artillery; he only fights with the bayonet; the cannon remain with the baggage, and he would gladly exchange them for the Minié rifles he is so anxiously expecting. One of Garibaldi's best shots is an Englishman of about fifty years of age, who, armed with an excellent Lancaster rifle and a telescope, appears to chase the Tyrolese. This eccentric person was asked the other day if he had joined the volunteers to establish Italian independence, or simply for the pleasure of the chase. 'I am very much attached to the independence of Italy,' he coolly replied, 'but I am also fond of shooting.'"

By this time Louis Napoleon had enough of glory; Solferino had been fought with no dishonor to the Austrians, and the French saw before them a wearisome winter campaign, occupied with parallels and trenches, of which they had enjoyed quite sufficient before Sebastopol. Louis Napoleon had cleverly made a cat's-paw of Kossuth, whom he had summoned from London, not with the slightest intention of revolutionizing Hungary, but to prove to Francis Joseph that he shunned no means to get the best of him. Nor were the Austrians sorry to see the war terminate, for the enormous robberies committed in the commissariat department had left Verona unprovisioned, and there was a doubt whether Peschiera could hold out any length of time against the combined attack by land and water.

While the armistice of Villafranca was being signed, Garibaldi had advanced as far as Tiarno, and was about to seize the Lago di Garda and intercept the Austrian communication between the Tyrol and Verona. Several sharp actions had already taken place around Bornico, and the enemy had been driven back on the

Stelvio pass. During the armistice, Garibaldi retired to Como, and our readers will probably remember the graphic account of a visit paid to him there by an "Australian Colonist," which appeared last year in the columns of the *Times*. So soon as the preliminaries of the peace were decided on, Garibaldi handed in his resignation, which Victor Emmanuel would not accept. He therefore decided on carrying on the war in his own manner, and advised the Italians to arm and form an army capable of laying down its own conditions. The Chasseurs of the Alps were raised to a strength of twelve thousand, their head-quarters being at Como and Brescia. On July the nineteenth, Garibaldi issued the following general order in confirmation of his views:

"Whatever may be the progress of political events under existing circumstances, the Italians must neither lay down their arms nor feel discouraged with the contrary. They must hurry into the ranks, and testify to Europe that, led by the valiant Victor Emmanuel, they are ready henceforward to meet the vicissitudes of war, of whatever nature they may be.

"GARIBALDI, *General*."

But the General's impatience was once more aroused by the rumors which transpired of the first conference held at Zurich; the turn they took rendering his presence useless with the army. Garibaldi asked for unlimited leave, but was again refused. Still, in the present aspect of affairs, such a man became an embarrassment. Garibaldi continued to desire the liberation of Italy, and Victor Emmanuel was no longer free to second him. The Sardinian government, however, wished to retain his services; and it was proposed to give him the command of the Tuscan army, which Ulloa had resigned. Various combinations, mysterious for the present, however, were made, and Garibaldi was granted leave. What he thought of the intrigues will be best seen from his general order:

"MY COMRADES IN ARMS!—I am obliged to retire at present from the service, and General Pomaretti has been selected by his majesty to command the brigade. I trust, while brave in action, you will be disciplined, and strive to acquire under arms the skill which will allow you to take your proper rank when opposed to the enemies of our country.

GARIBALDI.

"Bergamo, Aug. 11, 1859."

If any thing could console Garibaldi for his disappointed hopes, it would have been the rapturous reception he met with in all the cities he visited. At Bologna he spent several hours at the tomb of Ugo Bassi, and then proceeded to help General Fanti in organizing the army of Central Italy, which amounted to thirty thousand men. At Ravenna he publicly explained his future policy, and proposed the subscription for the million muskets. His idea was at once understood, and subscriptions poured in from all quarters. Upwards of eighteen thousand volunteers were also enrolled, and it was a public secret that the General proposed ere long to invade the kingdom of the Two Sicilies.

From Central Italy Garibaldi proceeded to Turin, where his reception was equally flattering. On the evening of his arrival he had another interview with Victor Emmanuel, but the secret has been carefully kept as to the subject discussed. It is probable, however, that the King did all in his power to dissuade Garibaldi from any aggressive movement, to which the General would not consent. On the contrary, the Sardinians themselves were beginning to grow very impatient, for it was suspected that the King obeyed foreign influences, and Italy was weary of vassalage. Great was the agitation, therefore, when it was suddenly announced soon after that General Garibaldi had given in his resignation as general of the army of Central Italy, and that Victor Emmanuel had accepted it. The proclamation our hero issued on the occasion was couched in the following terms:

"TO THE ITALIANS.

"As underhand intrigues continually check the liberty of action inherent in the rank I hold in the army of Central Italy, and which I employed to try and attain that object which every good Italian proposes to himself, I am leaving the military service for the present.

"On the day that Victor Emmanuel once again summons his soldiers to arms for the redemption of the country, I shall be again by the side of my brave companions. The miserable and crafty policy which for a moment troubles the majestic progress of our affairs, must persuade us that it is our duty to assemble around the brave and legal soldier of independence, who is incapable of recoiling from his sublime and generous path, and that we should prepare, at present more than ever, gold and iron to receive those who would gladly plunge us again in the horrors of the past.

JOSEPH GARIBALDI.

"Nice, 18th Nov. 1859."

At Bologna, the dissatisfaction produced by the policy of Count Cavour was so decided, that a manifestation was even attempted, which Garibaldi's friends wisely suppressed, as it would have given a triumph to the Absolutist party. The Tuscan government, compelled to accept his resignation, announced it to the public in a most complimentary general order, in which he was allowed to retain his honorary rank.

After remaining a short period at Nice with his family, Garibaldi proceeded to Genoa, with the intention of settling once more on his island-farm of Capraja. From this he was, however, dissuaded, and he remained on the continent. Lest his motives in retiring from the service might be misinterpreted, he issued a spirited proclamation to the Italians, in which he urged them never to lay down their arms until they had secured the independence of their country. In conclusion, he said: "Fellow-citizens, not a man among you must hesitate to put his mite to the national subscription—not one must neglect to have his musket in readiness, in order to obtain—perhaps to-morrow—by force what they hesitate to give us to-day in justice." At this time his enemies—and their name was legion—were striving zealously to render the subscription for the muskets abortive; but the General put the nation on their guard against the intrigues in the public papers. Towards the end of December, last year, he was requested to accept the presidency of the *Nazione Armata*, but was induced to decline the offer, alleging his motives in the following proclamation, which we quote, as proving that he never to the latest moment swerved from the path he had laid down for himself:

"TO THE ITALIANS.

"Summoned by some of my friends to attempt the character of conciliator, amid the factions of the liberal Italian party, I was invited to accept the presidency of a society called the 'Armed Nation.'

"But, as the armed Italian nation is a fact which terrifies all that is disloyal, corrupting, and tyrannical, both within and without Italy, the crowd of modern Jesuits has been alarmed, and shouted 'Anathema!'

"The government of the *Rè Galantuomo* has been importuned by the alarmists, and in order not to compromise it, I have decided on giving up the office with which I was honored.

"In perfect agreement with all the members, I therefore declare the society of the 'Armed

Nation' dissolved, and invite every Italian how loves his country to aid in the purchase of the million muskets.

"If, with the aid of a million guns, Italy, in the presence of the stranger, is unable to arm a million soldiers, we should have to despair of humanity. Let Italy arm, and she will be free.

G. GARIBALDI.

"Turin, 14th Jan. 1860."

There were many signs of coming hostilities for those who could read aright. In a letter addressed to the workmen of Milan, Garibaldi told them to hold themselves in readiness. Even the *Ost Deutsche Poste* was compelled to allow: "We do not conceal from ourselves the dangers which are preparing for Austria in Italy. The popularity and indefatigable activity of Garibaldi seemed called on to render further services." The correspondence from Italy in our leading papers will show that the descent on Sicily was being carefully revolved in the General's mind, though we doubt whether it would have been so promptly undertaken had it not been for the annexation of Savoy to France. It seems as if Garibaldi were desirous of obtaining his favorite monarch compensation elsewhere for the loss he had endured.

The events connected with the landing at Marsala, and the march on Palermo, will be too fresh in the mind of our readers to need narrating here. There can not be an Englishman whose pulse has not throbbed while reading those splendid letters, descriptive of the hero's progress from victory to victory, so vividly chronicled for us in the broad-sheet of the *Times*. The man whom the official journal of Naples branded as a brigand but a short month ago, is now christened "His Excellency," and is placed on equal terms with the legitimate ruler of a kingdom. But that is the very thing which causes us apprehension, for diplomacy is now prepared to intervene, and bitter experience teaches us what the result will possibly be.

As for the general execration bestowed on the young King of Naples, we do not join in it so readily, for we remember that the nation which is now horror-stricken at the bombardment of Palermo was very ready to condone the massacre of the Deux Décembre, and send its troops to fight, shoulder to shoulder, with the soldiers who had perpetrated that atrocity—nay, worse, allow our generals

of unsullied honor to stand on equal terms with Canrobert, the man who executed the fell orders of the President. Still, we do not object at all to the marked aversion all the crowned heads are displaying towards Bombino—because he has been unsuccessful—and Lord Palmerston deserves all credit for the words he uttered in the House, though they might have been expressed in better English: "It is the fault and fortune of governments like those of Rome and Naples, when, by the cruelties and atrocities committed under their authority, their subjects have been driven to desperation and have revolted, that they appeal to all friendly powers for assistance to remove the men who are the authors and instigators of the revolution. Those governments forget that they themselves are the real and original authors and instigators of those revolutionary movements, and if their prayers were granted, and steps taken to accomplish the object they desired, unless, which is very unlikely, they were prepared to alter their own courses, the first, most effectual, and only necessary step would be their own removal." In these sentiments we fully coincide, and we sincerely hope that our government will act up to them; but then, we awkwardly remember that, but a week prior to uttering these honorable remarks, Lord Palmerston made a most chivalrous speech in defense of the Reform Bill, which he allowed to be strangled without holding out a hand, or even shedding a tear over the poor defunct. All parties are in this instance unanimous. Bombino is to be got rid of, as a punishment for his clumsy attempts to maintain despotism, and he can follow, for aught we care, the example of his predecessor, Dionysius the younger, and keep a school, though from what we know of Bourbon education, we are afraid that even such a scanty resource will fail him. Louis Napoleon has spoken out with equal decision about throwing the King of Naples overboard, as the Jonah who brings despotism into discredit; and in this case we are inclined to credit him, for the removal of the King will probably prove advantageous to his own little schemes.

But, while we agree to the necessity of allowing the tyrant to go his own road to destruction, we equally demand that no interference should be made with Garibaldi's progress, for, if he be left alone, he

can settle the Italian question in a simple and natural way. From Naples to Rome would be but a step, and if the guerillero again set out for Venice, as in 1849, it would be with very different chances of success. Italy once united under the scepter of Victor Emmanuel would be really free, and could resist French pressure. This would be so advantageous to the cause of liberty, that we fear Louis Napoleon will do all in his power to prevent the consummation, for, in that case, the war of 1859 would really have been fought for an idea, and he would have spoken the truth in spite of himself. As you can not stay a lion's appetite with a mutton-chop, neither will a Napoleon be satisfied with such a territory as Savoy while the kingdom of the Two Sicilies is going a begging.

We doubt whether even Mr. Bright, the last new friend of a despot, would venture to deny that for months Muratist intrigues have been going on in Naples with various chances of success. As a feather will show which way the wind blows, so we now have suspicious rumors of a constitution, based on the French model, being given the Neapolitans. They ask for the bread of freedom, and they are offered the stone of despotism, which, though hidden beneath velvet, is as grinding as the wheel of a Juggernaut's car. But a French constitution is, fortunately, a specialty of the Bonaparte family; it is a scepter which would pierce the hand of any other man that tries to wield it. In any case, the inspiration would hail from Paris, and the result would be the moral disarmament of Sardinia, who, powerless to do good, would gradually be forced down the incline, and become the obedient puppet of which Louis Napoleon would pull the wires.

And this consummation is not so far off, unless England energetically interfere. The object of the diplomatic intervention, we are told, is, in the event of the king running from Naples, to protect the honorable citizens from the atrocities which the lazzaroni and the mercenaries would be sure to commence. But such protection involves the presence of troops, and who so willing to offer such assistance as the French? The work would, in that case, be more than half done; the Neapolitans would be invited to decide their own fate by universal suffrage, and we know by this time to what that leads. Louis Na-

pooleon learned the value of that weapon in 1848, to hold *in terrorem* over the respectable classes, and we may predict what the result would be in Naples. Those agents who so eminently performed their dirty work in Savoy would be let loose on the Two Sicilies, and a lavish expenditure of five-franc pieces would not weigh in the balance against the possession of the sovereign power over Italy.

Are our ministers prepared to prevent such a state of things by at once sending a sufficient force into the Mediterranean, ready, at any rate, to undertake half the diplomatic business? We fear not, when we call to mind the barren protest against the annexation of Savoy which Lord John Russell offered, and which, terrified by his own audacity, he speedily swallowed again, hoping it might have been overheard. The moment is a critical one; the future destiny of Italy is on the point of solution, and it depends on ourselves whether it prove a guarantee for the tranquillity of Europe, or the final cause of a general conflagration.

Of course we shall be accused (as we so frequently have been by the hired agents of Napoleon) of exaggerating purposely, and doing our utmost to stir up ill blood between two great nations, which only need to know each other more thoroughly to be amazed at the possibility of dissension. Our reply is, that we are English before all; we are as anxious as any one can be to see the Anglo-French alliance rendered permanent and satisfactory, but we do not wish peace to be purchased by the subversion of the traditional policy of our country. This new doctrine of natural frontiers however, is one which overthrows the balance of power, and leads constantly to misunderstandings, for no one can say where it may end, and the first Napoleon wished to embrace all Europe in the natural frontiers of France. The present Emperor's policy has lately seemed to be verging in the same unhappy direction, and it is time for England to speak her mind out once and for all. By opposing a bold front, Louis Napoleon might be induced to reconsider his policy, but if we limit our interference to useless protests, he will end by despising us, and what the result will be we need not stop to discuss.

In the present case there is, fortunately, no occasion for even a divergence of opinion with France. Let us take the Emperor

at his word; he is anxious to stop a lamentable effusion of blood, and we are, assuredly, actuated by the same feelings. Let us not confine our sympathy to words, but, by undertaking a joint occupation, give those of the Neapolitans who are not so enamored of a French constitution as others appear to be, an opportunity for expressing their deliberate and honest opinion. If, however, we neglect to make our preparations, we may feel assured that French troops will occupy Naples, and then farewell to any hopes of Italian independence.

Still, we hold that it would be in every respect better to allow Garibaldi to accomplish his mission without any diplomatic interference. With a chief so energetic and so stern, there is no fear of anarchy getting the upper hand, and if the people of Naples have a chance of rising, they will hold the ruffianly soldier and their partisans in check. At the same time, we consider that a French intervention would lead to the very excesses it is intended to prevent, for the Italian patriots who are now ready to assume the helm of affairs would remain in the background if they knew that the French would land to "support order," and the populace, left without leaders, would give way to atrocities which are only the natural sequence of the tyranny under which they have been trampled for eleven years, which must have appeared to them so many centuries.

It would be truly a pitiable thing if Garibaldi had unconsciously been doing Napoleon's evil work in Sicily, but we confess to a distrust of the French statement that non-intervention is only *provisionally* granted as regards Sicily. This seems to show that Louis Napoleon is quite prepared for eventualities at Naples, and we appear to be all in the background as regards our preparations. It would be better for us, then, to accept the pestilent "nationality" theory at once, and let it be carried out to its fullest extent. According to it no foreigner has a right to hold a foot of ground in Italy: then let the French troops be at once recalled from Rome. If Francis Joseph will not voluntarily resign Venetia, let him hold it if he can against the forces Garibaldi would bring into the field within six months, but let no interference be allowed. The Italians only ask to be let alone: while feeling duly grateful to Louis Na-

poleon for the aid he offered them in 1859, they now consider themselves strong enough to walk alone, and can manage their own affairs without any tutelage. In this way we think that matters would very speedily settle down; the Liberal party would be satisfied, while the Conservatives would be only too glad of a solution which, while it consolidated Italy, would deprive Louis Napoleon forever of the power of working mischief in the Mediterranean.

Unfortunately, diplomacy must have the last word in such matters as the settlement of European questions, and in that England, by some fatality, always comes off second-best. It is said of our sailors that they earn their money like horses and spend it like asses; in the same way it may be asserted of us, as a nation, that we win advantages in the field and throw them away in the council-chamber. Unless we are very careful, we shall be chicaned once again in this Neapolitan business, and have nobody to blame but ourselves.

But, whatever may be the result, whether Bombino be hurled from the throne of his ancestors, or supported on it by foreign bayonets for fear of the consequences to despotism his overthrow may entail, in one thing we may all agree, and that is, in applauding the great man who has never swerved in his endeavors to make Italy a united and free nation. Had Garibaldi been less disinterested than he is, he might now be high on the list of general officers in France, and the marshal's staff might be within his grasp; but he is not the man to truckle to a despot, whatever glittering rewards he may have it in his power to offer. Garibaldi recognizes but one master, and that is Victor Emmanuel, and, by his unswerving purpose, he has rescued that master from a position which was becoming most humiliating. The King of Sardinia has now the opportunity for breaking those silken trammels which Louis Napoleon has woven round the independence of his nation, and we sincerely hope that he will take advantage of it.

Compare the two liberators of Italy, and how immeasurably small Louis Napoleon appears by the side of Garibaldi! The former issued pompous proclamations,

full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; and what became of his boast of freeing Italy from the Alps to the Adriatic? So soon as he had secured the object of his ambition, he deserted the Italians, and the condition of Venetia is a sufficient proof of the faith to be placed in his promises. He accepted pledges from Francis Joseph, which he gave that monarch an opportunity of evading; but what did he care for the liberation of Italy when his own purpose was served? Garibaldi, on the other hand, has never boasted; the world learns with amazement of his achievements when they are accomplished; he scorns any promise which he is unable to perform, and he advances from conquest to conquest with the dignity of a truly great man. Both men have had their fair share of calumny in their time, but while the greater portion has adhered to the character of Louis Napoleon, and left ugly patches upon it, Garibaldi has shaken them from him, and stands forth now, with unstained reputation, as the Washington of Italy.

Louis Napoleon may go down amid blood and smoke, and leave a name which will serve as a warning to future despots, if Providence allow such to emerge henceforth; but whatever may be the destiny of Garibaldi, his name will be enshrined in the page of history as that of an ardent, unselfish patriot, whose whole life was devoted to the cause of liberty, and who, when his work was accomplished, retired from the scene of his exploits the same simple-minded man whom no victory could intoxicate, no defeat depress. Such instances are rare, and it has, therefore, been to us a grateful task to lay before our readers the life of a man who has been traduced for party purposes, but who now stands forth so prominently as the champion of his nation, that no calumny can injure him, no perversion of truth undermine the glorious reputation he has slowly and painfully built up for himself. A chosen instrument of Providence to work out great ends, his life may be cut short when his mission is accomplished; but we earnestly hope that he may long be spared to the world, for at the present day we possess too few of such men to serve as a model and an example.

From Fraser's Magazine.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF ENERGY IN LIFE.

Nor long since it was incidentally remarked in the pages of this Magazine, that "energy, under the guidance of judgment, seemed to be the most important of practical qualities." A critical examination of history and life would probably show that energy is more essential to this success than most other qualities put together. Without it, men of the rarest intellectual gifts advance themselves, or their states, if they are rulers, but little or not at all; though their gifts may be of a working character, as good sense, perception of opportunities, capacity to form plans of their own, or to estimate correctly the plans of others, and with these may be conjoined the power of attracting or influencing mankind. On the other hand, men with none of their high or amiable qualities, but possessed of great energy, succeed beyond expectation, and even, as the phrase is, beyond belief. Of course it is not meant that simple energy will of itself suffice. Without some judgment, energy will resemble the strength of a blind giant, and probably produce mischief, or even danger, to its possessor as well as to other people. It must also be accompanied by something akin to what in art and the *belles lettres* is called invention, but which quality in philosophy and worldly affairs is a correct perception, from the many courses before a man, of that which will best lead to the desired end. Under energy, too, must be included some other qualities necessary to action, as perseverance, whether in the more passive form of watching and waiting patiently, or the more active phase of vigorous proceeding at the right time. Of course, too, some knowledge of the vocation followed is implied. Mere energy will not of itself constitute a great general, without some knowledge of military art or experience in war; neither will it enable a man to make his fortune in a business of which he knows nothing. We, therefore, throughout presume that a man

possesses some knowledge of the pursuit he engages in, and has the *average* natural ability necessary for its exercise.

So great, however, is the effect of mere energy as the predominating quality in a character, that indifferent plans pressed with resolute vigor often reach a triumphant success; while far superior designs, if carried out in a common spirit, fail altogether, or fall very short of the expectations formed of them. In common life, though determined pushing often succeeds, it sometimes fails from the distaste it causes. In great affairs, where it is not favor, but apprehension or contest that induces success, the energy which threatens or forces mostly gets the best of the business. The present time furnishes a remarkable instance of this; for, except the battles of the Italian campaigns, the successes of Louis Napoleon have been chiefly gained by a determination to attain them. A still more remarkable instance is that of Garibaldi, whose wonderful energy has just effected results unparalleled in history; for though revolutions as startling may have taken place, the means have been more obvious, and success less entirely owing to a single man. Energy indeed is not the only quality of this wonderful hero; for all his qualities are wonderful, especially his simple magnanimity and childlike faith. But it is energy, and the gift of infusing energy into others, that most conduces to Garibaldi's success.

It may be worth while to illustrate our position by a few examples in the leading pursuits of public life; and first, of the soldier. In war, indeed, every one will admit its necessity; but a little examination will show that energy and its cognate qualities are even more important than they seem at the first blush, excelling more directly professional gifts and acquirements—that is, activity and resolution, with moderate military abilities, produce greater effects than the highest strategical and tactical genius without

them. Every one has heard of Turenne as one of the greatest masters in the art of war, and historical readers know him as a general whose military character and campaigns Napoleon, in the leisure of St. Helena, submitted to elaborate analysis and commentary. The name of his rival, Montecuculli, is also a familiar word; but few can call to mind much that they did, and for the simple reason that they did but little. The courage of the soldiers and the improved nature of military weapons rendered their battles and sieges less like a game of chess than the campaigns of the Italian condottieri of the middle ages. But the results that followed from the campaigns of Turenne and Montecuculli were often nearly similar to those of the bloodless Italian wars of the mercenary condottieri, and, as Captain Brabazon points out in his *Soldiers and their Science*, entirely for want of that energy which in action never stops till it has got all that circumstances will permit it to gain.

"Of all that can be learnt in schools of the art of war, of its theories and technicalities, Turenne was a perfect master. His plans of campaign, the fruits of study and meditation, were, if not altogether faultless, at least superior in originality and boldness of design, in scope and scientific combination, to those of his immediate predecessors, with the exception of Gustavus (Adolphus.) Some of his marches may be ranked with those of Napoleon and Marlborough; but when the hour of decisive action had arrived, Turenne displayed all his inferiority to those great generals.

"The campaigns of the Rhine are marked by the same vigor of conception and fruitlessness of result. We can not refuse to admire the refined subtlety, the wily devices of Turenne and Montecuculli; but their attitude reminds us rather of two expert fencers, at an assault of arms, playing with buttoned foils, and exhibiting their easy graces and elaborate science, than of men really bent on the stern business of life and death. They advance and retreat, they feint and parry, march and countermarch, maneuver and out-maneuver with tedious caution and perseverance; but we wait in vain for the fatal stroke. We miss the eager eye and the ready hand of a Cromwell or a Condé, inspired by their soldier instinct when to launch forth their strength, and stake every thing on the result of a single blow.

"The fact can not be concealed that these two celebrated rivals of the seventeenth century, although personally brave, often wanted nerve and moral resolution at the critical moment of action."—*Soldiers and their Science*, by Captain Brabazon, R.A., pp. 156, 157.

The French rival of Turenne, the "great Condé," may not bear so high a general, and certainly not so high a technical, reputation as Turenne, but his battles are probably better known, because they were productive of greater results, or at least might have been, had they been thoroughly followed out. As a scientific soldier, Condé might be much inferior to Turenne; but he had a quick *coup d'œil* to seize the turning-points of a battle, a prompt readiness to avail himself of them, and an energetic determination in carrying out his operations. These qualities gained his first and greatest battle, that of Rocroi; and in defiance of technical rules, if not of received precautions. Paul Louis Courier, indeed, has made Rocroi a text for intimating that there is no such thing as the military art.

"I am ready to believe, since every body says it, that there is an art in war; but you must acknowledge that it is the only one which requires no apprenticeship. It is the only art one knows without ever having learned it. In all others, study and time are requisite. One begins by being a scholar; but in this, one is at once a master; and if one has the least talent for it, one accomplishes one's *chef-d'œuvre* at the same time with one's *coup d'essai*. . . . A young prince of eighteen posts down from the court, gives a battle, gains it, and then he is a great captain for the rest of his life, and the greatest captain in the world."

Besides exaggeration, there is some inaccuracy here; for Condé was in his twenty-first year, and had served in two campaigns, which though of no great extent or importance, must have given him some practical knowledge of "the art of war." They were equivalent to two years' "apprenticeship." There is, however, justice in the satire, if we omit to consider that in matters of action energetic activity is the one thing needful.

The reputation of Julius Cæsar, all things considered, exceeds that of any other king or conqueror. It has probably sustained the fame of Pompey, merely by the latter being associated with Cæsar as his rival, so that Cæsar has rendered each "familiar in the mouth as household words," by giving names to dogs and negroes. Of the varied abilities and accomplishments of Cæsar it is needless to speak;* but such variety of acquisition

* "But Cæsar has other claims on history besides that of political preëminence. . . . As the historian of his own exploits he was reputed second

and such incessant exertion as his life was passed in, required wonderful energy as the basis of his character. Though his merits as a soldier have become proverbial, yet his military skill does not appear to have been so great as that of some men with far less reputation; nor can he, like Epaminondas, claim the discovery of any great principle of war. As Dr. Arnold remarks, it was Cæsar's rapidity that often secured his successes. "As a general," says that historian, "it is needless to pronounce his eulogy; we may observe, however, that the quality which most contributed to his success on several occasions was his great activity; and although this may seem a virtue no way peculiar to men of superior minds, yet in the practical business of life there is none which produces more important results. Nor is it in fact an ordinary quality when exhibited in persons invested with extensive power, for then it implies quickness and decision in difficulties, than which nothing confers on one man a more commanding superiority over others."^{*}

A glance at the life of Hannibal will show that energy was the leading quality of that great commander, though every battle and almost every movement was distinguished by some special military skill, or the illustration of some leading principle of war. His whole course, however, exhibited those general qualities of perseverance, determination, promptness, and, in short, of energy, that are available in every branch of active life. His reso-

lution to brave the whole power of Rome by provoking a war; the invasion of Italy by a route which was a march of discovery as much as a military operation; his passages of the Rhone and of the Alps; his long continuance in Italy, though unsupported by Carthage, and, when at length defeated and driven from his country, the zeal with which he sought throughout the world to raise up enemies against Rome, at an age when time and toil might naturally have chilled his ardor, are examples of the rarest energy; and if this particular trait does not strike the mind conspicuously at the first glance, it is perhaps owing to the exact proportion in which every military quality was united in his mind, rendering him, by the common consent of soldiers as well as historians, the greatest captain that the world has seen.

These examples might be multiplied, but it is unnecessary in a cursory essay like this. Where great results are attained, and not mere technical or scientific campaigns carried on, we think energy will be found, though not the sole, yet the dominating quality, whether in civilized or barbarian war. Energy tainted with ferocity was the trait of the Tartar conquerors, Zingis Khan and Timour, as it was of the most warlike Turkish-Sultans; and as it was, though without the ferocity, of Baber, the first of the Great Moguls.

In revolutions or civil commotions, where regular authority is more or less set aside, and men's minds are no longer swayed by habitual ideas, the ready, energetic man carries all before him. Subject to the conditions already mentioned, of a perception of the main end, and the best modes of reaching it, energy over-rides all other qualities in civil disturbances, though the "others" may be higher and better in themselves. In the French Revolution the Girondists were far superior as philosophers, as patriots, and as men, to the Mountain; but the Mountain party had more energy and fewer scruples—"Paudace, encore Paudace, toujours Paudace," of Danton—and they triumphed over the learned, accomplished, capable, well-meaning, and even courageous Girondists. Indeed the fairness and moderation so highly prized in theory and moral treatises, seems always doomed to misfortune in troubled times. In the civil wars of Rome, the best, and in the quieter sense of the word, the ablest citizens of Rome,

to no writer of his class who had arisen in Rome; as an orator, to none perhaps but Cicero. He wrote on grammar; he wrote on augury and astronomy; he wrote tragedies and verses of society; he wrote a satire in prose, which he called his *Anti-Cato*. But while other illustrious men have been celebrated in some one department of genius, the concurrent voice of antiquity averred that Cæsar was excellent in all. 'He had genius,' says Cicero, 'understanding, memory, taste, reflection, industry, and exactness.' 'He was great,' repeats a modern writer, 'in every thing he undertook, as a captain, a statesman, a lawgiver, a jurist, an orator, a poet, an historian, a grammarian, a mathematician, and an architect.' And as if to complete the picture of the most perfect specimen of human ability, we are assured that in all the exercises of the camp his skill and vigor were not less conspicuous. He fought at the most perilous moments in the ranks of his soldiers; he could manage his charger without the use of reins, and he saved his life at Alexandria by his expertness as a swimmer.—*The Fall of the Roman Republic*, by Charles Merivale, B.D.

^{*} Dr. Arnold's *History of the Later Roman Commonwealth*, vol. II. pp. 108, 109.

from Antony the orator to Cicero himself, were vanquished and murdered by men whose highest qualities were some form of energy too often degenerating into ferocious cruelty. During the Great Rebellion in this country it was the same. Moderate men of both parties, who shrank from violence and wished to settle the dispute on terms, were jostled aside by both parties, or withdrew one after another in conscientious disgust. It is the same now, when Liberal Conservatives or Conservative Liberals, wanting energy to combine and make themselves a power to whose views effect must be given, are utterly disregarded by the unscrupulous energy of the Manchester school, and the active determination of the leaders of rival factions, to get office or to keep it by bidding one against the other.

It is the same through all history, and perhaps no state offers so many and so distinct examples of the effects of energy or the want of it, as that of Florence. The events might be of no moment to the world or in themselves, for they were not of high emprise, and their influence was limited to their own factions; but they exhibit the effect of certain qualities as completely as greater actions, while the numerous able writers on Florentine history have preserved more ample and trustworthy accounts of these civic commotions than remain of almost any other state. One of the most picturesque and striking of these examples is the revolution of which Michele di Lando became the leader. In 1379, the disputes came to a head which had latterly been growing up between the *nobile popolani* claiming offices, the older nobility who wished to retain the right of candidateship to themselves, the people whose guilds or companies were excluded, and the populace who had no guilds at all. A popular outbreak ensued. The signory and magistrates displayed that hesitation and timidity which civic rulers too generally exhibit in times of disorder, as do sometimes rulers who are not civic. The more respectable classes kept themselves at home, or gave advice which was not followed, and for several days the armed populace, meeting with no opposition, conducted themselves extremely like Jack Cade's followers. They beset the palace of the Signory, demanding with "terrible outcries" certain prisoners, and "to obtain them by force, since they were not

rendered to menaces, they burned the house of Luigi Guicciardini, (Gonfalonier of Justice,) so that the signors, for fear of worse, delivered them up. These men being recovered, the people took the gonfalon of justice from the bearer, and under this, they burned the houses of many citizens, seeking out those of men who were odious for public or private reasons. Indeed many citizens, to revenge their personal injuries, led the multitude to the houses of their enemies, for in such a mob it was sufficient for one voice to shout out to the house of such a one, or that he who held the gonfalon should turn himself thither."

This pleasant state of things endured for several days, the people relieving their harsher proceedings by acts of consideration and compliment. They made seventy-four Cavaliers, without regard to the wishes of the persons knighted, some of the number indeed having just had their houses burned, among whom was the Gonfalonier of Justice. At last they presented themselves before the Palace of the Signory, and frightening away the Signors, till there only remained Alamanno Acciaiuoli and Niccolo del Bene, who had counseled resistance. These "not to be held more brave than wise, seeing themselves left alone, also departed;" and except the eight commissioners of war, (who remained,) the building was left vacant for the people to occupy.

"When the plebeians entered the palace, one Michele di Lando, a woolcomber, had the Gonfalon of Justice in his hand. This man, without shoes to his feet, and with scanty clothing on his back, sprang up the stairs, the crowd following him. When he had entered the audience-chamber, he stopped, and turning to the people, said: 'You see this palace is yours, and this city is in your hands; what does it appear to you should now be done?' To which all replied, 'that they wished that he should be Gonfalonier and Signor; and that he should govern them and the city as appeared good to him.' Michele accepted the Signory, because he was a sagacious and prudent man, and more beholden to nature than to fortune. He determined to quiet the city, and stop the tumults, and to give himself time to bring things into order, and to occupy the people, he commanded that they should seek for one Ser Nuto, intended by Messer Lapo da Castiglione for Bargello. [The Bargello was a prison, and its yard, or court, a place of execution; the officer was a species of sheriff, head of the jailers and police.] Upon which commission the greater part of those that had entered the chamber set off.

That he might commence with justice the government he had acquired by fortune, he publicly forbade that any one should burn or steal any thing; and to frighten all, he erected the gallows in the piazza, [square of the Palace.] To begin the reform of the city he displaced the Syndics of the Arts, and appointed new ones; he deprived of their magistracy the Signory and the colleges, and burned the purses of their offices.* Meanwhile, Nuto was brought by the multitude into the piazza, and hanged to the gallows by one foot; and whoever was by having cut away a piece of him, in a trice there remained of him nothing but the one foot. On the other side, the Eight of the War, [magistrates or officials appointed to manage war business, and who, as already mentioned, had not decamped from the Palace with the Signors,] believing that themselves — by the departure of the Signory — remained the rulers (*principi*) of the city, had already appointed a new Signory. This Michele getting wind of, sent them word that they should immediately depart, for he wished to show to every one how without their counsel he could govern Florence. He afterwards assembled the Syndics of the Arts, and created the Signory; four from the lower plebeians, two from the greater, and two from the lesser arts. Besides this, he made new lists of candidates, and divided the Government into three parts; one of the new arts, (or guilds,) one of the lesser, and one of the greater. He gave to Messer Salvestro di Medici the rent of the shops on the old bridge, to himself the Podesteria of Empoli, and bestowed rewards upon many other citizens, friends of the plebeians; not so much to requite them for their exertions, as that they might protect him from future envy."—Macchiavelli, *Istorie Fiorentine*. Book III.

This "reformation" did not satisfy the plebeians, or more properly the masses. They thought the greater *popolani* had too much power in the government; and, in short, again took up arms, and set up a new government, and formed a new plan of reformation. With that strong sense of formal authority which seems to have characterized the Florentine populace, sanctioning in their minds robberies and burnings if perpetrated under the banner of the Gonfalonier of Justice, they required the Signory's recognition of their new constitutions, and sent two of their number to demand it.

"These men, with great audacity and greater presumption, set forth their commission to the

* Under the Florentine Republic the appointment to ruling or administrative offices was in theory by lot. The names of the qualified candidates were put into a purse, and the drawing decided the choice. What Michele really did was to abrogate the existing list of candidates, and form new ones.

Signory, and upbraided the Gonfalonier with the dignity they had given him, the honor they had done him, and with how much ingratitude, and how little regard, he had governed them. And towards the conclusion, coming to threats, Michele was not able to endure their arrogance, but considering rather the dignity he held than his former humble condition, he resolved by extraordinary means to repress such extraordinary insolence; and drawing the sword with which he was girded, he first wounded them severely, and then had them seized and confined.

"When this was known it inflamed the whole multitude with anger, and thinking themselves able to acquire by force what they had not attained without, they furiously and tumultuously took up arms, and moved themselves to go and constrain the Signory. On the other hand, Michele had anticipated this, and determined to prevent it; thinking it more to his glory to meet the enemy than to await him within walls, and to have, like his predecessors, to fly with his own reproaches and the dishonor of the Palace. He therefore got together a great number of citizens, (who had already begun to repent of their former supineness,) mounted on horseback, and followed by many armed men, proceeded to Santa Maria Novella to encounter his opponents. The plebeians who had (as we said above) come to the same determination, had also set out for the piazza about the time that Michele moved upon them, and each taking different ways, they did not encounter on the road. When Michele returned, he found the piazza occupied and the Palace assailed, so joining his forces to those of the defenders, he overcame the assailants, driving part from the city, and compelling part to throw away their arms and conceal themselves. The victory being gained, the tumults were composed, and solely by the virtue of the Gonfalonier, who excelled every citizen of that time in courage, in prudence, and in goodness, and deserves to be ranked among the few that have benefited their country. For if he had possessed an evil or ambitious mind, the Republic would have completely lost its liberty, and fallen under a worse tyranny than was that of the Duke of Athens. But his goodness never allowed a thought to enter his mind that was contrary to the general weal.—*Ibid.*

Perhaps in this old Italian patriot the reader may have recognized some resemblance to Garibaldi. But, sad to say, the energetic qualities of Michele availed him more than his goodness, since this last did not save him from banishment in another revolution, which took place about three years afterwards.

Similar examples of the wonder-working effects of energy might be multiplied, but the memory of most readers will suggest instances for themselves. The story of Michele di Lando is merely quoted as

a proof of the power of energy (for however his other qualities might have helped him afterwards, they availed him nothing at the moment) in advancing and sustaining a man on a critical occasion, when he had no aid whatever from collateral circumstances, such as birth, fortune, connection, profession, reputation, training, or such an external as dress. The cases of failure even to ruin from the want of energy are more numerous than the examples of success. The latest case in our times is that of Louis Philippe, who lost his crown by temporizing instead of giving Marshal Bugeaud the order to put down the insurrection; for the Italian Dukes are too small in their characters and incidents to be worth mentioning. But, in fact, history is full of such examples.

It must be observed that these illustrations of the advantages of energy are not adduced as instances of virtue, or as conducing to happiness. It is probable that a man with public power in his grasp may act more wisely in avoiding the struggle to attain it.

"Happy low lie down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

But we are not speaking of what is wise, or virtuous, or tending to happiness, but of what the world calls "success."

Despotic statesmanship, such as that of Cardinal Richelieu, or the present ruler of France, is so closely allied to violence in its nature and its practice, that it differs from war rather in mode than essentially. But under constitutional government, the measures of statesmen are influenced by public opinion, and to be received and be successful must be shaped with a thorough attention to the real or supposed national interests, (meaning by national the people at large, instead of rulers and professional politicians;) but in such states some form of energy is also the prime necessity. Of course it must be accompanied, as already observed, by other qualities; still, observation will show us that without energy all other qualities are of slender account, leading in fact to that scheme of policy which destroyed the Melbourne Government, namely, "measures for rejection;" while, though the particular acts of an energetic statesman may fail, and his general policy may not be altogether fortunate, still, energetic resolution will support him dur-

ing his career, and preserve his reputation as a great and even successful statesman. Such was the case with the elder Pitt, and still more with his son. Notwithstanding the Titan-like reputation of Chatham, it is only as a war minister that he really accomplished any thing. His home government, or attempts at government, rather exhibited failure, and except the conquest of Canada, his war plans were of no great reach. Even the scheme of conquering Canada was not his own, but suggested by Franklin, if not by others also; the ultimate result, in a common-sense political view, was disastrous, as removing a dreaded enemy from the flank and rear of the American colonists, and so far encouraging them in their subsequent revolt against this country. What "the great commoner" really possessed was energy, not policy. He trampled upon the red-tapeism of his day; he forced his own activity and promptness into the different departments of the public service; he infused his own resolute spirit into his officers and commanders; and he systematized (without much regard to his own consistency) that plan of subsidies to Continental powers which his son afterwards carried to such a gigantic extent; and thus, by energy, "Pitt" became "a name of fear" to the French and Spanish Bourbons, and, according to Horace Walpole, would dash the vivacity and check the vauntings of French men or women in their briskest moods of arrogance.

The younger Pitt had none of his father's warlike success, and through ill-fortune not a great deal more in financial and peaceful policy, though deserving it much better. He recognized the truth of Adam Smith's doctrines, and the advantages of a free-trade policy, much more quickly than Peel, and under circumstances which rendered the recognition much more difficult. He did not wait for any pressure from without to give effect to his convictions, but resolutely opposed himself to the popular prejudices, encouraged by the Whig party. His commercial treaty with France, and his beginnings in Customs' reform, (though the last left much to be done,) were bolder measures than any thing in our day; for inveterate opinion had not been shaken by half a century of discussion, and he had not the aid of an intellectually active and influential band of men

such as supported Huskisson and Peel, in the press and elsewhere. But for the French Revolution, it is probable that all the great reforms of this century—repeal of the Catholic disabilities, commercial freedom, (the Corn Laws were not passed till a decade after Pitt's death,) and possibly Parliamentary Reform—might have been carried by the younger Pitt. But "what had been is unknown—what is, appears." The French Revolution involved him in wars from which he was never able to extricate himself, and which finally killed him. During this disastrous period his failure as a war minister was discreditable and complete; even as a war financier he can not be said to have other than failed. The charges of blundering brought against him by some writers for raising money in a three per cent stock instead of a five per cent, (the interest of which could have been reduced at the close of the war, whereas that of the three per cent can not be touched till the fund rises above par,) is true to some extent, but is only a theoretical truth. "He who goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing," and must borrow on the terms of the lenders. But his "funding system," or carrying on the war by loans of gigantic amount, recklessly contracted, was a great error, and led to these strange results.* At the close of the war the annual interest of the public debt exceeded by twenty-two millions a year the interest paid when Pitt began his borrowing system. The capital actually received for such an immense annuity was only about one hundred and eighty millions, after deducting the annual interest paid on the loans contracted between 1793 and 1815.

Of course these facts must not be pushed to their mathematical conclusions. It is not meant that such extensive wars could be carried on by annual taxation and without loans, but merely to instance the recklessness of his system, and the injurious effects to which it led.

But though failing both as a war minister and as a war finance minister, with scarcely a gleam of success beyond capturing a few sugar colonies, and undoubtedly finding the money to carry on hostilities, yet is the character of Pitt, both

at home and on the Continent, looked up to with admiration and respect, and rated higher perhaps in France than in England. This fame is mainly to be ascribed to energy or some cognate qualities. His unbending resolution and energetic will commanded Parliament, put down dissatisfaction at home, and met hostility abroad, if he could not vanquish it. Throughout that gloomy and disastrous period 1793–1806, the English minister was the "cynosure of neighboring states," whether friendly, hostile, or simply selfish; and beyond all question he was the leader of his country, the pilot who steadily kept the ship on her course, who braved if he did not exactly weather the storm, and who died at the helm. And all this was the result of energy, for, as already observed, his administration, whether of war or war finance, had neither judgment nor skill. This, in the case of finance is so remarkable, that it can only be accounted for by the difficulties of raising money, and his faith in Dr. Price's scheme of the Sinking Fund and the wonder-working powers of "compound interest."

The reiterated "Action, action, action!" of Demosthenes must surely be interpreted as energy. At all events, it is the greatest source of success in oratory. A speech full of matter, excellently reasoned, admirably composed, and even apt to the occasion, will fail if the manner of delivery is tame, and the spirit of the oration partakes of the manner; while a far inferior production, intellectually speaking—nay, views which are altogether one-sided and conclusions that are false—will have a great success for the moment (which is the end of speaking) if the orator is energetic, and infuses that energy into his discourses. As in public action errors and even blunders are overlooked if the main end is obtained, so speeches may be full of faults, and not devoid of falsehood, yet they will succeed if full of energy. We have two remarkable cotemporary examples of this quality in Lord Brougham and Mr. Bright. No one would apply the proverb touching "Jack of all trades" to Brougham, though it might have some bearing upon his case. But there are few pages of his compositions, we suspect, in which error or mistake is not to be found. He can not implicitly be trusted to reproduce an authority, to put

* The data for the figures in the text will be found in Porter's *Progress of the Nation*, Sections III. and IV. page 290.

forth a statement, or to make a quotation correctly; his argument exhibits the manner and too often the substance of the one-sidedness and ambidexterity of the bar; his conclusions are as often broadly right because he has taken the right side, as for his particular reasons, and still less for his logical deductions. Nor is the composition, though original in manner, sufficient to account for his literary and oratorical celebrity. His style is involved, sometimes lumbering; his expression is never felicitous or polished, seldom very weighty or forcible without the appearance of being forced; and though we will not say, with an alliterative wit who disliked him, that his iteration is "rather potter than power," still there is no doubt that his hyperbolic repetitions or heapings up became at one time a mannerism offensive to sound taste. But what energy pervades all his works, even where energy, as in scientific treatises, may not be quite in place—if it can be out of place any where; and what a wide knowledge of all ranks of men, and of all the business of life, the results of Brougham's incessant energy and activity, are found in them, giving them, where the subject is not passed as temporary, or extinguished by its realization, as powerful though not so fashionable an attraction now as on their first appearance. But Brougham's success is really not literary, oratorical, or legal. No Englishman, except Peel or Wellington, has produced such changes in the world of opinion and practice as Brougham; and then it must be remembered that both Peel and Wellington in what they did wielded the whole power of government. Unless during the short period of his Chancellorship, not the brightest part of his career, Brougham had to encounter its open or secret opposition. Nay, he had more than official opposition to encounter. In law reform, though he might meet with individual reformers, he probably had the bulk of the profession against him thirty or forty years ago. In education at the same period he was in many cases not much assisted by ministers of religion, while in the matter of reforming the charitable "foundation" schools we may be sure he had to encounter all the *vis inertiae* of the larger number of trustees. But look at the state, both in fact and in opinion, of law and education now, compared with what it was some half-century ago, and

render that honor which is due to the wonderful energy of Lord Brougham, without which quality he could not have succeeded, had his knowledge, his reasoning powers, and his abilities been greater than they even are. For not only could he not have used them to force his way through such a phalanx of opposition, and to enliven such a mass of stolidity, as he had to do; he could not have borne himself up against the doubts of friends, the indifference of followers, the public fits of apathy, and the heart-sickness of hope deferred; nor have spoken, as he often had to do, with his best energies to "the reporters."

Mr. Bright is another example of the power of energy in conducing to success, not only in speaking, but in life. He started without the prestige of popularity, station, antecedents, or connection, beyond what the Anti-Corn-Law League might give; but that to many was not much recommendation, even when they approved its objects; and of that League Cobden was the leader and animating spirit. His own peculiar views, as on peace, are not popular, or indeed possible, at least in his lifetime. He wants the geniality which is requisite to attain hearty popular favor, and his reputed religious profession of Quakerism does not much help him with the generality. Of knowledge, in any sense of scholarship, he has none. He may have logic enough to come to a conclusion, if you grant him his premises; but his mind is so one-sided, his views so limited to the narrow groove of his own notions, that he can form no judgment on any complex question unless the common sense of mankind has already settled it to his hand, and abstract truths he perverts in applying. His real opinions, if we are to judge by words uttered on the spur of the occasion, as the Savoy question, are of the most sordid character; for besides his disavowal of all patriotism, all heroism, all the self-sacrifice of genius, in letters, in philosophy, in art, and in science, his groveling instinct, if it could have its way, would effect the subversion of right and wrong, and induce the submission of free thought to despotic power, if any tangible gain were offered in return. Many, and we are of the number, think that George Fox and his early followers perverted the catholic spirit of Christianity by a narrow interpretation of particular texts, and by making articles

of faith of questions of grammar, and the cut of a coat, (though they had more reason for this last than the present world, with its no dress at all, can fully comprehend.) Still, they soared far above the miserable principle of making double profits the motive power of a man's life. They might raise religious mountains out of very small mole-hills, but they were earnest in their belief, and for what they conscientiously believed, be it just or foolish, much or little, they were prepared, not merely to trample gain under foot, but to sacrifice comfort, freedom, and life itself.

Yet this degenerate representative of martyrs has obtained a high position before the world, and an influence in the legislature, by earnestness and energy, and by little else, save fluency and the knack of forcibly putting one-sided common-places. It is true he has been aided by party organization as well as by a habit, more dexterous than honest, of suiting himself to his company; for he spices his discourse to what he fancies the palate of his audience, and accommodates his principles to his own purposes, as in the case of the Birmingham electors and the Indian mutiny. Above all, he is aided, in a practical sense, by the balanced state of parties, and the want of principle, as well as want of strength of character, in our leading political men, which induces them to bid for his (very qualified) support. But though these things have a good deal to do with his influence, neither they, nor his intellectual powers, had they been multiplied indefinitely, would have raised him to his present position without his gladiator-like energy.

The remark already made, that energy, to render it usefully available, should be accompanied by qualities appropriate to a man's particular pursuit, must be distinctly reiterated when we approach literature. Energy alone, energy *pur et simple*, is an awful power when connected with the *cacoethes scribendi*—frightful alike to gods, men, and book-shelves. Yet is energy as requisite, and in more varied forms, for the production of a great work in literature or art, than in any other vocation, though so much of physical strength may not be requisite. The general or the statesman can receive aid of all kinds; in many cases he has but to determine upon the course and issue his orders, leaving them to be executed by

others. In all cases the soldier, in many the minister, has intervals of relaxation, if not of rest; his subject matter, so to speak, is constantly changing, and his particular struggles are soon over—"citra mors venit aut victoria læta." The poet can not get an "aide" to observe, or an historian a secretary to study, for him; still less can he hand over some part of his task to be performed by another. The time which great works require is the best part of a life. The *Decline and Fall*, even after the idea was definitively entertained and the preparation began, was the result "of the labor of twenty years." Milton's *Paradise Lost* was almost a lifelong meditation; and though the fact is not very clearly established, he seems to have been actually engaged upon it for ten years. The *chef-d'œuvre* of Burns, *Tam O'Shanter*, was dwelling in the poet's mind for twenty years; and other instances of long-continued labor could easily be added. During all these periods, too, the author or the artist is engaged in that most painful of all struggles—a struggle with himself. The same judgment and taste which are slowly to work up into force or beauty, images or sentiments imperfectly developed, and to give the highest strength or felicity to expression, must, when coupled with the characteristic sensitiveness of genius, induce frequent misgivings as to the real value or ultimate success of the work, and require in its author a sustained resolution to continue it, compared with which the violent energy necessary for muscular labor, physical fighting, or the noisy brawling of public contests are but little. Energy, too, is one of the main requisites in the work itself. Prettiness, grace, tenderness, or some kindred qualities may preserve poems, as samples or curiosities; but those works that are to endure for the profit and pleasure of posterity must have strength, worldliness, and what one who possessed it calls the "energy divine." Unless this quality pervades a poem, it will gradually drop out of hands and minds, though the name of the writer may twinkle for a while. It is energy, though not always sufficiently condensed, that will preserve Byron—and Campbell too, at least in his best lyrics and shorter poems.

It is superfluous to dwell upon the advantages of energy in matters of business, or of worldly affairs in general. It is

"energy" which is advertised by candidates for employment; it is energy which employers require. It is the energetic jockey who goes in and wins. The energetic sportsman is in at the death, or makes up by the ground he covers and the number of shots he gets, for any little mishaps in the shooting. At cricket, it is hard hitting and quick running that win the game. Good fielding, elegant wicket-keeping, fast bowling, are all aids, but only notches score. And the true resolution, not only of the few instances adduced in this paper, but in all other cases, seems to be this—that life is action. Thoughts and schemes, while they remain such, are nothing, save perhaps in the case of a Buddhist bent upon amalgamating himself by meditation with the ineffable and divine essence. Thinking and speculations, till they are realized in writing or by some other mode, are vain as forgotten dreams.

Since energy is so important in life, it is worth considering whether it can be acquired. And we imagine the reply must be in the negative. Social training will do something. A man "reared" in the cities of America, or the thinly settled districts of a colony, will be more active, more "smart," more ready, and even bolder, than the same person if bred in Naples, or in many of the stagnant towns of Italy; and there may be some difference if, instead of Italy, he were brought up in Germany, or Provincial France. It may be possible, by incessant exhortations, or by *self-determination*, to infuse a sort of bustling activity into a man, and even stimulate him to do things upon

system he would not naturally have done. But this is not native energy, and will in most, perhaps in all, cases break down at the critical moment, when the true characteristics of a man develop themselves spontaneously. In agriculture, Bousingault advances the maxim that it is impossible to *profitably* improve land by attempts at forcibly changing its natural character, such as bringing clay to sand or sand to clay. The only true mode is a skillful course of cultivation, adapted to the nature of the soil. In acclimatizing plants there is a limit of heat and cold beyond which you can not advantageously pass. If the plant is not killed by a temperature contrary to its nature, it becomes stunted in its growth, sickly in its foliage, and poor in its color. It is the same with animals. An Arctic animal may live, but can not flourish beyond the circle, and as he is moved southward he droops and dies. In like manner a denizen of the tropics perishes from cold. If a sort of artificial climate is prepared in both cases, the animals may exist, but piningly. So it is with moral or intellectual qualities. The true wisdom is to cultivate the natural bent of the mind in which nature will second effort; for though it may perhaps be possible to induce a sort of artificial character in an opposite direction, it will only be available on common or indifferent occasions. When the real strain comes, the artificial character will break down, not only failing at the time when it is most wanted, but perhaps after causing artificial difficulties which would not have arisen had the man been left to his natural bent.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

VONVED THE DANE—COUNT OF ELSINORE.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

MADS NEILSEN THE AVENGER.

IN three minutes the fishing-boat was scudding before the wind, and leaping through and over the heaving waves at an immense rate. The boat often pitched heavily, yet, being free before the wind, she did not roll, until, instantaneously, she lifted up so sharply that she made a lurch to starboard to such a degree, that she dipped her gunwale under. The vessel was half-decked; that is, it had a quarter-deck and a forecastle, but the midship portion, between the two masts, was open, (with the exception of a narrow gangway,) being reserved for the reception of nets, fish, etc. Herr Nealen happened to be standing on the little fore-castle when the boat lurched so unexpectedly and violently, and he was helplessly hurled across the deck, in an oblique direction, and projected bodily over the gunwale, but he caught the shrouds of the foremast with both hands, and after a desperate struggle to hold on, managed to raise himself on board again as the vessel righted. He immediately roared curses at Mads for causing such an accident, and Mads laughed wildly and scornfully, and muttered something about the tiller slipping from his hand, and grimly remarked that Herr Nealen certainly was reserved for a drier death than drowning.

Was it an accident on the part of the steersman that so nearly resulted in hurling Nealen overboard? Certain it is that Mads, either through accident, negligence, or design, permitted the boat to lurch to the verge of a capsize, and then righted her with consummate skill, and that he stirred not a foot to save Nealen when the latter clung to the shrouds in imminent peril.

Nealen now came aft, and was about to renew his angry remonstrances, when he made a discovery which he might have

made earlier had not his mind been intensely preoccupied. He now perceived with amazement that they had already sailed beyond the little islet of Thorø, and were scudding northward up the wide channel between Funen and the very long and very narrow island so appropriately named Langeland, (Longland.)

"Mads Neilsen, you idiot," shouted he, "are you drunk or crazy, or both? We are out of the bay, and have left Thorø far astern!"

"I know it, Herr Nealen," coolly answered Mads.

"Know it! know it, you—infernal fishy villain!" yelled Nealen, bursting with rage. "Then, what do you mean? Did you not tell me the man whom we seek is on Thorø?"

"Ja, so; he *was* on Thorø, but he is not there now," calmly responded Mads.

"You mad old scoundrel! have you been fooling me then?"

"Surely not. A poor simple old scaly torsk—I think your Excellency so called me?—could not possibly befool such a wise gentleman as Herr Nealen!" chuckled Mads.

"A million curses! what a dolt have I been to trust the word of such an old cat-fish as you!" roared Nealen, violently stamping the deck, and stammering with passion.

"In what have I deceived you, Herr Nealen?" asked Mads with imperturbable composure.

"In what? You promised me that in half-an-hour you would bring me face to face with the follower of Vonved!"

"I did."

"You did! Yes, you measureless liar! you cursed old ——"

"Gently, Herr Nealen; it blows hard enough without your cursing, to raise the wind," sneered Mads.

"O you devilish scoundrel!" screamed Nealen; "curse you, and curse the wind, and curse your infernal boat!"

"It is not yet half-an-hour since we left Svendborg jetty, and I will keep my word," answered Mads.

Nealen again broke out, cursing and threatening vengeance, but without eliciting any further reply from Mads, who, after carefully noting the trim of his boat, stooped down, and picked up a short rope fastened to a chock on deck. He secured this with two half-hitches round the end of the tiller, and satisfied himself that the boat steered properly with the tiller lashed in that manner. Then he confronted Herr Nealen, and cast his long-maintained composure to the winds.

"I promised that you should stand face to face with a follower of Lars Vonved. Look well at *me*!" thundered he. "Mads the Fisherman is the man! I am the follower and the friend of him whom you have this night betrayed, you hellish monster! I have kept my word thus far, and *now*—"

He paused one second, and springing on his astounded companion, grasped him by the throat, and dashed him down full length on the deck. Nealen struggled desperately, for he was a large and powerful man, but he was no match for the infuriated fisherman, who held him down flat on his back, and knelt on his chest, and pinioned his arms in an iron grip.

"What!" screamed Mads, glaring down on the horrified features of Nealen; "didst thou think Mads Neilsen was such another vile miscreant as thyself? Didst thou imagine he would betray a man for blöd-penge? Thou hast delivered up Lars Vonved for two thousand five hundred specie-dalers, and I would not have sold his meanest follower for as many millions—no, not for a globe of solid gold would I injure one hair of his head; and to save or serve him I would gladly die at any moment. But *thou*! Ha! thou hast sold him for blöd-penge, and of thy covenanted reward three dalers only hast thou received, and more never wilt thou receive. For three miserable dalers thou hast bartered—thy own life!"

"Oh! mercy!" shrieked Nealen; "you will not—O Himlen! you surely will not murder me?"

"Murder thee? Killing is too good for such a monster. I would have thee die a thousand deaths."

"Oh! mercy! Mercy, for—"

"Silence, beast!" and in the extremity of his abhorrence, Mads spat in the face of the writhing wretch.

"Aravang!" shouted Mads.

Aravang was his enormous dog, of the huge mastiff breed peculiar to Jutland; and Aravang bore a very formidable reputation in Svendborg, being esteemed (and, it must be confessed, with good reason) a fearfully ferocious animal, and so peculiarly untamable, that no amount of kindness nor coaxing could in the least subdue or soften his savage nature. Nevertheless, Aravang devotedly loved his own master, was gentle and obedient to the least order of Mads, and was in reality remarkably sagacious, in proof whereof it may be mentioned, that when brought into contact with any of the crew or followers of Lars Vonved, he never manifested a tittle of the ferocity which he lavishly and invariably displayed towards the rest of the world. The creature seemed instinctively to know who were his master's friends, and he never injured nor molested them in the slightest degree. Possibly, nay, probably, there was something akin in the nature of Mads and of Aravang, and this accounted for the subtle sympathy they mutually entertained.

Aravang was at this moment quietly dozing in the hold of the boat, snugly coiled up amidst the dry nets, which afforded him a delicious bed, but at the sound of his master's voice he instantly leaped on to the quarter-deck.

Mads removed his knees from the body of Nealen, and fixed his fiercely gleaming eyes on those of his dog.

"Aravang!" said he, in a low yet distinct whisper, "keep him down; if he moves, kill him!"

Had Mads addressed a human being, instead of an irrational dog, his command could not have been more thoroughly understood nor more promptly obeyed. Aravang uttered a hoarse growl of intelligence, and instantly planted both his great shaggy fore-paws heavily on the breast of the prostrate man, and hung his immense tawny head close over Nealen, who, paralyzed with abject terror, felt the hot breath of Aravang on his face, and saw his protruded blood-red tongue, and the terrible white fangs in his cavernous jaws, and the savage sparkling eyes of the brute greedily looking into his.

"Herr Nealen," warningly said Mads, as he released the arms he had hitherto pinioned; "if you move hand or foot, Aravang will rend you limb from limb."

Mads' menace was needless. The terrified man dared hardly breathe or twinkle an eyelash.

Mads now leisurely groped among his stores until he found a few fathoms of suitable rope, with which he deliberately secured Nealen's ankles and next his wrists. He then ordered Aravang off watch and firmly bound the wrists and ankles of Nealen together, so as to almost double-up the miserable creature, whom he contemptuously rolled over on his side as though he were a log of wood, and, without speaking a word, unlashd the tiller, and took it in hand.

Nealen groaned piteously, partially from the actual physical pain he endured from his bonds, and yet more from his direful apprehensions of the fate which awaited him at the hands of one whom he now knew to be a deadly and implacable enemy. He would have given the world to recall the deed on which he had so lately prided himself, and the ominous words of Mads Neilsen—"for three miserable dalers thou hast bartered thine own life"—thrilled through heart and brain. He repeatedly attempted to address Neilsen, madly threatening at one moment, and slavishly beseeching the next, but not a syllable did Mads reply, until at length he exasperatedly roared, "Silence!" and enforced the admonition with a kick.

In less than two hours from quitting Svendborg, the vessel rounded the extreme northern point of Langeland, and leaving the entrance to the Great Belt astern, headed almost due southward. The wind by this time had considerably moderated, and the heavy clouds had slowly dispersed, although black congeries of murky vapor occasionally obscured the starry heavens, driven swiftly before the upper currents of air.

The little craft was now "on a wind," consequently she heeled over considerably, and Nealen happening to lie on the windward or raised side of the deck, could see over the low lee bulwark. Thus it was that he beheld another fishing-boat in the act of obliquely crossing their course at no great distance, and he instinctively cried out at the utmost pitch of his voice, wildly hoping for succor and deliverance. His shrieking cry was heard, but not understood, and a powerful voice responded with the interrogative hail of—

"Hoi—ho?"

The moment was critical, but Mads Neilsen was a man whose presence of mind, energy, and resources were ever displayed in precise proportion to the emergency. He instantly squatted down on deck, tiller in hand, (a common enough attitude for the steersman of a fishing-boat or of a small Danish jøgt,) and in the twinkling of an eye lashed the tiller so that the vessel steered herself. He then drew forth the long dagger-knife he carried in his bosom, and dragging aside the coat and shirt of Nealen, he pressed the keen point directly over his heart.

"Cry out again, utter one word or sound," hissed he between his clenched teeth, "and I will drive this knife through and through your craven heart!"

Mads meant what he said, and Nealen, shudderingly, understood him. The supremely miserable wretch was so overcome that he did not even utter an ejaculation of pain when the point of the knife, impelled by the steady pressure of Mads' hand, penetrated his flesh. He was silent as death.

"Hoi-ho!" again hailed the stranger vessel, which had now approached so near that the figures of two or three men on her deck were dimly visible.

"Hoi!" echoed Mads, in a loud cheery hail.

"Hvorfra?" (Whence are you?)

"Fra Svendborg."

"Hvor skal Den hen?" (Where are you bound for?)

"Til Nakskov," (a town on the coast of the Island of Laland.)

"Hvad siger De?" (What do you say?) shouted the stranger.

Mads repeated his words, and carelessly added,

"Hvad er Klokken?"

"Klokken er tre kvarter til tre," (a quarter to three o'clock.)

"Taks; farvel," (Thanks; good-by,) shouted Mads, and the two vessels passed on separate courses, and in a few minutes were out of sight of each other. Mads Neilsen thereupon emitted a guttural growl of satisfaction, and coolly replacing his dagger-knife in his bosom, arose, and once more took the tiller in hand.

The islands of Langeland, Laland, Falster, and the southern coast of the great island of Zealand, inclose, as it were, a tract of sea some forty miles in length by twenty-five to thirty in breadth. There are three narrow openings or straits be-

tween the islands, communicating with this expanse of water, besides the mouth of the Great Belt, and several islets dot its surface. There are also two or three nameless, uninhabited miniature islets of a kind almost precisely similar to those called Keys in the West-Indies. Islets of the same description abound along the western coast of Slesvig and are called Halligs. Their formation is attributable to the inroads of the ocean upon the land: the violent action of the waves during long centuries eats away piece after piece, until what was solid land becomes a shallow sea, a few desolate fragments, or Halligs, alone remain amid the hungry billows to attest the former extent of the continent. Nearly all these Halligs (although many of them are inhabited on the coast of Slesvig) are mere sandy tracts, almost level, and no where rising more than a few yards above the level of the sea. Mads Neilsen knew one very little Hallig, situated in the center of the peculiarly land-locked tract of sea described, and to it he was now steering.

A couple of hours' sailing after parting from the stranger fishing-boat brought Mads' vessel according to his calculation, into the vicinity of the Hallig in question. The day had dawned, but the light was still gray and feeble, and a hazy blue film rose from the sea, which was very little agitated, being so land-locked. The wind, too, by this time had slackened to a gentle breeze. Mads tacked to and fro, eagerly scanning the extremely limited horizon with a glass. Even on a clear sunny day the Hallig which he sought was so "flush" with the sea that it could not be distinguished at a distance exceeding a very few miles, unless a heavy swell caused the waves to break in foaming surges over its margins.

More than an hour did Mads spend in an anxious look-out, and all this while his miserable captive remained bound at his feet, groaning, sighing, ejaculating, cursing, praying, sobbing, weeping; but Mads took no more notice of him than if he were a bale of goods lying on the deck.

The morning had now fairly broke. It was broad daylight. All in an instant the haze was agitated like a curtain. Then it curled up from the surface of the sea, and the vigorous young sun shone forth with dazzling brightness. The gauzy, saline vapors rolled away before its warm rosy

beams with magical celerity, and in a few minutes Mads could, with the aid of his battered old telescope, sweep the entire horizon ten or a dozen miles around. Not a sail was in sight, not a moving object except a few white-breasted, gray-winged seabirds, fluttering closely over the water, and plunging down ever and anon to seize their finny prey. Very slowly and carefully did Mads turn his glass to every point of the compass, and at length its circular movement was arrested. What is that? It is a small shining spot in the field of telescopic vision. It can not be the surface of the sea, for it is perfectly quiescent. It is not more than four or five miles distant at the utmost.

Mads lets the tiller slip from between his legs, and kneeling down on deck he rests his trusty old tube over the taffrail, and gazes with absorbing intensity at the softly gleaming object. He springs to his feet with alacrity, smacks the joints of his telescope together, and mutters something in an exultant tone. He seizes the tiller, and steers with perfect confidence. The breeze is very light, indeed, by this time, and after a brief interval Mads shakes out the reef from the foresail, and hoists the main lug-sail. This freshens the way of his craft, and ere long he can distinctly trace the outlines of the Hallig with his naked eye: nearer and nearer, until he can glance over the length and breadth of the sandy islet. He reflects one moment, and then steers sheer down on the Hallig. He well knows that with this feeble breeze he need not fear to run smack ashore on the shelving beach. He does so, and the keel of his light-draughted boat gently grates up a little creek of the Hallig until the vessel is motionless. Mads then deliberately steps forward, and with a stower sounds the depth of water under the bows. It does not much exceed a couple of feet. He is satisfied. He enters his little cabin, and emerges with a well-filled canvas bag. This he tosses on the dry shore, which is less than a score of feet distant. He next unlashes the five-gallon keg of water secured on the fore-castle, and lowers it over the bows. He follows it, and wades ashore, rolling the keg before him until it is high and dry. He returns on board, climbing up by a rope, and advances aft. He seizes his helpless captive, and clasping him in his brawny arms carries him forward, and slings him in a bowling knot over the bows. Again he

descends into the water, and grasping Knap Nealen, carries him ashore and deposits him by the side of the canvas bag and the water-keg.

What does all this mean?

Herr Nealen already guesses only too well what it means, and his parched lips emit anew a quivering cry for mercy.

Mads replied not, but gazed at the suppliant wretch with unappeasable hatred and ineffable scorn. Then he deliberately walked away a few paces, and looked around as though to survey the Hallig. This desolate islet was out of sight of any land. It was extremely small, oval-shaped, and not exceeding three hundred feet in length, by two hundred in breadth. Its surface was composed entirely of sand, mixed with small stones and shells. A few isolated tufts of coarse bent grass were the only signs of vegetation, with the exception of some sickly dwarf thistles. The highest ridge of the Hallig did not attain an elevation of more than two fathoms, and three fourths of the whole surface was less than one yard above the sea's level. Towards the center there was a considerable hollow, which contained water. Knowing that Halligs are destitute of springs, Mads walked to this pond, curious to ascertain whether it was a gathering of fresh or of salt water. He dipped his hand, and tasted. The water was only slightly brackish. It was decidedly a mixture of rain and sea-water. The latter might have percolated through the sandy shores, and thus, by a natural filtration, have been partially deprived of its saline properties, or yet more probably it was spray conveyed direct from the sea, for in stormy weather the spray and foam blew in clouds over the Hallig, whose ridges of sand were incrustated with salt. Be this as it may, the proportion of rain-water in the hollow greatly predominated. Mads again dipped his hand, and gargled his mouth with the fluid. The taste was not unpleasant, and he next drank copiously from his palm. His stern rough visage assumed a singular expression as he gazed at the solitary pool. "He may drink this," muttered Mads, turning on his heel, "when the keg is drained. He will not die of thirst."

On returning to Nealen, the latter wildly renewed his cries for mercy.

Mads laughed pitilessly.

"Mercy, beast!" he hoarsely cried; "and what mercy have you shown to my

dear master, Lars Vonved? You have delivered him—him, the Count of Elsinore, the heir of our glorious old Valdemars—to the dungeon, the scaffold, the wheel! Ha! what dost thou not deserve? Mercy to *thee*—thou beast, thou spotted snake! To thee! thou vile, loathsome, crawling reptile! Shall I, who was ready to slay my own blood-brother for doing what thou hast done, be more pitiful unto a viper like thee?"

"Oh!" moaned Nealen, "you do not mean it—you can not mean it! I repent—Oh! I do bitterly repent! and I have suffered punishment enough. Have pity on me, Mads! Mads, dear Mads Neilsen! be merciful!"

"I have told thee that I was ready to kill my mother's son for betraying my master."

"No, no, you do not mean that: you would not have killed your own brother."

Mads Neilsen's rugged lineaments quivered for a second, and then settled into stony rigidity.

"Hark ye, Knap Nealen," said he, speaking slowly, and without the slightest gesture or movement of hand or body, but the tone of his voice was more appalling than if he had been violently agitated with passion. "Thou knewest my brother Jörgen. He is dead. I swore to drive my dagger through his heart if he were a traitor to Lars Vonved."

"You did not kill Jörgen!" shrieked Nealen.

"No, I am thankful that I was spared doing that. Jörgen betrayed Lars Vonved, and this day fortnight he was justly put to death for his treason. They made him walk the plank. Had I been present, I should have been the first to vote the death of my own brother—but, I say again, I am very thankful I was spared doing that. Now, Knap Nealen, judge whether it is likely I shall spare such a reptile as thyself."

Nealen's flesh crept on his bones, and hope expired in his heart.

"I will not kill thee, Knap Nealen," resumed Mads, "and thou shalt have a fair chance for thy life. I shall leave thee on this Hallig. Here is a bag of bread and a keg of water."

"It will not support me a week!" screamed Nealen. "I shall die of hunger and thirst! I shall perish of starvation!"

"There are fish in the sea, and shell-

fish on the shore, and the eggs and young of sea-birds on the sand-ridges yonder, and there is more good water in a pool on the Hallig than thou couldst drink in a year," composedly answered Mads. "And if any passing vessel happens to see thee, thou wilt be rescued."

"No vessel will ever see me! It is a hundred, a thousand chances to one!"

"That I can not help," answered Mads, with callous indifference. "You may be taken off to-morrow, or—never. That's your own affair—not mine."

Nealen looked up in Mads' face, and the ghastly horror and despair of the wretched being's countenance might have moved the pity of a savage Fejee. In his agony, Nealen had bitten his nether lip through and through, and the blood trickled down his chin, and frothed up between his ashy lips. His eyes were blood-shot and dreadfully distorted. Mads regarded him unmoved: not the least commiseration did he feel, not an atom of pity or of ruth was awakened in his heart at the sight of Nealen's awful anguish. Mads was inexorable and pitiless as Death itself when his passions were aroused in behalf of his master, Lars Vonved. He would have risked his life without a thought, to serve any friend of his master; and he would have done hellish deeds, without a pang of remorse, to avenge that idolized master on whomsoever had injured him.

Stooping down, Mads Neilsen unknotted the rope from Knap Nealen's arms, leaving the poor wretch's ankles yet bound, and without a syllable of further speech, deliberately strode to the shore, waded up to the bows of his craft, and climbed on board.

Nealen had been painfully bound so long that his limbs were dreadfully cramped, and the flow of blood to his extremities so arrested that they were temporarily paralyzed. He could hardly move his arms at first, but, just as Mads turned away, he threw himself, by a convulsive effort, at the feet of the merciless fisherman, and groveled in the extremity of human abasement, shrieking for mercy and pardon. Mads regarded him and his appeals no more than he did the sand on which he trode.

By the time Mads had got on board, the circulation of Nealen's blood had so far returned that he was able to desperately pluck at the rope which bound his

feet together, and after repeated efforts he got them free. Then he endeavored to walk, but his enfeebled limbs tottered beneath him, and he fell prone on the sand. Again and again he attempted to rise, but as yet he was too exhausted to sustain himself erect. He then frantically dragged himself forward, like a crushed serpent, on his stomach, digging his hands into the yielding sand, in the despairing hope to reach Mads and appeal to him once more for mercy.

In the interval Mads had backed his sails, and by removing his anchors and other weighty articles from the fore-castle, and also by pushing with a stower, he had forced his vessel from her oozy bed, and slowly propelled her away from the shore of the Hallig. He then braced his yards, and the head of his craft pointed seaward, and she gradually gathered way.

By this time Nealen had dragged himself to the water's edge, and with uplifted hands he madly screamed, threatened, invoked, beseeched, cursed, and prayed, incoherently. Mads did not even once turn his head, but steered due north, and even when his vessel was a mere speck on the horizon, his victim remained at the water's edge of the Hallig, hoarsely shrieking, cursing, and praying, until his swollen tongue could no longer articulate.

Three years subsequently, a fishing-boat happened to be becalmed near to the Hallig, and the crew landed in their little pram. They found the fleshless skeleton of a man on the highest ridge, and from its position, and the fragments of clothing in the grip of his bony fingers, they concluded he was some solitary shipwrecked mariner who had died in the act of signaling his existence to some passing vessel.

CHAPTER XV.

CITADELLET FREDERIKSHAVN.

THE special courier sent from Nyborg to Copenhagen to announce Vonved's capture, and to obtain orders for his disposal, reached his destination within a dozen hours, but he was detained at the capital a couple of days ere sent back by the government. This delay arose from the fact that well-grounded apprehension existed that unless precautions of an extraordinary nature were taken, the terrible captive would even yet escape, or be

rescued on his way to Copenhagen. Consequently, powerful relays of dragoons were stationed at Roeskilde, Ringstead, and Corsøer (the three principal stations on the route) for the purpose of relieving the escort. The land transport of Vonved across the island of Zealand, was, however, a matter of much less concern to the authorities than his removal from Nyborg to Corsøer. Nyborg, where he was at present dungeoned, is a small town, strongly garrisoned, situate on the eastern shore of the island of Funen, which is there separated from the large island of Zealand (on the east coast of which Copenhagen nestles) by the Great Belt, an arm of the sea, and much the largest of the three outlets of the Baltic, and about nine miles across from Nyborg to the opposite village of Corsøer in Zealand. It so happened that not a single Danish man-of-war was at that period stationed in the Great Belt itself, but a large sloop-of-war was cruising in the Cattegat, between Jutland and Zealand, and a thirty-six-gun frigate and two gun-boats were at anchor in a bay near Fredericia. The Danish government instantly dispatched orders for all these vessels to forthwith rendezvous off Nyborg, for the sole purpose of conveying Vonved across the Great Belt. The obvious reason of this was that Vonved's own vessels should be effectually intimidated from even attempting a rescue. Orders were sent to Baron Leutenberg, peremptorily charging him to permit no person whatsoever to have access to the Rover whilst in his charge—and very rigidly indeed did the worthy old Baron enforce this prohibition. So anxious was he, (having a vivid recollection of Vonved's escape when formerly under his charge,) that he scarcely dared to eat in comfort, nor could he slumber in dreamless security even in the midst of his watchful guards. He left many a meal almost untasted, that he might hurry to the dungeon of Vonved to convince himself, with his own infallible eyes, that the captive was a captive still; and he rose repeatedly in the middle of the night to see that his sentinels were at their posts, and preternaturally awake.

At the expiration of a week all was ready for Vonved's removal. The ships of war had rendezvoused—and not without cogent reason, for both Vonved's vessels were descried hovering within a few miles of Nyborg on the very evening of

his arrival there, and when King Frederick's ships arrived and gave chase, the grim Skildpadde and the saucy Little Amalia laughed to scorn their impotent efforts to come to close quarters, and persisted in sailing to and fro within sight of the fortress which held the fettered Rover in its stony depths.

Soon after daybreak on the eighth day after Vonved's capture, he was transferred to a large lugger, which sailed across the Great Belt to Corsøer under the close convoy of the frigate, the sloop-of-war, and the gun-boats. Vonved's vessels could attempt nothing towards his rescue in the presence of this overwhelming force, but as the fettered outlaw was conveyed on board the lugger, his heart was gladdened by a glimpse of his vessels daringly bearding the royal ships they were too weak to attack, and he need no more to assure him that his followers would do all that human skill and enterprise could effect for his ultimate deliverance. On landing at Corsøer he was immediately placed in a covered carriage, which was closely surrounded by a strong force of dragoons. In this manner, stopping merely to change horses and escort, he was taken to Copenhagen, and after, nightfall was conveyed to Citadellet Frederikshavn.

The formidable stronghold called Citadellet Frederikshavn is situated in the north-eastern quarter of Copenhagen, close upon the shore of the Sound, and its seaward front bristles with powerful batteries, which command the entrance to the port. The outer tree-planted ramparts afford a pleasant and fashionable promenade, to which respectable persons are admitted by tickets issued by the commandant. A yearly ticket costs three rix-dalers, and the money thus derived is set apart for charitable purposes. The immense citadel itself was built in the reign of the third Frederick by a Dutchman, one Van Haven. It is surrounded by an outer moat, crossing which we arrive at the ramparts; beyond them is a large inner moat, which incloses the ramparts of the fortress itself. This renowned citadel is to Copenhagen pretty much what the Tower is to London. A number of the most desperate slaves, and criminals of extraordinary turpitude, are confined within the walls.

The carriage which conveyed Vonved went down Amalie-gade, and through that southern outskirt of the citadel which

is now a pretty tree-embosomed plot, free to the public, and drew close up to the archway of the drawbridge of the outer moat. Six dragoons had hitherto ridden on each side the carriage, and double that number in its rear. It was evident that the arrival of the formidable captive was expected, for as the cavalcade drew up, the sentinel on duty at the gate sharply rang a bell, and ere its vibrations had died away, the iron grating which filled up the doorway of the arch began to sink in its grooves, and simultaneously the drawbridge itself was lowered, and an officer or two, accompanied by a sergeant's guard of soldiers, bayonets fixed, and several attendants bearing lighted torches, appeared on the other side of the moat. After a moment's parley, some of the dragoons dismounted, and walked, sword in hand, by the side of the carriage, until it crossed the drawbridge and stopped for a while at the first guard-house, where the officer in command of the escort formally delivered up his prisoner to the charge of the commandant of the citadel, receiving in exchange a certificate of that fact, signed by the captain of the guard. The carriage was then driven across the draw-bridge over the wide inner moat, and entered the body of the citadel, passing various buildings until it finally reached the central stronghold, at the principal gateway of which stood no less a personage than the commandant himself, General Poulsen—a veteran warrior, whose prowess and long services in the field had been recently rewarded with this important appointment. The General was about sixty-five years of age, a short, square-built, ungainly-looking man, whose iron frame had long been indurated by hard professional work. He had a dark, austere, wrinkled countenance, a penetrating dark eye, a huge grizzled beard, and a very loud, gruff, peremptory voice. He had lost all the fingers of his left hand by the bursting of a live shell, which he rashly lifted whilst the fusee was alight, and he halted in his walk, owing to a severe hip-wound he received at the Battle of the Baltic, in 1801, the musket-ball from an English Old Brown Bess yet remaining unextracted, somewhere deep in his groin. Though a bigoted martinet, and, personally, a rough obstinate old soldier, who by nature and habit was rigid and unyielding to the last degree on the point of duty, or what he conceived such, General Poulsen

possessed some good qualities. His courage was unflinching; his resolution prompt; his presence of mind and shrewd common-sense rarely at fault; his vigilance sleepless, his fidelity and loyalty impregnable. On the whole, he was a very fit man to fill such a peculiar and responsible post.

A number of military officers and soldiers in undress, were grouped near the commandant, all eager to behold the wonderful and mysterious outlaw of whom they had heard so much and knew so little that was absolutely reliable.

When Vonved descended from the carriage, an involuntary deep-drawn murmur passed from every lip, and all eyes curiously scanned the form and features of the captive. The scene was rendered peculiarly striking by the glare of the torches, which flashed ruddily on the spectators and lighted up the front of the massive building, and the deeply arched entrance. Vonved was deathly pale, owing to his recent serious loss of blood, but his bodily powers seemed undiminished, and his countenance was placid and undaunted. As his foot touched the ground he quickly glanced from face to face, and observing General Poulsen, whose person and office he already knew, he bowed gracefully, and briskly exclaimed:

"Ah! commandant, you do me the singular honor to receive me in person."

"Tordner! I can do no less!" gruffly muttered the old General, twitching his beard, and staring with undisguised curiosity and amazement at his prisoner.

"Well, General Poulsen," pleasantly added Vonved; "as I am to be your guest for a few days, I trust that we shall each do our duty, and part with regret."

"Not on my side!" bluntly cried the commandant. "Regret! Hammer of Thor! I shall be mightily relieved when I deliver you up."

"To the Headsman!"

"To the Devil himself, for what I care!" growled old Poulsen.

"O General Poulsen! and is it thus you welcome me?" said Vonved, smiling blandly, and regarding the grim old soldier with an air of gentle reproach.

"Curse your impudent banter, you son of Lucifer!" fairly roared the irate commandant; whilst several of his younger officers tittered and exchanged looks of arch amusement.

"Commandant Poulsen," gravely observed Vonved; "I have come from afar

to visit you, and partake of your hospitality; but permit me to say, that unless you treat me more cordially, I shall indubitably quit your citadel in less than twenty-four hours, without the customary ceremony of bidding you a courteous farewell."

At this daring open declaration of Vonved's intention to speedily escape, General Poulsen was for a moment too astounded to reply, but gulping down a tremendous soldier's oath, he muttered to himself something to the effect that forewarned is forearmed. To Vonved he sternly exclaimed:

"Fredlos! you have not come to a paltry wooden guard-house, but to Citadellet Frederikshavn, and you have not Baron Leutenberg for governor——"

"Would to heaven I had!" gently sighed Vonved.

"I do not doubt you! But *I* am commandant *here*!"

"A fact which does infinite credit to the marvelous sagacity and unerring judgment of Frederick, our King!" demurely remarked Vonved, who for some secret reason appeared to take an unaccountable and apparently imprudent delight in irritating the General. Yet so intuitively profound was Vonved's penetration of character, and so deftly could he mask his real object, that it was more than probable he deliberately uttered every polished taunt, and weighed the effect of every word ere his lips gave it utterance.

"Away with him!" yelled the exasperated commandant, stamping furiously. "To the dungeon with this mocking-bird!"

Two stalwart grenadiers, bayonet in hand, each grasped an arm of Vonved, and accompanied by torch-bearers, several officers, and Poulsen himself, the outlaw was hurried towards the dungeon already prepared for his reception. They first went through a species of wide passage or vestibule, at the end of which were three strong oaken doors, each opening into a corridor. An official unlocked a huge padlock which secured an iron bar across the central door, and the party proceeded down the corridor, which was narrow and vaulted, until a second door, trebly barred, was reached. It opened on to a small landing, in which a heavy iron trap-door, being unbolted, was raised by a pulley permanently affixed for the

purpose, and a steep flight of narrow wooden stairs were disclosed. Down these Vonved was conducted, and they terminated in another corridor, the stone pavement of which was twelve feet below the level of the ground, and almost as deep as the foundations of the building. It was thirty feet in length, about seven wide, and nine high, to the center of its arched top. It was built of solid stone; and though cold and dismal, was not damp, and scrupulously clean. It had neither windows nor loopholes, but an ample supply of fresh air was derived through pipes. Two iron lamps suspended from the ceiling were intended to light the place when necessary.

At the end of this corridor was the door of the dungeon destined to receive Vonved. It was situated in the very center of the foundations of the edifice, and had been expressly built many years before to insure the confinement of either state prisoners, or great malefactors, whose safe keeping was deemed important. The door was low and square, and of prodigious strength. A stone wall, four feet thick, formed the partition between the corridor and the dungeon, and the door hung in a massive cast-iron frame, bolted and clamped into the wall. The door itself was of oak, one foot in thickness, studded with huge iron knobs, both inside and out, as closely as they could be driven. It was secured in the center by an enormous lock, with three bolts, and at top and bottom were two wrought-iron bars, each two inches square, fitted in sockets like bars across the door. When opened, the dungeon itself was revealed to view. It was roomy enough, fourteen feet square, and its height considerably exceeded that of the corridor, being twelve feet, with a flat roof. It was stony throughout. Stone ceiling, stone walls, stone floor—the latter composed of huge green flagstones from the island of Vala. Like the corridor, it had no direct communication with the open air. Not a ray of daylight could ever penetrate. It was ventilated with iron pipes, and a bronze lamp suspended by a chain from the ceiling, afforded the only light its inmates could receive. Furniture, properly speaking, it had none. In the center of the floor was a beam of oak driven deep in the ground, and cut off so as to form a block two feet high, and all the way along one side of the dungeon,

at the height of twenty inches, was a bench of oak slightly hollowed, two feet broad and four inches thick, intended to serve as a bed for the prisoner. There was no mattress, nor blankets, but a long round straw pillow, inclosed in leather, and stuffed nearly as hard as a cricket-ball. Several strong iron rings protruded from the walls.

When Vonved was introduced into the dungeon its swinging lamp was already lighted, and on each side of the oak block stood a smith, with leathern apron in front, brawny arms bared to the shoulders, hammer in hand; a small anvil, chains, boxes of tools, rivets and file on the floor.

Lars Vonved had quietly but most keenly noted every thing from the moment he passed the threshold of the vestibule. His piercing eyes glanced swiftly and comprehensively on all sides—nothing escaped his furtive scrutiny—nothing that he saw, nothing that he heard, but was instantly registered in his memory.

The commandant gazed intently at Vonved to note what effect the aspect of the dungeon created, but the outlaw's countenance was unmoved, though a smile of calm disdain wreathed his lips.

"I perceive I am an expected guest," remarked he.

"None the less welcome for that," chuckled the commandant.

"Ah! you will lodge me like a prince! I shall begin to esteem my person exceedingly valuable, for King Frederick will not be so safely guarded in his palace as I am in my dungeon."

"Ay, neither friends nor foes will visit you here without my knowledge and permission."

"Who knows?" said Vonved softly, with a singular smile.

"Who knows?" echoed General Poulsen. "Tordner! All present know well enough, and none better than yourself, Captain Vonved—if such be your title and such your name, though he would be a rash man who certified either. Bethink you where you stand. See these hewn stone walls! Smite them, and they will remain as impassive as the living rock whence they were rifted. See the manacles for your body—the iron-bound door—the sentinels who will keep guard night and day!"

"Some men have been trebly fettered,

dungeoned, guarded—and yet they escaped," quietly responded Vonved.

"No man born of woman shall ever escape from this dungeon whilst I am commandant of the citadel!" firmly and menacingly replied General Poulsen.

"Life is very sweet—and never sweeter than when Death outstretches his sable wings. Self-preservation is a right marvelous instinct;" sententiously replied Vonved.

"Hast thou a pair of wings to fly away? Art thou a wondrous magician, at whose invocation a demon will cause this door to vanish, and convey thee away invisible to mortal ken?"

"I am not a bird, General Poulsen, and am too good a Lutheran to seek demoniac aid even to save me from the wheel."

The commandant laughed scornfully.

"Then you confess you are impotent to escape?"

"Time will show. I see what you can not see."

"What is that?" and Poulsen stared rather anxiously about him, understanding Vonved's words in a literal sense only.

"A star."

"A star! Ouf! stars in plenty are shining over head, but stone walls are not tissue paper."

"Yet do I see a beauteous star."

"Has it a name?"

"The star of Hope?"

"Ha!" and the General now began to have a glimmering conception of Vonved's meaning. "Has it a speech and language?"

"I can read its bright beams. They tell me it 'shines still for whosoever believe in it.'"

"Enough of this childish folly!" angrily roared the commandant. "A night's rest here will cool your brain, and you will see no stars of hope on the morrow. Fellows! do your duty."

In a twinkling Vonved was led close up to the block in the center of the dungeon. The fetters which he now wore had been put on at Nyborg. They consisted of an ordinary pair of handcuffs, and a ring on each leg connected with a light chain. Previous orders having been given, the smiths knew what they had to do. They first took off the leg-fetters, and casting them aside, produced a very much heavier set. By aid of the anvil they first firmly

riveted a broad iron hoop round each leg just above the ankle, and these hoops were connected by a chain, two feet in length, composed of three heavy links, each cross-barred. The handcuffs were likewise removed, and another pair, specially prepared, were put on, not made to lock, but to rivet. When the one on the right wrist had been firmly riveted, the end of a strong chain of short links was riveted to a sort of iron loop, projecting from the handcuff on the inner side of the wrist. The left handcuff was put on in the same manner, and riveted on the other end of the chain, which was not more than twenty-four inches in length. Next a wrought-iron hoop, two inches in width, and half an inch in thickness, was bent round his body. The two ends were so made that when they met in front, one end passed through an opening or loop of the other end, and the anvil being placed on the block, the smiths passed a thick rivet through, and clenched it so as to immovably secure the hoop. The center of that portion of the hoop which encircled the back of Vonved was already provided with a strong iron eye, or loop, and to it was next riveted the end link of a chain. That being done, the other end of the chain was riveted to one of the large iron rings bolted to the wall above the wooden bench, and the length of this body-chain being seven to eight feet, would enable the captive to walk to the center of his dungeon and no further. A swivel was in the middle of the chain to prevent twisting.

Nearly an hour was consumed in these soul-sickening operations to confine a man made in the image of his Maker, in a more degrading manner than if he had been an untamable wild beast, and during this period hardly a word was uttered aloud. The smiths spoke in an under-tone as they plied their hammers and files; the officers present exchanged significant looks, and gravely whispered; the soldiers and assistants stood in awe-stricken silence; Vonved himself never unclosed his lips, never moved a limb except to suit the convenience of the men who were chaining him, and the general expression of his features was calm and stern as those of an ancient statue designed to personify Fate. Yet who could tell what fiery thoughts surged through his powerful brain? What burning indignation and hate unquenchable filled his mighty

heart? What tremendous agony his proud soul endured at such unparalleled ignominy? What appalling vows of future vengeance on the authors of his wrongs? What secret and infallible faith in a day of fearful retribution?

Whatever General Poulsen's faults might be, and however blunt his feelings were by nature and indurated by habit, he certainly was not wantonly cruel, and took no pleasure in prolonging the present painful scene. No sooner was the last rivet securely clenched, than he harshly intimated to the group of officers and to the soldiers who were pressing into the dungeon, that the sooner they dispersed the better he should be pleased; and being promptly obeyed, he ordered a few final arrangements. The smiths collected their tools and departed. A warder or jailer then entered, and brought in a wooden tray containing a substantial supper of cold meats, a long loaf of black rye-bread, a stone pitcher of water with a crane-like neck, and a small flask of bræn-deviin — the ordinary white corn brandy used at almost every meal in Denmark — and set it on the top of the oak block, which among its other uses was intended to serve as a table for the inmate of the dungeon. Neither knife nor fork was allowed, the meat being ready cut into small fragments, and the hard rye-loaf sliced so nearly through that convenient portions could readily be broken off.

The General then addressed Vonved:

"Prisoner, I have received no orders whatever regarding your diet, and therefore, so long as you remain in my charge, I shall take care that you are regularly supplied with good nutritious meals. The lamp will burn until your breakfast is brought in the morning, and its supply of oil shall be replenished whenever needful; and trust me, its honest light will be more useful to you than the rays of that imaginary star you so weakly delude yourself about!"

"Commandant! I most heartily thank you for your unexpected kindness towards me, and will gladly drink your health this very night; but let me assure you, that the bright beams of my star are not imaginary, but real, and can brightly illumine the gloomiest cranny of this innermost dungeon."

"Ho-ho! then this lamp is very needless. Shall I save the King's stores by ordering it extinguished?" dryly queried Poulsen.

"No, no, commandant!" said Vonved, with an airy laugh, yet speaking in an earnest tone; "let me have the lamp alight night and day, just to show how gratefully I can appreciate the manly feeling which prompted you to order me such an indulgence."

The old General looked hard and thoughtfully at Vonved, hesitated a moment, seemed inclined to speak, but restrained himself, and bowing stiffly, went forth without saying another word.

The massive door slowly grated on its hinges—the triple bolts of its huge lock were shot with a clang that echoed hollowly adown the cold corridor—the ponderous iron bars were carefully fitted in their sockets. Then two trusty sentinels, armed with loaded muskets and fixed bayonets, were stationed in the corridor, and the residue of the party ascended by the steep wooden stairs to the story above—the ground-floor of the citadel, in fact—and lowered and bolted the iron trap-door on the landing. In the second corridor adjoining, two more sentinels were stationed, and one other was placed in the vestibule leading thereto. Night and day five soldiers were to be thus on guard over one dungeoned and fettered prisoner, and they were to be relieved every four hours. They were furnished with watch-words, and strictly ordered to permit no one whatever to approach the dungeon unless they could answer their challenge satisfactorily.

Thus it was that Lars Vonved was dungeoned in Citadellet Frederikshavn.

CHAPTER XVI.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

It was wisely said of old, that "a friend can not be known in prosperity, nor an enemy hidden in adversity." This truth was experienced by the wife of Lars Vonved. Her summer friends now professed to know her not; and her secret enemies—for even she had some, as who has not?—openly exulted, and avowed they had long foreseen that the recluse dwellers at King's Cairn were unrighteous. Whilst the warm sunlight illumines the earth we can not see the orbs of heaven; but when darkness curtains the sky each secret star is revealed, resplendent in its pathway of glory. Even so Amalia Vonved—for

never more will she bear the wife's name she received at the altar—in the sunshine of prosperity could not know, beyond the possibility of error, her true friends; but now the dark pall of adversity enshrouded her, a few real devoted friends stood forth as bright stars in the dome of night. The good clergyman and his wife hurried to her as soon as they knew beyond doubt that Captain Vinterdalen, and Lars Vonved that night seized, were one and the same. They had hardly crossed the threshold of King's Cairn ere Bertel Roving rushed in after them, actuated by the same noble motives. Like them, his generous heart intuitively acquitted Amalia of any knowing participation in, or even knowledge of, the criminal deeds of her outlawed husband. It was almost midnight when these friends came to the house of woe and wailing, and Amalia had not long recovered strength and composure sufficient to be alive to the horrible agony of that night's discovery. A very few words from her explained the main facts of her position—the bare outline of Vonved's story, and her own utter ignorance of his identity with Captain Vinterdalen until two hours ago. And then her vehement heart-cry was to join her husband—to clasp the father of her boy to her bosom, and sob her forgiveness—to tell him she loved him more than ever—to share his dungeon, to live or to die with or for him. They tenderly soothed and told her that Vonved was already on his way to Nybog, and hardly could they pacify her to remain until the morrow, for she wished to set forth that instant in his track.

"Listen, lady—hear me, my dear, dear friend!" cried poor Bertel, clasping Amalia's hand between both his own, whilst his great black eyes flashed dazzlingly through a mist of hot tears. "The Lord our God only knoweth what a day or what an hour may bring forth. This morn I was more wretched than tongue can express, and ere noon I was transported with happiness—almost mad with joy and gratitude—for a noble lady came and bade me hope for a future more brilliant than my dreams of fame and fortune ever painted, and she bought a picture—and O dear, generous friend! thou who hast so befriended me in my time of bitterest need, shall not my heart leap responsive in this thine hour of awfulest affliction? Lo, I am here to comfort thee,

to aid thee, to devote myself to thee. All that I have, all that I can earn is at thy service. See! here are a thousand specie dalers I this day received for my picture. On the morrow we will leave this place—thou wilt permit me to go with thee as a devoted and ever-grateful friend, a brother. Before we depart I will see the Baroness who has taken me by the hand, and assured me that my future fortune and happiness shall be her care. I will tell her thy story, and implore her counsel, her protection, her aid. Ah! she is a great and noble lady, very wise and tender-hearted; and the Baron her lord, is powerful at the court of our sovereign, and will not refuse any boon she craves. Courage! dear friend. God Almighty will never forsake thee, and He will raise friends to plead thy cause, and will incline the heart of the King to pardon thine husband."

The minister and his wife were not so enthusiastic as the impulsive child of genius, but they honored the spirit that dictated his impassioned effort at consolation, and they prayerfully cried Amen to his prophetic expression of faith in God's protection and mercy.

Reverently draw a veil over the sacred anguish of the wife and mother, whose lacerated heart, all through that night, continually ejaculated broken petitions to the throne of Omnipotence, even as the crushed rose exhales sweetest perfume. The cry of the broken-hearted never is unheard nor disregarded, albeit the Almighty, in inscrutable wisdom, may grant or may deny present response and relief, as seemeth good unto him.

By the morrow's dawn Amalia and her boy, attended by Bertel Rovsing, quitted Svendborg; and after a rapid journey reached Nyborg, the place of Vonved's temporary detention. During the week he remained there all their efforts to obtain even a sight of the outlaw were of course ineffectual, and the young painter, in his despair, having rashly attempted to bribe an officer of the guard to permit Amalia an interview with her husband, was arrested by order of Baron Leutenberg, and closely confined until Vonved was on his way to Copenhagen. Immediately on being released, Bertel conducted his friends to the capital, arriving there on the morning after Vonved had been lodged in the citadel. Ere quitting Svendborg he had obtained a hurried interview with

the Baroness Gunhild Kæmperhimmel, and narrated to her the outlines of the wondrous story of Vonved and Amalia. The Baroness seemed exceedingly struck with the narrative, and asked Bertel several questions which he could not answer, nor at all comprehend their import and aim. She told him that in a day or two she should be in Copenhagen, and would endeavor to enlist the sympathy of the Baron for the outlaw and his wife, but did not disguise her apprehension that her husband's influence with the government would be of little avail.

The first act of Bertel, on arriving at the capital, was to ascertain the little publicly known as to the probable fate of Vonved, and then he hurried to the town residence of his patroness. Unhappily she was not at home, having gone on some short visit to a friend in the country, but in thoughtful anticipation of such an event she had given orders that when Herr Rovsing called he should be presented to her husband himself. This was accordingly done. Baron Kæmperhimmel was considerably older than his wife, being upwards of fifty years of age, and their marriage was rumored to have been a very romantic and somewhat mysterious affair. He was of ancient lineage, possessed vast ancestral estates in Zealand and Jutland, and for many years had held offices of state commensurate with his rank and wealth. He was at present a Privy Councilor, though not one of the ministry, a general in the army, Grand Master of the Ordnance, and the ninth of the thirty-one Knights (including the King) on the roll of the princely Order of the Elephant. He was a small but well-shaped man, his features were plain and large, but an air of dignity and command redeemed them from being common-place; his eye was calm and penetrative, his manners refined and noble. He had the reputation of being a subtle diplomatist, and it was generally asserted that he was one of the most confidential political advisers of the King, and that many important measures in which he did not appear at all personally interested or concerned, were nevertheless to be ascribed to his secret counsel and suggestion.

He received Bertel courteously and kindly; listened attentively to all he had to say and plead, and evinced mingled interest, astonishment, and a dash of secret incredulity, when the true story of Von-

ved was passionately narrated by the eager-hearted young painter. The Baron frankly admitted that he had some influence with his sovereign, and that, partly in pity for the innocent wife of the outlaw, but mainly in deference to the urgent entreaties of the Baroness, he would appeal to the royal clemency, but he at the same time stated his belief that no intercession whatever would obtain a pardon for Vonved. He very cautiously abstained from expressing any personal opinion concerning the outlaw, but said that the latter would not be brought before the Supreme Court of Judicature, (which sits at Christiansborg Palace at Copenhagen, the King of Denmark himself being the nominal, and on great occasions the real president,) insomuch that he had previously been formally condemned to the wheel, and that it was only necessary to prove his identity and to procure the royal sign-manual to his old sentence (requisite in capital cases in Denmark) ere appointing a day for his execution.

Bertel's heart sank within him.

"Do I rightly understand your Excellency* to mean that Vonved may be executed at any time without the possibility of appeal or any further trial before the Supreme Court?"

"Undoubtedly; the instant the former sentence receives—if it has not already received—the signature of our sovereign, the condemned may be executed forthwith, or at any time that may be appointed."

"There is no possible hope for him but in the King's mercy?"

"None. The King alone can consign him to the scaffold, or can commute his terrible sentence."

"Or can pardon?"

"Can pardon," slowly and gravely repeated the Baron. "Yes, the power to fully pardon is unquestionably the prerogative of our King, but I do not wish you, nor the poor wife of this Vonved, to indulge in vain expectations; and therefore, I repeat my individual conviction that a pardon will never be granted. I only anticipate obtaining a change of the sentence from the wheel to simple decapitation, or at the very utmost, if the outlaw's life is spared, perpetual imprisonment."

Ever impulsive and outspoken, Bertel

Rovsing, carried away by his friendship for Amalia, and excited by his innate abhorrence of aught resembling cruelty or even severity, began to exclaim against the vengeful laws and the implacable nature of the King who would enforce them in such a case, but he was promptly checked by the Baron, who austere reminded him that his zeal was doubtless well meant on behalf of his friends, but that such a manifestation of it was worse than indiscreet, and only calculated to injure the cause he advocated.

"The Baroness is singularly interested in you, Herr Rovsing," he resumed in a milder tone, "and to gratify her—putting out of the question any private inclination I may have, owing to old reminiscences—I am willing and desirous to avail myself of the gracious favor with which the King is pleased to regard me, by approaching him to intercede for the criminal whom you wish to save from the doom his own desperate and deliberate deeds have drawn on his head. But unless you refrain from intemperate language, expressive of the feelings you have just manifested, neither I nor any other person can or dare attempt aught in his favor."

Bertel would have spoken to vindicate himself, but the Baron interrupted him.

"Enough, Herr Rovsing. You are young and enthusiastic. Your head is wrong in this matter, but your heart is very right, and its impulses do honor to human nature. Do you know whether Vonved or his wife has any friend of rank or influence at court, who could or would act with me, and support my appeal to the clemency of my royal master?"

"I do not know, your Excellency; I fear not."

"And yet you told me that Madame Vonved —"

"The Countess of Elsinore, your Excellency!" hastily and firmly cried Bertel.

The Baron smiled sadly.

"We need not dispute about her name or title," said he, in a tone of mild reproach, "when the life of her husband is in such deadly jeopardy."

"Pardon, your Excellency, but he is the Count of Elsinore, and she is his wife, and consequently his Countess."

"That is a matter I shall not discuss; and I trust the unhappy lady herself will be sufficiently prudent not to assume the title whilst the fate of her husband is at all undecided. You told me that she was

* In Denmark a Knight of the Elephant has a legal right to the title of "Excellency."

the only child of the gallant Colonel Orvig, who fell bravely fighting in defense of this city in 1807?"

"I did."

"I knew Colonel Orvig—I served as a subaltern in his own regiment—and a better soldier or more loyal subject than he never drew sword for king and country. Surely the daughter of such a man can not fail of powerful friends in her hour of need?"

"Ah! your Excellency, God only knows. When Colonel Orvig was slain, his widow removed, with her little child, to Hamburg, and thus the old friends of her father lost sight of them forever."

"There is truth in what you say," thoughtfully replied the Baron, "and yet I do not despair to find one—ay, two old friends of Colonel Orvig, who, for the sake of his memory, will, I think, exert themselves on behalf of his only child."

Bertel's ingenuous countenance flashed with joyful surprise at this unexpected speech, and his flashing eyes impatiently inquired:

"Who are they?"

"One," said the Baron, "is the Military Governor of Copenhagen, and the other is the Bishop of Zealand."

"The Bishop of Zealand! the Governor of Copenhagen! Oh! surely the intercession of such exalted men, joined to that of your Excellency, will be all-powerful!"

"Do not buoy yourself nor your poor friends with any such hope," was the chilling response. "I am not even certain that they will act with me, for I only reckon on their coöperation on the ground that they were companions in arms of Colonel Orvig a quarter of a century ago."

"Companions in arms!" echoed Bertel. "The Bishop of Zealand!"

"Even so; but this is no time for an explanation. Come, Herr Rovsing, I will be frank with you. I never do things by halves. Having taken you by the hand so far, I will cordially advocate the cause you have at heart. There is no time to lose. Let us go at once to your unhappy friend."

Bertel eagerly assented, and in a few minutes introduced the Baron to Amalia. He briefly heard the story of her husband's life from her own lips, and his visible emotion did more credit to his heart as a man than to his impassibility as a veteran courtier and diplomatist.

At his request, Amalia and her friend Bertel accompanied him to see the Bishop of Zealand, whom they happily met with just in time, as the prelate was on the very eve of a journey through his diocese. In Denmark there are six bishoprics, and the Bishop of Zealand is sometimes termed the Bishop of Copenhagen, as he resides in the metropolis. Properly speaking, the Danish Lutheran bishops are only chief presbyters, inasmuch as they have not the absolute hierarchical rank, and do not exercise such powers as the Church of England confers on her bishops, nor have they revenues and a suite of immediately subordinate clergy in a manner commensurate with the English Church. They are, nevertheless, *primi inter pares*, decidedly ranking, popular, ecclesiastically, and legally, above their brother clergymen, and their spiritual influence is at least on a par with that of the bishops of our own country. As a body the Danish bishops are learned, reverend, pious men—venerable, not merely by office, but far more so by their most estimable private character. The Bishop of Zealand, of whom present mention is made, was a remarkable man. He commenced life as a cavalry officer, and served with much distinction for many years, attaining the rank of major-general just prior to the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807. Within a few months subsequently, actuated by an overpowering religious impulse, he forever relinquished the sword, and became a student in divinity, and in due course was ordained a minister. He speedily became celebrated for the eloquence and fervor of his gospel-preaching; and ten years after ceasing to be a general in the army, became a bishop of the church. He now, at the age of fourscore and five years, retained much vigor of body, combined with ripe maturity of intellect. He wore the same dress as all Lutheran clergymen wear to this day—a black plaited silk gown, and a large white ruff round his neck.

To the narrative of Amalia the venerable Bishop listened with exceeding interest, and his consent to aid in an appeal to the King was instantly accorded.

"'Tis an extraordinary story, this of thine, my child," said he to Amalia; "but I can believe it, and think I can trace the hand of Providence in much which seems a mysterious fatality. I well remember mine ancient comrade and friend, thy gal-

lant father. He was also the comrade of General Otto Gam, our present Military Governor; and, if I remember aright, Colonel Orvig once did a weighty service for Gam, which he can not have forgotten."

"I am very glad to know that," said the Baron, "for we are about to apply for his aid in this sad case."

"Then I will also go with you, and that at once!" cheerily cried the good Bishop. "I am not unknown to the Governor; I served with him in one campaign. Come! I think we shall find him at his own house in Ostergade."

In a few minutes the whole party were in presence of the Governor, a man only nine years the junior of the Bishop, and, like him, yet preserving his physical and mental powers to an unusual degree. He was a tall, erect man, very thin, very gruff, very restless. His hair, white as driven snow, was worn in a peculiarly unsoldierlike fashion, for it thickly floated back down his neck and shoulders at its full natural length, and mingled with his huge beard, which descended even below his breast. He looked like an old human lion; and from amidst the tangled mass of white hair were three tawny patches of cheeks and forehead, and a huge hooked nose resembling a vulture's bill, and two deeply-sunken fiery eyes, overshadowed by immense grisly eyebrows.

The party arrived at an inauspicious moment. The old Governor was accustomed to dine sharp to the minute, and his dinner was ready just when the visitors took him by storm. Had not one of them been the Baron Kæmperhimmel, and another the Bishop of Zealand, he probably would have unceremoniously kicked them all down-stairs in rapid succession; but as it was, he greeted the aged Bishop with the stiffest of all stiff military bows, and the Baron with a grunt, and Amalia and Bertel with a savage scowl, and then grimly awaited to know the reason of their unseasonable visit. A few introductory words from the Bishop effected a marvelous change.

"Tordner!" shouted the Governor, in a voice so deep and guttural that his hearers started. "What is this you say?"

Baron Kæmperhimmel took up the thread of the narrative, and not one word of interruption did the Governor utter,

though his occasional grunts and growls and muttered oaths of amazement were sufficiently expressive. When he had heard all, he turned to the venerable Bishop.

"Old comrade!" brusquely cried he, "when General Drammen gave the order for our brigade to furnish the forlorn hope at the storming of Yuttä, you and I were among the volunteers. What did we ask of Colonel Brentvard, who led us to the breach, as a particular personal favor?"

"We begged him to permit us to each lead one of the two foremost companies of stormers," answered the Bishop, a glow of ancient military pride flushing his fine old benevolent face.

"We did! and well we both performed our duty. I have a similar boon to beg in this business."

"What is that?"

"I ask you all to let me lead the forlorn hope—let me be the first to appeal to the King on behalf of the husband of the only child of my dear old comrade, Wilhelm Orvig—for I now see at a glance that she is Orvig's daughter—ay, the same clear-cut, brave, honest features, the same bright thoughtful eye!"

The Bishop and the Baron exchanged expressive looks of satisfaction, and the latter took upon him to reply.

"General Otto Gam —"

"Here!"

The Baron smiled kindly.

"You answer like a soldier on parade, General! I only addressed you by name, because —"

"I want no 'because!'"

"Well, then, in a word —"

"A 'word' means fifty complex sentences with you courtiers!"

"You are as rough as a bear, General, as prickly as a porcupine, as morose as a hyena, as —"

"Go on!" growled Otto Gam.

"As true as steel, and tender-hearted as a gentle woman!"

"Phut!" puffed the old General, scowling as fiercely as he possibly could, whilst his piercing eyes were dimmed with huge tears. "You, Baron Kæmperhimmel, are a sleek, smooth-spoken, cunning, dissembling knave of a diplomatist, but withal a generous-hearted, liberal-minded fellow, a thousand times too good for your trade in life. Give me your hand, you unmitigated rogue!"

"Oh—o-oh!" whimpered the Baron, half in jest, half in earnest, as the veteran warrior wrung his hand in an iron grip.

"Ha! ha! I'm a bear! a porcupine! a hyena! Am I?"

"O-h! o-o-oh! Worse—a million times worse! A ferocious heathen! a boa-constrictor! a vampire!"

"What! there is life in the old dog yet!" cried Otto Gam, hugely delighted.

"Life!" echoed the politic Baron, extricating his hand, and shaking his fingers much in the droll fashion of a cat who has inadvertently plunged her paw into icy water. "Why, on my soul and conscience, General Otto Gam, I would as soon have my poor hand squeezed in a steel vice!"

The Military Governor of Copenhagen chuckled immensely.

"It is understood, then?" said he, at length.

"Conditionally."

"What?"

"You have called me a cunning courtier and diplomatist, General, and you must be aware that warriors do not lead what you—I fear only too truly—call the forlorn hope, until diplomatists have found it necessary to call in the aid of the sword to cut the knot the tongue can not untie. Permit me the task of ascertaining the real dangers which we must encounter in the forthcoming assault, and then we will all consult together as to the best way to unite our forces for the attack. That decided, you, my gallant old friend, shall, as you desire, lead the storming party."

"Good: you have some generalship in you. Why were you not a soldier?"

"You agree, General?"

"I do. Prepare your plans for the assault; and when the word is given, old Otto Gam will lead the stormers, and carry the fortress or perish. Yes!" cried he, turning towards Amalia, and gazing at her with deep and unaffected emotion, "I will do as I say. Your father, lady, was my dearest and best friend when he and I were young soldiers, and it so hap-

pened that he once did me a vitally important service—no matter what. I would have done as much for him, but I never had the opportunity. See! God's ways are not our ways. I am a rough old sinner, but I recognize God's hand in bringing you here this day. When Wilhelm Orvig nobly died a soldier's death, I said to myself: 'I have two things now to regret to my dying-day. I shall ever have to mourn the loss of my friend, and never more can I do ought to repay the debt of gratitude I owe him.' But you come here and show me what a blind dotard I have been. Forty-five years I have been a debtor to your father and to his memory; the time has come which I never thought to live to see, when I can in some sort repay my debt, and I thank God for it!"

"God Almighty bless you, General!" burst from the full heart of Amalia.

"And God bless thee, my poor child, and grant us all we crave!" tenderly and solemnly said Otto Gam, folding her to his breast, and kissing her forehead.

Another moment, and grim old Governor Gam was himself, or affected to be.

"Off with you!" roared he; "Bishop and Baron, man and woman, away with ye all! My soup is almost cold, and I won't have my stomach deranged for all the bishops, outlaws, and courtiers in Christendom!"

"O Baron!" whispered the excited and enthusiastic young painter, as they descended the stairs, "what friends Heaven raises for us! We gather force like a rolling snowball. First a snowball, and at last an avalanche which will sweep all before it!"

"Alas!" murmured the older and wiser Baron, "there is one thing which even an avalanche can not destroy—one thing which it only falls upon, be itself shattered to atoms."

"And that is?"

"A living rock."

"Ha! And our rock?"

"The King!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

CAYENNE: A PENAL COLONY.

A GREAT amount of very proper wrath is now being expended upon the atrocities committed in the Neapolitan prisons, and the two civilized nations *par excellence* are agreed that it is high time for such a sad state of things to end. That men should be incarcerated for political offenses, and pine away in fetid dungeons, is bad enough; but we fancy even the Vicaria or St. Elmo is preferable to the slow death which is the certain lot of every man who is sent in exile to Cayenne. People have found it convenient, however, to forget the terrible revelations which Louis Blanc made on this subject a few years back, and very few among us bestow a thought on the victims of Napoleonic despotism, although we can not find language sufficiently strong to execrate the barbarities of a Bomba. In the following pages, then, we purpose showing what transportation to Cayenne really is, and will abstain from all comment, as we fancy our readers will be perfectly competent to form their own opinion.

Nearly the entire South-American territory displays the contrast of a most luxuriant nature and an utterly incompetent population; but this contrast is no where so distinctly traceable as in the French colony of Guyana. At a spot where nature produces an astounding quantity of useful productions—where gold-bearing rivers flow through forests which display more than three hundred varieties of trees—where the ground laughs with a harvest if tickled a spade—where, lastly, the vicinity of the sea and an abundance of navigable rivers offer the advantages of facile transport—we find there the deepest human wretchedness. Since Europeans have set foot in this glorious land, nothing has prospered save barbarity, misfortune, and despair; and since a Napoleon has selected it as the martyrdom of men expelled from civil society, the name of Cayenne has become a household word for all that is horrible and degrading to humanity. A picture of French

Guyana can not but bear a gloomy character; and though the background may combine all the charms and all the splendor of the tropics, the foreground is occupied by pining figures with despair imprinted on their brows, over whom the angel of death ever hovers with his menacing glaive.

The frontiers of that portion of Guyana possessed by the French are bounded on the north by the sea, on the west by the Maroni river; and the dispute which has been carried on with the Brazilians about their frontier is not yet settled. The littoral, which comprises about six hundred and fifty kilometres, is very flat, and composed of soft slime. The anchorage is generally good, but the only safe roads are at the mouth of the Cayenne river. Among the islands situated off the coast, the largest and most considerable, as the seat of the capital, is Cayenne. It is fifty kilometres in circumference, is rather low, with slightly rising coast, and the soil is remarkably fertile. There are also eleven other islands, the healthiest of them being the Ile du Diable, which is about three miles in length.

We read that the office of the missionary in Cayenne is exclusively confined to labors of Christian and apostolic love.* Of St. Georges, on the Oyapuk, Father Byot writes: "Few Europeans ever spend a month here without being attacked by fever; the natives alone resist the climate. The settlement was founded in 1853 with a few blacks. The next July one hundred and eighty white convicts arrived, but the climate committed such ravages among them, that by December almost one half had perished. Despondency and despair took possession of the survivors. Many willingly died of starvation; two hanged themselves on trees, under circumstances that revealed the ut-

* Lettres écrites de la Guyanne Française par des pères de la Compagnie de Jésus à des pères de la même Compagnie en France, 1852-57.

most desperation; a third drowned himself. All the rest found themselves in an indescribable state of excitement or wretchedness. The number of white men daily grows smaller; those who are not lying in the hospital drag themselves about with difficulty, and are in truth all ill. They feel convinced that they will have sunk into the grave before the end of the year, and such, indeed, is the opinion of the physicians." Father Byot himself, after four months' residence at St. Georges, was no longer among the living; his successor, Father Dabbadie, was compelled to quit the place in a month, but died of the fever two years later. Of one hundred and sixty European convicts, one hundred and twenty died at St. Georges within the year. At Ste. Marie, in May, 1850, of eleven hundred and fifty persons, one hundred and thirty were ill, and the missionaries sent to offer them spiritual aid died in rapid succession. At Montagne d'Argent, at the mouth of the Oyapuk, the annual mortality amounts to forty per cent. Even on La Mère island, which is regarded as one of the healthiest spots on the Guyana coast, the climate demands numerous victims. The mission lost in three years eleven clergymen, nearly all in the prime of life.

The peculiarity of the climate of Guyana consists in a perfectly regular heat, and great dampness, which together produce this terrible desolation among European settlers. According to the meteorological observations made in the hospital of Cayenne by Professor Dove, the mean annual temperature is $20^{\circ} 88'$ Reaumur. The warmest month is October, the coolest January, though the only difference between them is one degree Reaumur. At a short distance from the coast the variations become more considerable, as at Ste. Marie and St. Augustin, and though the cold north-eastern winds prevailing there during the rainy season produce nervous and rheumatic affections, the greater change is generally more healthy than the regular damp hot air of the coast; and it may be with some probability assumed that a far more sanitary climate would be found further inland on the mountain plateaux. No attempt, however, has yet been made to carry the settlements so far. The prevailing wind at Cayenne is the north-east trade, which, from June to November, turns more to the east. South and westerly winds are

extremely rare, and calms are also exceptional. With reference to the rainfall, Professor Dove writes: "That the relative humidity must be unusual is proved by the fact that it is impossible to make an electrical experiment here, and the amount of rain is shown by Admiral Roussin's letter of February twenty-eighth, 1820, in which he informs us that on the island of Cayenne, from the first to the twenty-fourth of January, one hundred and fifty-one inches of rain fell, and that he himself caught ten and a quarter inches in a cask he placed in the center of the court-yard for ten hours. If remarkable change of temperature and humidity are especially dangerous in certain diseases, the climate of Cayenne supplies the proof that an uninterrupted damp heat has the seeds of mortality in it for constitutions accustomed to variations of temperature, and the most powerful must soon succumb. Transportation to such places is converted of itself into life-punishment."

With such unfavorable climatic conditions the colony can never hope to become flourishing, even if the administration were conducted with greater care. Hence we can not feel surprised that the condition of the colony has not improved during late years, in which the French government had recourse to new measures. These consist, as all our readers well know, in the deportation of ordinary criminals, and specially of persons politically compromised, to Guyana. The decrees of December eighth, 1851, and March fifth, 1852, which condemned all members of secret societies, and those engaged in the December *émeutes*, to transportation to Algeria or Guyana, was followed, on March twenty-seventh, 1852, by another decree, by which Cayenne was indicated as the sojourn of convicts and galley-slaves, and the details of the arrangement of the penal colony were settled. Among other things, we read in it that the convicts should be employed in agricultural works, wood-felling, and other useful occupation; that, after the expiration of two years, they should be permitted to work for the free colonists, and even be permitted to obtain concessions of land on their own account, which would become definitive at the end of ten years' occupancy. So soon as a convict secured a concession, his family would be permitted to follow him to the colony. If he were only compelled to eight years'

penal servitude, he would be obliged to remain there other eight years after his time was up; but if his punishment exceeded eight years, he must never quit the colony again. As early as May thirty-first the first vessel left Brest with two hundred and ninety-eight common criminals and three political convicts, and was followed in the same year by five other vessels. By the beginning of 1857, at least seven thousand convicts had been landed at Cayenne. We have no official reports of the number sent out in the following years, but we know that, owing to the precautionary measures taken in 1858, and especially during the ministry of General l'Espinasse, it increased so greatly that we may fairly estimate the number of men transported to Cayenne at ten thousand.

At the outset all these wretched beings were landed on the Ile Royale, the largest of the Iles du Salut, in order to be eventually removed to the establishments on the other islands and the mainland. This island is about a thousand metres in length, and consists of two small hillocks, connected by a narrow isthmus. On one of these is a fortified barrack for one hundred and forty soldiers; on the other are the buildings intended for the convicts—wooden huts, each containing forty prison-cells, magazines, hospitals, work-shops, chapels, etc., calculated for about fifteen hundred prisoners. These buildings are principally the work of the convicts themselves, and they were also employed in cutting down the forests on the island, making roads and wells, planting gardens, etc.

The adjoining St. Joseph island was at first set apart for political prisoners, but in January, 1855, owing to some disturbances, they were transferred to the Ile du Diable. Since then St. Joseph has been inhabited by some five hundred men condemned to hard labor, who are principally employed in digging out a large stratum of shell, which is converted into lime.

The political prisoners, or real "déportés" on the Ile du Diable, at first enjoyed greater liberty than the ordinary criminals. They were divided by companies of eight, in small huts, which they were permitted to fit up according to their own taste, cultivated the ground, and reared poultry and goats. But it was soon thought advisable to give them severer

labor, and they have since been employed in erecting houses on the islands. That they are at times treated precisely like galley-slaves, forced to hard labor, flogged, tortured, and starved, is sufficiently known by the letters of some of them, who, in spite of all vigilance, escape from the Ile du Diable; principally, however, from the reports of the thirty-eight men who escaped a few years back on a raft to Dutch Guyana, and thence to the United States. The French government at that period had no further justification to offer than that severer measures had been rendered absolutely necessary by the exalted and peculiar character of the so-called politicals, who had only given the colony evidence of their sloth and uselessness.* In 1857 we find that two hundred and fourteen free persons and eleven hundred and seventy-six deported, were living together on these Iles du Salut.

Of the group of Ilets de Rémire, only La Mère and Le Père are inhabited. The former was the residence of the volunteers, that is, of those déportés who had already served their time in France, and, seduced by promises, consented to emigrate to Cayenne, in order to colonize the country. From 1852 to 1855 they waited here in vain for the promised allotments of land, and from the testimony of Père Ringot we find that the great portion had been rubbed out by despondency, despair, and disease. After, by their help, a row of buildings had been erected, and some plantations of coffee-shrubs and cocoa-trees laid out, the remainder were removed, in 1855, to the new establishments on the river La Comté, near Cayenne, and their place on the island was taken by six hundred galley-slaves. The island was also used as a sanitarium, as it is considered the healthiest spot in Cayenne, and has for this purpose an hospital containing six hundred patients. Le Père was also inhabited for a time by a number of volunteers, but now there is only a pilot station upon it:

The oldest penal colony on the continent is Montagne d'Argent, a very irregularly formed peninsula at the mouth of the Oyapuk, and only connected with the mainland by an extensive morass. The buildings and plantations which formerly

* "Ape. u Economique sur la Transportation à la Guyane Française," in the *Revue Coloniale*, Nov. to Dec. 1857, Jan. 18.

existed here were found to be almost deserted in 1852, when the establishment was again commenced: where fine crops of cotton, urucu, and coffee were once obtained, banas and weeds of every description covered the ground. Negroes, soldiers, and white laborers were sent at once to make the necessary arrangements, and up to 1855 four hundred and ninety-six convicts had been brought under shelter in a palisaded space at the highest point of the peninsula, while on the slopes a regular village was built. The administration also succeeded in forming new plantations of coffee, rice, bananas, manioc, urucu, and guava; but the situation proved so unhealthy, that, in spite of fresh cargoes of convicts sent out in 1857, only one hundred and forty-five prisoners were still alive. Since that period no more *déportés* have been sent there.

Nor were they more successful further up the Oyapuk, on whose left bank the penal colony of St. Georges was established in April, 1853. Surrounded by low, swampy, alluvial soil, and exposed to the overflow of the river, it is, in the truest sense of the term, the white man's grave. All new arrivals died within a few months, and, after several fruitless attempts, the government found themselves compelled to transfer the surviving Europeans to La Comté, leaving at St. Georges only a number of negro convicts sent up from the Antilles. They were principally employed in felling the mahogany trees, for which purpose a steam saw-mill was put up. Their number at the beginning of 1857 only amounted to one hundred and fifty-one. That the government could select such a pestilential spot for a penal colony supplies the clearest proof that they only regarded police security, but paid not the slightest attention to the life and health of the transported prisoners.

Since 1854, the great majority of the convicts have been taken to La Comté. In order to effect their purpose more speedily, portable huts were first employed, whose place has been gradually taken by definitive buildings. The river is connected with the Cayenne roads by the channel Tour de l'Île, thus affording easy communication with the chief town of the colony, and is navigable for steamers of from twenty to twenty-five horse power for twelve leagues. Its banks gradually rise from the mouth to the interior, and hence are more exposed to the bene-

ficient east wind, that is, the low coast; and some of the hills, indeed, suffer less than the others from the fever-laden exhalations of the morasses. After the absolutely necessary arrangements had been made by the volunteers from La Mère, the first transport of five hundred prisoners condemned to hard labor was sent to the Corsa-hill in November, 1854; and the settlement of Ste. Marie has since grown up there.

At the same time the little colony of St. Louis was established, with one hundred prisoners condemned to hard labor, close to Ste. Marie, and the larger settlement of St. Augustin, founded on the site of Power village. The latter was, at first, exclusively intended for the liberated convicts who have served their time, are remarkable for their regular and proper behavior, and who take part at the public works, for a small wage, under constant inspection. After a portion of these, however, had been carried back to France, and a part destroyed by yellow fever, the remnant of seventy persons were carried to the adjacent Mont Joly, and their place was taken by galley-slaves, whose number, in February, 1857, amounted to three hundred and sixty-three. In 1856, measures were taken to enlarge the settlement in La Comté, by the purchase of several farms, but the yellow fever broke out, and stopped the works for a considerable period. The establishment at St. Philippe had progressed so far that, in 1857, one hundred and one convicts, all dangerous criminals, were removed there. At the present time it is probable that it has been deserted again, as is the case with St. Louis. In addition to agriculture, the persons transported to La Comté are employed in felling valuable trees; in the manufacture of bricks, which is carried on to a considerable extent; and in works on the river, to facilitate the communication between the settlement and Cayenne.

A number of the most dangerous criminals are kept on board what are termed the "*pénitenciers flottants*," or vessels principally employed for harbor works in the Cayenne roads. The first ship of this description was the *Gardien*, with one hundred and fifty convicts; it was soon followed by the *Castor*, with seventy; which, since 1857, has maintained the communication between the *Iles du Salut* and the wood village of *Trois Corbets*, where one hundred prisoners are employed in

preparing fire-wood; lately, the Proserpine has been added, with two hundred and sixty prisoners. In addition, there are a few liberated men, employed by private persons in Cayenne, or at the model garden of Baduel. In the first months of 1857, of the six thousand nine hundred convicts landed up to that time in Cayenne, about three thousand five hundred were still living.

Owing to the great mortality of the déportés, and taking into consideration the fact that their labor is chiefly employed on public works, it can not be assumed that the deportation has materially benefited the colony. In fact, not only the population, but also the productive-

ness, has sunk during the last years. According to the official reports published six years ago, the colony had, in 1844, 19,800; in 1853, 16,817; and, in 1854, 16,741 inhabitants. The value of the exports and imports, which amounted in 1853 to 7,411,858 francs, had sunk in the next year by nearly 400,000 francs. As to the condition of the several articles of production, a report of Mileyron, agent-general for the agriculture and colonization of Guyana, supplies the best account. This report was attached to articles sent from Guyana to the exhibition of French colonial produce at Paris in 1857, and will be found printed in the *Revue Coloniale* for September of the same year.

From the North British Review.

DR. KRAPP'S TRAVELS IN EASTERN AFRICA.*

If we take up a map of Africa, published before the accession of her Majesty to the throne of these kingdoms, and compare it with one of the present day, we are sure to be struck with the different aspect it offers to its more recent companion. In the latter, the coast-line presents us with a mass of names of native towns, villages, and markets, which replace the naked outline of the former; whilst in the interior, deserts become fertile wildernesses, and mountain ranges are supplanted by lake-regions, only to be excelled by those of America. In no portion of the maps of Africa, which in boyhood were placed in our hands, is this more apparent than in that which delineated the countries south of the so-called Mountains of the Moon; and of that portion none was so destitute of names as the large tract which stretches from the coun-

try of the Adal to Mozambique, and is subject to the Imam of Zanzibar.

It was owing, in some measure, to this absence of names in the map of Africa of that period, that we are indebted for this interesting narrative of Missionary Travels of Dr. Krapf, who, during an eighteen years' residence on the eastern coast of Africa, has been the means of adding considerably to our geographical knowledge of those regions, no less than to our acquaintance with the languages, religion, manners and customs, and resources of the independent tribes which form its population.

The son of a small farmer in the vicinity of Tübingen, Dr. Krapf early evinced an ardent desire for knowledge, and a somewhat morbid temperament, more of fear and dread than of love, gave his mind its first and strong religious bias. He tells us himself:

* *Travels, Researches, and Missionary Labors during an Eighteen Years' Residence in Eastern Africa, etc.* By the Rev. Dr. J. LEWIS KRAPP. With a Concise Account of Geographical Researches in Eastern Africa. By E. G. RAVENSTEIN. London: Trübner & Co. 1860.

"My father, whose circumstances were easy, followed farming, and lived in the village of Derendingen, near Tübingen, where I was born, on the eleventh of January, 1810, and baptized by the name of Ludwig, the wrestler—no inapt

appellation for one who was destined to become a soldier of the cross. Many were my providential escapes in childhood from dangers which beset my path, from falling into the mill-stream which flowed through the village, from accidents with fire-arms, or falls from trees in the eager pursuit of birds' nests. The inborn evil nature of the child was somewhat held in check by a nervous susceptibility, and the consequent dread I experienced in witnessing the contest of the elements in storms, or which shook my frame at the sight of the dead at the grave, or even when reading or listening to the narrative of the torments of the wicked in hell. On these occasions I secretly vowed to lead a pious life for the future, though, childlike, I soon forgot the promise when the exciting cause had passed away, as is ever the case throughout life with the natural, unregenerated heart of man. Thus, but for an apparently trivial event in my boyhood, though in it I gratefully recognize the hand of the great Teacher, the evil of my nature might have choked the good seed with its tares, or destroyed it altogether."

That event was a brutal assault by a neighbor, who, mistaking the lad for another who had given him offense, nearly murdered the child in the heat of passion. An illness of six months' duration followed, and to that bed of sickness our missionary ascribes the incipient awakening of his heart to its best and truest interests. His hours were spent in reading the Scriptures; and, soothed by the care and affection of two true-hearted women, his mother and sister, of whom we have but an occasional glimpse in the autobiographical sketch of his boyhood, with which the work opens. His greatest delight was in those portions of the Old Testament which recorded the history of the patriarchs, and their intercourse with the Creator, originating an earnest desire that he "too might be permitted to listen to the voice of the Most High, even as did the prophets and apostles of old." In the autumn of 1822, during the period of his convalescence, he spent much of his time in the harvest-fields amongst the farm-laborers, and to them he would relate such Bible stories as had taken a strong hold on his boyish imagination; and so earnestly and vividly did he do this, that more than one of the men would say to his father, "Mark my words: Ludwig will be a parson." In the beginning of the ensuing year, his sister had to visit Tübingen to buy a new almanac, and, mistaking the house of the widow of a former vicar for that of the bookbinder to

which she had been directed, she entered into a long discourse with that lady, who treated her with much kindness and affability, inquiring after her brothers and sisters, and eliciting from her that her youngest brother, Lewis, was clever at figures; upon which the widow expressed a desire to see the lad, and to promote his welfare, suggesting that he should be sent to the grammar-school, and afterwards to college. To this lady's interference, and to the zeal and affection of his noble-hearted sister, it was owing that, instead of following the plow, the boy was sent to the Anatolian school at Tübingen, and showing considerable ability, soon became a favorite with his teachers, and gradually rose to the head of his class; and so on, till he reached the fifth and highest form, when he added the knowledge of Hebrew to that of the languages of classical antiquity, and those of Italy and France, which he had already studied along with his own native German. At first the early morning always found him on the road from home—a distance of some four or five miles from the town—with satchel on his back, in which, beside his books, were a bottle of sweet must and a great hunch of bread, to constitute an *al fresco* mid-day meal, and which he "quickly swallowed, between twelve and one o'clock, under the willows on the banks of the Neckar, in order more leisurely to devour his Latin Grammar and Scheller's Vocabulary, which he soon learnt by heart;" and thus in boyhood, almost intuitively acquired a method of learning languages, which, in his missionary life, was most serviceable to him.

Whilst yet on the fourth form, the rector read to the whole school an essay upon the results of missionary labor for the conversion of the heathen. The reading struck a kindred chord in the soul of the future missionary. A still small voice asked: "Why not become a missionary, and go and convert the heathen?" The Easter holidays of 1825 were at hand; and as the boy walked homewards to Derendingen, the thought arose in his mind with the force of a command, "to go to Basel and announce himself willing to devote his life to the labors of a missionary." His future career was fixed; and again we have a glimpse of two true-hearted women upholding and strengthening the boy's resolve, furnishing him with the means, and a letter to Mission-

ary Inspector Blanhardt, a former vicar of their own village. The journey from Derendingen to Basel, by way of Shaffhausen, and back through Freiburg, altogether some two hundred and fifty miles, was performed on foot — no small testimony to the zeal and determination of purpose in a boy-missionary of fifteen.

But even earlier the idea of African travel had become familiar to the boy's mind. He was still on the lowest form in the lower school, when his father sent him an atlas of maps, and, by a singular coincidence, just at the moment that a bookseller in the town had lent him an odd volume of Bruce's *Travels in Abyssinia*, which had fascinated his boyish imagination by the frequent mention of hyenas. With the natural eagerness of a young and inquiring mind, he at once turned to the map of Africa to trace the scene of the traveler's adventures, and, to his astonishment, found but few names in the districts of Adal and Somali upon the map. "Is there, then, so great a desert yonder," was his first exclamation, "which is still untrodden by the foot of any European?" — a curious thought to have been instilled into the mind of a child, who, in manhood, was to be the means of expanding the knowledge of those very regions of which then so little was known.

His visit to Basel led to a rejection of his services for a time, but accompanied by the prospect of future employment, when he should have fitted himself for the missionary calling by self-imposed preparation, and a long course of preparatory study at the Missionary Institute. At length, in February, 1837, he was employed by the English Church Missionary Society, and set out on his long and difficult journey to Abyssinia, the land of his youthful dreams and aspirations. "Yet," he adds, "it was not without tears at parting, and with fear and trembling, that I took up my pilgrim's staff, and bid adieu to my dear friends and to the home of my childhood."

After a short residence at Adowa with the Protestant missionaries at the court of Ubie, the Abyssinian Regent of Tigre, where they were at first well received, he and his companions were forced to retire, through the intrigues of some French Roman Catholic priests, who managed to poison the black prince's mind against the English, by alleging that the excavations

they were making for the foundations of a missionary house were, in fact, the commencement of a tunnel by means of which English troops were to be smuggled in to conquer Abyssinia. It is not very likely that Ubie, who appears to have been a shrewd and sensible man, should have been duped by such a representation. It is far more probable that he was compelled by his wily new friends, backed by his own priesthood, to whom the Protestant mission was distasteful, to make choice between the friendship of France or England, between that of a country seeking by every means in its power to conciliate the native princes of Africa, with the sinister intention of ultimately founding in that continent a French equivalent to British India, or of one whose only object was the disinterested purpose of spreading the Gospel and distributing the Bible amongst the Monophysite Christians of an expiring branch of Christ's Church. No doubt French gold was not wanting, as, in the end, France acquired the port of Zula, to the south of Massowa, in the Red Sea.

"It is," says Mr. Ravenstein, "the avowed design of France to found in the Eastern Sea an empire to rival if not to eclipse British India, of which empire Madagascar is to be the center. Hence, notwithstanding that engineers of eminence have pronounced against the practicability of such a canal as that of Suez, the enterprise is being persevered in under the auspices of the French Government, or rather the isthmus has been occupied within the last few weeks by a party of *armed ouvrier*s. Across the Isthmus of Suez leads the shortest route from Southern France to Madagascar and India; its possession by a power desirous to extend her dominions in that quarter, and capable of availing herself of its advantages, would therefore be of the utmost consequence. The mere fact of the isthmus being part of the Turkish empire, or of Egypt, would not deter France from occupying it; for scruples of conscience are not allowed by that nation to interfere with political 'ideas.' Zula has been chosen as the second station on the route to Madagascar, and while the occupation of Suez may at will furnish a pretext for seizing upon Egypt, that of Zula may open Abyssinia to French conquest.

"Fortunately there is a power which can put a veto upon those plans of aggrandisement in North-Eastern Africa, and that power is Great Britain. Gibraltar, Malta, Perim, and Aden, form a magnificent line of military and naval stations on the route to India, and perfectly command it; and Perim, though at present only destined to bear a lighthouse, properly fortified, would command the entrance of the Red Sea even more effectually than Gibraltar does

that of the Mediterranean. Therefore, only after having converted the last three into French strongholds, and thus striking a decisive blow at the naval supremacy of Great Britain, could France ever hope to carry out her designs."

Whatever may have been the true causes of the expulsion of the Protestant missionaries from the territories of the ruler of Tigre, it is chiefly to it that we are indebted for our knowledge of the Galla, whose conversion to Christianity Dr. Krapf looks upon as the future and surest means of spreading the Gospel throughout the interior of Africa. Driven from Adowa in March, 1838, the three Protestant missionaries reached Massowa in safety—the two senior, Mesars. Isenberg and Blumhardt, proceeding thence to Cairo to await orders from the Committee of the Church Missionary Society as to the field of their future labors; whilst Dr. Krapf, full of zeal, and with a fixed purpose not to give up Abessinia entirely to the Roman Catholic missionaries, determined to penetrate into the Christian kingdom of Shoa, whose friendly ruler our old acquaintance, Sahela Selassie, introduced to us years ago by Sir Cornwallis Harris, had formerly sent a message to missionary Isenberg, inviting him to visit his dominions. Having reached Mokha, on his way to Tajurra on the Adal coast, the proper landing-place for penetrating into Shoa, he was taken so seriously ill as to be compelled to return to Cairo; and it was not till the spring of the next year that, in company with his friend Isenberg, he at length reached Tajurra. The old Sultan, who affects to be the king of all the Adal tribes, gave them permission to land. The Adal call themselves in their own language Afer, and hence Dr. Krapf seeks to identify their country with the Ophir of the Bible: "That the Ophir of the Bible is to be sought for on the eastern coast of Africa, is evident from two circumstances. One is, that right opposite to Arabia Felix there is a people who call themselves Afer, and called by others Adals and Danakil from their chief tribe Ad Alli, but whose designation in their own language is Afer. In the second place, it must be considered that Ophir, beyond a doubt, means gold-dust; for, in Job 28: 6, the words 'dust of gold' in Hebrew are 'Ophirot Sahab.' Hence, by easy transition, the word Ophir was made to comprise two things, the name of a people and of a substance; and the Land

of the Afer was simply the land where Afer Sahab, gold-dust, was found."

Our missionary was detained four weeks at Tajurra in making the necessary preparations for his journey into that land which, he says, he "had found so barren and empty in the map in his boyhood." The Adal desert of the maps is a wilderness with elephants, gazelles, and ostriches amongst its wild animals, but badly watered, and hence little visited by man; and as our travelers approached the river Hawash, and camped out for the night in the open air, a hyena glided so near their resting-place, that they might have grasped it with their hands. The plate which illustrates the passage of this river, is the pictorial representation of a rich and fertile country, which the old maps have represented as a desert waste, and the broad river and old timber trees are worthy of the pencil of a Wilson or a Gainsborough.

Dr. Krapf and his companion, Isenberg, were at first well received by the ruler of the Shoans; but Sahela Selassie was a man of progress, and took more delight in watching the operations of the artisans, gun-makers, smiths, and weavers, than in listening to the polemics of the missionaries. We know of old that Africa was the land of dreams, and so it is still. The father of Sahela Selassie had had a dream, when his son was yet a boy, that when he should come to the throne Europeans would arrive and teach the Shoans all arts and knowledge. The dream seemed about to be realized. Since 1835, Combes and Tamisier, Martin, Dufey, Isenberg and Krapf, Rochet, Airston, Beke, and Harris, had all visited Ankober and Angolala in quick succession. After the establishment of the Protestant mission, with the King's sanction, at the former place, missionary Isenberg returned to Europe, leaving Dr. Krapf the only Protestant missionary in the whole of Abessinia; but before his departure, M. Rochet, a French agent, had arrived at Ankober, bringing with him a powder-mill and other valuable presents, things which could not fail to find more favor in the sight of his half-savage majesty than the dispersion of the Scriptures by those whom, as a Coptic Christian, he could but look upon as sectarian missionaries. French influence was then already gaining the ascendancy in Abessinia, and the policy of Louis Philippe has been careful-

ly followed up by his successor. As far back as 1835, M. Combes purchased of the Regent of Tigre the Turkish port of **A't** for three hundred pounds, and subsequently that of Zula, though Ubie had never held the slightest authority at either, and France was at amity with Turkey, to whom they belonged. It was, however, the small end of the wedge for France, and she has never ceased driving it home since then. A correspondent of the *Times*, writing from Aden under date of the eighteenth of April last, calls attention to the increased activity of the French in the Red Sea. He says: "By advices just received, I understand that a French steamboat, laden with the requisites for forming a new settlement, had reached La Réunion, and a steam frigate was expected to join her in a few days. The destination of these two vessels is avowed to be Adulis, on the coast of Abessinia, though there can be little doubt that the island of Dissee will be the first point in the Red Sea occupied by our allies. It will be interesting to note the reasons which will be advanced for this new move on the part of France in this region. As a counterpart to what is going forward on the other side of the water, the *tableau* will in all probability represent Dissee and Adulis as the slopes of the Alps; the rebel Dejai Nagoosi will stand in the place of Victor Emmanuel, and the acquiescence of forty families of poor fishermen, who at present occupy the island of Dissee, will answer well enough for the votes of Nice and Savoy."

More recently still, news has reached England of the death of Mr. Plowden, Her Majesty's Consul in Abessinia, from wounds received in an attack made upon him by one of the chiefs under this very Nagoosi, whom the French are upholding in Tigre, while he was traveling through that province on his way from Gondar to Massowa. His loss can not easily be supplied, and his memory is endeared to all travelers who have visited Upper Egypt and Abessinia, since he has held the appointment, by his numerous acts of courtesy and unbounded hospitality.

This increased activity on the part of France has been called into being by the favor shown by Kasai, or King Theodorus, to Protestants, and the English in particular, in which he is upheld by the Abuna, the Coptic Archbishop, at whose

instigation all the Roman Catholic missionaries have been expelled from Abessinia, and who had to settle an old score with them for the part they played in the controversy about the three births of Christ—the Abuna's party, the believers in the two births only, having been expelled by Sahela Selassie.

"In a general way, the Abessinians are acquainted with the chief truths of the Bible, with the Trinity, and the nature and attributes of God; with the creation, the fall of man, and his redemption by Christ; with the Holy Ghost, the angels, the church, the sacraments, the resurrection, and the last judgment; with rewards and punishments, and everlasting life and torment. But all these articles are so blended with and obscured by merely human notions, that they exert little influence on the heart and life. The mediatorial function of Christ, for instance, is darkened and limited by a belief in the many saints who, as in the Romish and Greek Churches, must mediate between the Mediator and man. Especially a great office is assigned to the Virgin, of whom it is maintained by many that she died for the sins of the world. The Holy Ghost, they consider, proceeds only from the Father, not from the Son, who, in the presence of the Father, recedes into the background, just as before the Father and the Son the Holy Ghost almost dwindles into nothingness.

"As regards the doctrine of the two natures of Christ, the Abessinians are extreme Monophysites; for they admit only one nature and one will in him. For sixty years the Abessinian Church has been rent by great controversies arising out of the dogma of the three births of Christ, broached by a monk of Gondar, and which consists in the assertion that the baptism, or conception of Christ with the Holy Spirit in Jordan, constituted his third birth. After a long war with the opposite party, which acknowledges only two births of Christ—begotten of the Father before all worlds, (first birth,) made man (second birth)—this doctrine of the three births, which evidently harmonizes with the rigid Monophytism of the Abessinians, was elevated into a dogma of the national Church by the decision of the king, Sahela Selassie, who received it from a priest many years before, and a royal ordinance deposed all priests who did not believe in the three births."

When Kasai became King of Abessinia, he at once invaded Shoa, and made it subject to his rule and obedient to the Abuna; and by this subjection the doctrine of the three births was made to give way in its turn, and that of the two births restored as the dogma of the Church.

No Christian people are such rigid observers of the fasts, and of all the out-

ward observances of a severe ritual, as the Abessinians; yet, in spite of this, immorality is the order of the day, and even priests and monks break the seventh commandment. Monogamy is the rule of the Church, but concubinage is habitual and general—the king, with his five hundred wives, leading the way with a bad example; for whenever a beautiful woman was pointed out to him he sent for her. Indeed, when Sahela Selassie entered into the treaty with England, through Sir Cornwallis Harris, he actually wished for an English princess to consolidate the alliance.

It was during his three years' residence at Ankobar that Dr. Krapf had frequent opportunities of accompanying Sahela Selassie in his expeditions against the Galla, and other tribes south of Shoa. Bruce knew the Galla only by name, whilst more recent travelers have not hesitated to represent them as a kind of link between man and the inferior animals. Dr. Krapf solves the mystery by describing them as he found them, as one of the finest of the African races, strong and well-limbed, and of a dark brown color; living in a beautiful country, with a climate not surpassed by that of Italy or Greece; speaking a language as soft and musical as pure Tuscan; cultivating the soil, and rearing cattle; extending from the eighth degree of north to the third degree of south latitude; and numbering from six to eight millions.

They form no remnant of any degenerated Christian Church, as Dr. Beke surmises; but their religion, like that of all African savages, is *Fetish*, acknowledging a Supreme Being, whom they call Heaven, (*Mubungu, Wak, or Waka,*) and having a notion of a future state. They have also an undefined idea of the Trinity, of which *Wak* is the supreme, and *Oglie* a masculine, and *Atetie* a feminine embodiment; and the northern tribes hold both Saturday and Sunday in respect, not working on those days in the fields, calling the first *Sanbata Kenna*, little Sabbath, and Sunday, *Sanbata gudda*, greater Sabbath. The conversion of the Galla became a favorite idea with Dr. Krapf, and early in 1842 he bid adieu to Ankobar, and started upon his perilous undertaking. At first he was well received, but ultimately plundered, and driven from the country by Adara Bille, a chief of the Lagga Gora, tribe of Wollo-Galla.

One can not but marvel at our missionary's indomitable courage and perseverance during the many trials and perils which he had to pass through, during his eighteen years' residence amongst the Hametic tribes of Eastern and Central Africa. Dr. Krapf not only travels well, but he tells his tale with a simple truth, and utter disregard of what his reader may think of the writer.

"He has no desire to shine as a literary man, to which he here makes no pretense; and by eschewing that plastic elegance of diction, which has of late distinguished the writings of modern travelers, he believes his narrative has gained in accuracy what it thus lacks in word-painting."

His style is forcible and clear, and his narrative possesses a vigor far superior to that of any book of recent missionary travels which we have read, excepting Dr. Livingstone's, and singularly enough, on many accounts, the two works should be read together; for both travelers, unknown to one another, were nearing the same point at the same time—Dr. Livingstone proceeding from the south, and Dr. Krapf from the north, towards Mozambique, till, as their maps prove, they had approached each other within five degrees, the small section of the coast not visited by either being confined within ten and fifteen degrees southern latitude. The whole of the volume, from the first page to the last, will repay its perusal: but perhaps the most graphic portion is the second journey to Ukambani, which reads like an episode from the adventures of Sinbad, yet as simple and painfully true as those of Robinson Crusoe and Friday. It will do more to dispel the errors of our geographical knowledge of Africa than even Dr. Livingstone's travels; for to the missionaries of Rabbai Mpia, stationed opposite to the island of Mombaz, of whom Dr. Krapf was the chief, we are indebted for a knowledge of the snow-capped mountains of Equatorial Africa, and for the earliest information of the lake-countries, since explored by Captain Speke and Major Burton. We can not close our notice of these exploratory travels in Africa, without calling attention to Mr. Ravenstein's admirable sketch of the recent geographical discoveries connected with that continent prefixed to the volume, which conveys the information of an octavo volume in the compass of a few pages.

From the London Eclectic Review.

BARON HUMBOLDT'S LETTERS.*

THAT "the world does not know its best and greatest," is a truth familiar to our German neighbors, no less than to ourselves. We rarely do full justice to those with whom we associate, till it is a little too late, and all that remains of the best specimens of humanity is the dust and ashes of their graves. Though eminent men constitute the life of a nation's life, and often become the best benefactors of the age they adorn, leaving the treasure of a honored memory behind them, to awaken, in distant bosoms, what Lord Kames calls, "the sympathetic emotion of virtue;" yet by a strange perversion of our moral sentiments, we are too much disposed to overlook merits which, in our hearts, we are obliged to acknowledge, and, at a safe distance, shall be prepared to venerate and admire.

As man never acts without a motive, such as it is, there may be some foundation, in the nature of things, for this reluctant homage. It requires excellence to appreciate excellence, genius to estimate genius, and wisdom to discern those hidden qualities in mankind which, like rivers flowing a long way underground, do not often disclose themselves to the light of day. We may be too near the statue to observe its elevation; or we may have no admiration to spare from that secret idol of every man's worship, his own dearer self; or we are touched with envy at the known superiority of a rival — weary, like the Greek countryman, of always hearing Aristides called "the just;" or we are too eager, too absorbed, too busy, or too trifling, to analyze another's title to estimation; besides that he may cross our path in too many ways. Not till they have passed away, and Death—which hightens the lustre of all that he touches, in the very

moment of removing it—has made that which was beautiful, permanent, by placing upon it the seal of immortality, do we fully recognize all the excellence even of our dearest friends.

"For it so falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth
While we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost,
Why, then we reck the value; then we find
The virtue that possession would not show us
While it was ours."

This tendency to magnify the dead, and to overlook or disparage living worth, is as injurious to ourselves as it is unjust to others, and robs both parties of many obvious advantages. All England felt that it was a wrong to humanity, that Havelock's military excellence was so long unacknowledged; and men grieved that he could not have known, before his departure, of the high estimation in which, for his latest exploits, he was held by his Queen and country. Lord Bacon only betrayed his intimate knowledge of human nature, and perhaps of the English side of it, when he bequeathed his name to posterity, after "three generations shall have passed away." Milton must have known that the rich inheritance of his fame would increase as the years revolved, and that, however dashed and checkered his renown might be, among his own immediate contemporaries, by reason of party strife, or political estrangement, he should yet leave behind him writings, in noble poetry or lofty prose, which the English nation, and Europe at large, "would not willingly let die." Humboldt himself, in one of these letters, suggests another form of the truth we have stated. "What men believe or disbelieve, is usually made a subject of discussion *only after their death*; after one has been officially buried and a funeral sermon has been read over one by Sydow."*

* *Letters of Alexander Von Humboldt, written between the years 1827 and 1858 to Varnhagen Von Ense; together with extracts from Varnhagen's Diaries, and Letters from Varnhagen and others to Humboldt.* London: Trubner & Co.

* "Von Sydow, one of the chaplains of the Prussian Court, who usually preached the funeral sermons of people of rank or note buried at Berlin."

It is a gratifying circumstance that Baron Humboldt may be considered as a marked exception to this prevailing rule; for he was not left to wait for his apotheosis, nor doomed to linger on, to his latest day, in hope of tardy justice or posthumous renown. Before he had attained to the ordinary meridian of life, he was early recognized by his countrymen, and generally on the Continent as a distinguished person. From the publication of his *Personal Narrative* in 1805, he has been more or less considered, in this country, as an eminent traveler possessed of nearly every requisite for the undertaking, especially in the department of natural science and philosophy, and in the art of managing men in the various countries through which he passed. We may well understand the depth of esteem entertained for him by his countrymen and by the present King of Prussia, from the language his Majesty employed when introducing Humboldt to the Emperor Franz Joseph of Austria, at Prague, some years ago.

"And who is the Baron Von Humboldt," says the Emperor, "that you present him to me with so much *empressment*? I have never heard of him."

"Not heard of him!" exclaimed the King with honest amazement: "why, he is the greatest man since the deluge!"

These letters, left by Humboldt, to be published as a posthumous legacy to the world, have created, we are told, a lively sensation over all Germany, where, within a few weeks after they were printed, a fifth edition appeared. They have been hailed, in the present eventful state of affairs, as fresh and startling evidence of the fact that liberal principles, and a strong feeling of German nationality and unity, have been steadily gaining ground, even among the highest classes of Prussian society. To this feature of the book, far more than to "the delicious bits of scandal in it," to some of which we shall feel it our duty to refer, the powerful effect which it has produced is mainly to be attributed. Some controversy has been awakened as to the propriety of publishing some of the statements; but the editor of the original letters, an accomplished lady, has ably vindicated herself from the charge of issuing them so soon after the writer's death. It appears that Humboldt sometimes wrote more than two thousand letters every year to all sorts of persons;

and he even protested against having unauthorized or confidential letters published after his decease. But those contained in this volume were expressly designed for publication, and were committed, for this purpose, to the care of his intimate friend Varnhagen, a man of great eminence, worthy of his confidence, more than his equal in the science of language and of thought, and to whose enlightened judgment he often deferred. But as Varnhagen died first, these literary treasures were bequeathed by him to his own niece, Ludmilla Assing, of Berlin, who also shared the regard of Humboldt; and they have been accordingly printed by her, as she asserts, "*unaltered and entire*," in which, as we think, she acted wisely under the circumstances. The collection is enriched by the letters of other famous and distinguished men, which exhibit Humboldt in his wide-spread intercourse with the world, and in his manifold relations to scholars and men of letters, to statesmen and princes, all of whom sought him and paid him homage. Humboldt's own letters are often illustrated by passages in Varnhagen's Diary, giving us the spoken as well as the written expression of Humboldt's thoughts. We learn from the Preface and Introductory Vindication, that Humboldt knew of Varnhagen's Diary, and himself repeated facts and statements to him with a view to publication, giving him, in a letter dated Dec. 7th, 1841, his fullest sanction: "*After my speedy decease you may deal as you please with such property.*"

At the same time we are free to confess, that some of Humboldt's own letters have disappointed us, being scarcely equal to the reputation of the author. Many of the subjects are trivial in the extreme, and others, though not without a slight bearing upon the topics of that day, have totally lost, by this time, the limited importance they possessed. We mention this, in order that our readers may not expect from the volume more than they are likely to find in it. This must be the almost unavoidable result of letters, accumulated through a succession of years, and left to be published after the writer's death, when the whole state and frame of public affairs shall be totally altered, unless such letters relate to political events or transactions of permanent interest. They were committed also to the care and custody of an intimate friend, who,

had he lived, would questionless have exercised a wide discretion; and would probably have left out Humboldt's pathetic reference to the inconvenience he felt "from a wretched little whitlow on my toe." He might have expunged, without loss, some of those futile attempts at ironical wit and humor, most of which, if they ever had any, have lost, like salt, their Attic savor, in the translation; and we hope also that he would have canceled some of those contemptuous allusions to religious men and religious things, which, to say the least, reflect no credit upon the good taste of his departed friend. The correspondence which relates to eminent men, or to the progress of his own writings, constitutes the chief interest of the work. It is no treason to say, that the evident design of the collection must chiefly have been to illustrate the fame of the celebrated traveler, by showing the estimation in which he was held by those of his contemporaries, who stood in the nearest political or intellectual rank to himself.

Friedrich Heinrich Alexander von Humboldt was born at Tegel, near Berlin, in September, 1769—a year remarkable for the birth of great men. Napoleon Bonaparte, the late Duke of Wellington, Cuvier, Chateaubriand, George Canning, Sir James Mackintosh, Marshal Ney, Marshal Soult, and Von Humboldt, all first saw the light that year. He was educated, with a view to employment in the direction of the Government mines, successively at Gottingen, Frankfort-on-the-Oder, at Hamburg, and at the mining-school at Friburg; but he soon broke away from the trammels of trade and became a traveler.

At the age of eighteen, he seems to have formed the plan of those pursuits in which he was destined to attain so much honor. In company with George Foster, a friend of kindred tastes, he made excursions to several parts of Europe, the Alps, and Italy; and in 1790, visited Holland and England—the result of which was his first publication, *On Certain Basaltic Formations on the Rhine*.

Charmed by the discoveries of Galvani, in electricity, he gave himself to the study of that science, and published the result in two octavos at Berlin in 1796, with notes by Blumenbach. Having failed to obtain any appointment, in connection with Government expeditions, he determined to

rely on his own efforts; and accordingly, in 1797, he traveled with M. Aimé Bonpland, the eminent botanist, in various excursions in Spanish Guiana, from whence they returned to Cumana in 1800. They next pursued their scientific researches on the continent of South-America. On the 23d of June, 1802, they climbed Chimborazo, and reached a height of 19,300 feet—a point of the earth higher than any that had been before attained; after which he spent some months in Lima and Mexico. In January, 1804, he embarked for Havana; paid a visit of two months to Philadelphia and other parts of the United States, returned to Europe, and landed at Havre in August, 1804—richer in collections of objects, on the great field of the natural sciences, than any preceding traveler.

Humboldt, upon his return to Europe, was warmly welcomed by the *savans* of Paris, where his brother William was settled for some years as an attaché from the Prussian Court. Paris at that time offered a great assemblage of scientific aids, and Humboldt took up his abode there; and then commenced a series of gigantic publications in almost every department of science. Having visited Italy in 1818, with Gay Lussac, and afterwards traveled in England in 1822, he permanently took up his residence in Berlin in 1827; and, having enjoyed the personal favor of the Sovereign of Prussia, and of his successor, he was made a Councillor of State, and was intrusted with more than one diplomatic mission. In 1829, at the particular desire of the Czar, he visited Russia, Siberia, and the shores of the Caspian Sea, in company with Gustav Rose and Ehrenberg. They accomplished a journey of 2142 geographical miles onward to the south-east slope of the Altai, towards the Chinese frontier, returning by Astracan, Moscow, and St. Petersburg. In 1836–9, he published his *Critical History of Geography, and the Progress of Astronomy in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries*.

It must not be supposed, however, that he was only a traveler or a man of letters. On the contrary, he was much occupied with thoughts and speculations upon the political condition of Germany, France, Russia, and England. He appears to have looked upon the state of affairs even then with a wide forecast as to the probable consequences. In Varnhagen's Diary, quoted

in these letters, of 1838-9, we have such remarks as these, which have been verified in our own time:

"Humboldt, in a long visit, gave me the news from Töplitz. Both the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia avoided being alone with each other, as each apprehended embarrassment from it. The Emperor spoke very contemptuously of the present form of the French Government, and was particularly severe on King Louis Philippe. Prince Metternich was gay and careless; for the present he was wholly without apprehension, but harbored the gloomy foreboding that with Louis Philippe's death, affairs would take a fresh turn and war would be inevitable. In dealing with Metternich, one must always apply the test of seeing how far any particular opinion fits in with his present position."

Again, April, 1839:

"Visited Humboldt, who told me a great number of things, and showed me a fine portrait of Arago. He spoke much of the Anglo-Russian complications in the East-Indies and Persia, and related to me what he had heard from the mouth of the Russian Emperor himself on the subject. *The Emperor was embittered against the English, and thought it of the highest importance to counteract their dominion in Asia.* Humboldt allows that I am right in saying that a good fifty years must pass away before any real danger from Russia will threaten the English in the East; but that apprehension and zeal might, even without necessity, produce a conflict in Europe before it would come to a collision in that quarter; both sides, however, would be thinking themselves before bringing matters to that pass."—*Letters*, p. 41, 42.

Humboldt's political sagacity has been fully confirmed by the events of 1854, by the Crimean War, by the Persian Outbreak and by the Indian Revolt. "Apprehension and zeal" really brought about struggles of no mean dimensions, the probability of which Russia seems to have more fully foreseen than England or France, her own sinister policy having had much to do in bringing them about; just as the dishonest juggler is likely to know more about shifting the cards than the unsuspecting bystander.

In 1842, the Baron came to England in the suite of the King of Prussia, on occasion of the baptism of the heir-apparent of these realms. It was supposed in Germany, that the visit was planned and arranged by Bunsen, and had contributed to make his appointment as ambassador palatable at the English Court. Among the honors and attentions which Humboldt received, in his public career, few, it is

said, were more signal or gratifying than the marks of respect and esteem evinced towards him in the highest quarters; and his reception in scientific circles was not less welcome. These attentions, however grateful to him at the time, do not appear to have abated his usual tendency to look upon men and things with a somewhat unfriendly and cynical eye. It is no unusual thing, we believe, with our Continental and American neighbors, to file their tongue, and speak most favorably of what they see and hear while they are in England—flattered in the extreme, as they must be, by the courtesies they receive from public men, and those who dwell in noble houses; but reserving it to their after correspondence, upon their return, to right the balance, and thus relieve themselves of that burden of gratitude, which always sits ill upon mean natures, by remarks of a disqualifying or an acrimonious kind. From no one did Humboldt receive greater indications of respect than from the late Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen, who then stood high in the councils of their Sovereign; but as it is just possible that they may have failed to go all the lengths which the Baron's egregious self-love would have desired, he contrives, after the most approved fashion, in the midst of his other encomiums, "to hint a fault, and hesitate dislike."

After Humboldt's return, Varnhagen writes, evidently at his friend's dictation:

"Humboldt has given me a very favorable account of England. At court, great splendor, but a simple and natural mode of private life; conversation easy and friendly, and good-natured in its tone, even between the members of rival political factions. *PEEL he does not like; did not like him before; says that he looks like a Dutchman; is rather vain than ambitious; has narrow views.* Lord Aberdeen's taciturnity is invincible. It has, however, the effect of making folks believe he could, if he would, say something good. Bunsen has in numerous instances shown an utter want of tact; all the world is against him. The king more than ever disposed to take his part. Even Englishmen say: 'The whole affair of the king's journey is only an intrigue of Bunsen.'"

But we suppose that the memory of Sir Robert Peel, and the reputation of the now venerable Earl of Aberdeen, are not likely to suffer, with any reflecting man, from observations so flippant as these; which, like the attacks of Zoilus on Homer, or the critics of his own day on Dryden, or Macaulay's estimate of Lord Bacon's

philosophy, are far more likely to injure the writer than any one else.

Whilst we are upon this ungracious topic, we may add that his reference to Prince Albert betrays a captiousness not quite worthy of the author of *Kosmos*. "As to Prince Albert," he says, "I had, at his own request, when he was at Stolzenfels, ordered a copy of my *Kosmos* to be laid in his apartment, and he had the politeness not to thank me for it." But it seems that shortly after, the Prince-Consort sent him not only a handsome letter of thanks, but also presented him with Catherwood's book on Mexican Monuments, (*Views in Central America*), wishing it might be considered as a sequel to Humboldt's own large work on Central America. This, however, displeased the Baron, as he had purchased the work some time before, and thought he should have liked a copy of Byron's works better—circumstances which the Prince could not be expected to know. He criticises the style of the letter of thanks—especially the use of the words, *terraces of stars*, which Prince Albert had quoted—but he lets out the real secret of his dissatisfaction in the fact that it contained no reference to the Queen. "*It is strange, too, that he never mentions QUEEN VICTORIA, who perhaps does not find my book on Nature sufficiently Christian!*" It is creditable to the better taste, and better nature of Varnhagen, that he strongly rebuked his friend for his injustice to the Prince. On which Humboldt adds: "You were right in scolding me for my too great severity against the man of the star-terraces. I am severe only with the mighty ones, and this man made an uncomfortable impression on me at Stolzenfels."

Our readers will regret with us that the Baron, who has so many claims to estimation, on the nobler side of his nature, should have occasionally betrayed such littleness of mind, which derogates more from his own honor than from that of any other person. If the Queen did not think Humboldt's writings "*sufficiently Christian*," an opinion which many others equally share, it might be wise on her part not to let her name appear; and we are truly glad that the religious sentiments of Her Majesty, in favor of divine truth, should be so well known and appreciated abroad, and have a due weight among literary men. But it is quite possible that the Prince-Consort wrote the letter of thanks,

on his own personal spontaneity, without implicating royalty at all in the matter.

Be this as it may, these observations upon sentiments uttered in private, unless given by permission of the persons principally concerned, involve a tacit breach of confidence between man and man. Such instances, if often repeated, tend to sow distrust between different orders of the community. They may, not unreasonably, be expected to deter aristocratic or royal persons from associating quite so freely with strangers, as they might otherwise be disposed to do; at least till the moral and interior nature of visitors, introduced within the favored circle, shall be sufficiently known and attested, to give probable indication that those in high places, whether princes or public men, shall be safe from gratuitous insult or misrepresentation, in after time. N. P. Willis, in his letters from America, some years ago, after his visit to this country, grievously offends in this particular. But Baron Humboldt might have known better, if Willis and others of his tribe did not. We have heard it stated, by those competent to form an opinion, that Mrs. Stowe's own reminiscences would have been none the worse for a little careful revision and weeding in this respect. Not having the privilege of an acquaintance with her, we speak without a particle of prejudice; but it will strike any one at a glance, that opinions and conversations find a record in her "*Sunny*" pages, which could never have been uttered, with a view to publicity, by the parties whose noble hospitality she had shared.

It is no more than just to say, that these ebullitions of feeling and temper must be considered as rather exceptional with the Baron than habitual to him. It is certain that, through life, most of those who knew him retained a deep-felt and most cordial regard to him, for it is said that he never lost a friend. He was always most assiduous in the service and assistance of men of science, extending available help to Liebig, to Agassiz, and to others, in the most generous manner. Lady Morgan, who, at a later period, knew him well at Paris, assures us that his company was universally sought, and that the noblest minds delighted in his society. Madame de Houchien, indeed, says that he was thought to be "given to sarcasm and mystification;" but she worthily adds: "I never heard his name an-

nounced, without rising with involuntary deference. His presence recalls all that is most sublime in the capability of human nature. His gigantic labors, contrasted with the pleasant familiarity of his conversation, indicate the universality of the highest order of mind. He is like the elephant, who can with equal ease tear down an oak, or pick up a pin. With me he always 'picks up the pin,' and we fall into persiflage as usual."

No city in the world was so rich in men of science as Paris was then, and with all these he was on terms of intimacy. Among his scientific friends in Paris, from the year 1807, we may reckon Biot, Gay-Lussac, Cuvier, Laplace, Arago, Berthollet, and others. Varnhagen, who met him at Paris in 1810, says: "In the salons of Metternich (who was at that time Austrian ambassador at Paris) I saw Humboldt only as a brilliant meteor, so much so that I hardly found time to present myself to him. Rarely has a man engaged to so great a degree the esteem of all, the admiration of the most opposite parties, and the zeal of all in power to serve him. Napoleon does not love him! He knows Humboldt as a shrewd thinker, whose way of thinking and whose opinion can not be bent; but the Emperor and his court, and the high authorities, have never denied the impression which they received by the presence of this bold traveler, and the light which seems to stream from it in every direction."

From this time, for twenty years together, after his great Russian journey, his life was without any remarkable incident, being chiefly taken up in preparing his works for the press; and in later years he resided chiefly at Berlin, by the wish of the King of Prussia, whose friend and guest he was; and his official duties, not very laborious, demanded constant attendance at court on given occasions.

Humboldt's last considerable publication was his *Kosmos*, by which he is likely to be most permanently known, and which he speaks of as the work of his life. It was the one thought of his thoughts—his first and last conception—"the most majestic statue of his house of life." "Its undefined image," he wrote in 1844, "has floated before my mind for half a century;" while his object, to use his own fine expression, was to show "the order that pervades the universe, and the mag-

nificence of that order." Writing to Varnhagen, he says:

"I am going to press with my work—the work of my life. The mad fancy has seized me of representing, in a single work, the whole material world—all that is known to us of the phenomena of heavenly space and terrestrial life, from the nebulae of stars to the geographical distribution of mosses on granite rocks; and this in a work in which a lively style shall at once interest and charm. Each great and important principle, wherever it appears to lurk, is to be mentioned in connection with facts."

"My title at present is *Kosmos*; outlines of a description of the physical world. I know that *Kosmos* is very grand, and not without a certain tinge of affectation; but the title contains a striking word, meaning both heaven and earth."

This would have been a great undertaking, to occupy a life in prospect, but to finish it when between seventy and eighty-nine years of age, seemed a hopeless anticipation. He was fully aware of the difficulty. He says: "I will finish the *Kosmos*, although at the entrance to many sciences (such as Universal History, Geology, and the Mechanism of the Heavens) dark apparitions stand threatening, endeavoring to prevent me from reaching the interior." The last page of the fifth and last volume was finished on September 14th, 1858. It was a happy day with Humboldt, for he had completed his life-long task, and on his eighty-ninth birthday! Never did conqueror receive greater congratulations from so many persons, as he did from his friends.

Varnhagen humorously says: "To console him on the score of his age, I wrote to Humboldt, that even eighty years may become comparative youth—witness Fontenelle, who, at a hundred, wishing to pick up a lady's fan, and not being able to do it quickly enough, exclaimed regretfully: 'Que n'ai je plus mes quatre-vingt ans!'"—"Alas, that I have no longer the vigor of eighty!" To which Humboldt replies: "Heartiest thanks, for having offered me the consolation of the characteristic, and to me uncommon, expression of Fontenelle's; but twenty years are by far too short to see better things."

His best friends were sincerely delighted at the acceptance and popularity of his latest work, and no one appeared more surprised than Humboldt himself. He writes to Varnhagen: "How is it that *Kosmos* has achieved such an unex-

pected success? Partly, I suppose, from the train of thought which it awakens in the reader's mind, and partly from the flexibility of our German tongue, which renders word-painting (representing things as they are) so easy."

Some of the letters of Metternich in this volume are highly characteristic; especially one, in which he avers that his own proper taste and bias had always been, not towards politics, but to the study of the natural sciences, had not circumstances drifted him from his desired career. "Le sorte m'a éloignée de ce que j'aurais voulu, et il m'a engagé dans la voie que je n'ai point choisie." He speaks of having had an absolute disgust for public affairs, which it had been necessary for him to overcome; but once embarked on that tide, he could now only take scientific studies as a solace, instead of making them the one object of his pursuit.*

It would have given not only ourselves but the entire Christian world unspeakable satisfaction, to have discovered any mark of the happy influence of genuine religious principle over his mind, but something the reverse of this will often force itself upon those who peruse this volume. No distinct recognition of the grand realities of revealed religion can be discovered in these Letters, nor perhaps in his works at all, with the exception of a passage in his *Kosmos*, eulogizing the Hebrew writers for their noble description of the works of Nature, which we gladly hail. He speaks of Nature as obedient to the primary impression given to her—"la nature obéissante à une première impulsion donnée"—and then observes, all beyond the domain of the physical world, and its phenomena, belongs to a class of speculations more exalted—"et appartient à une autre genre des spéculations plus élevées"—but what those more elevated speculations are, he does not define. This is all the proof he cares to give of his THEISM.

Many persons know the value of religion, not so much by the experience of its blessings, as by the painful sense of the calamities that uniformly mark its absence; for they give frequent token

that whoever else may have lost happiness, they, at any rate, have not found it. To this remark, the experience of Baron Humboldt offers no contradiction or counterpoise; for under the weight of years, the loss of friends, the frustration of hope and object, and the near approach of eternity, he betrays emotions for which the Gospel would have been the best balm, and the only one. In January, 1858, he says: "I live joyless in my eighty-ninth year, because of the much for which I have striven from my youth, so little has been accomplished." After the death of Von Buch, he emphatically adds: "This burial was to me a prelude." "C'est comme cela que je serai dimanche"—and in what condition do I leave this world? I, who remember 1789, and have shared its emotions. However, centuries are but seconds in the great development of advancing humanity. Yet the rising curve has small bendings in it; and it is very inconvenient to find one's self on such a segment of its descending portion." Again, after his first seizure, which caused a temporary paralysis, leaving the "gait unsteady," but the mind free, he eloquently but mournfully subjoins:

"The nature of my nervous complaint has remained incomprehensible to me. There are magnetic thunder-storms, (the Polar light,) electrical storms in the clouds, nervous storms in man, strong and weak ones, perhaps only a sheet-lightning, a forerunner of the other. I have had grave thoughts of DEATH; comme un homme qui part, ayant encore beaucoup de lettres à écrire. Other interests, that will ever remain alive in me, fix my thoughts in the recollection of yesterday! I believe myself in course of full recovery, but having had to rest much unoccupied in my bed, sadness and discontent with the world have increased with me. This I say only to you. Every thing around us excites a feeling of shame."

This is his closing testimony to the emptiness of the world; but it says nothing relative to a better hope. Such testimony, we think, is a melancholy farewell.

The last letter but one in this collection refers to an act of royal courtesy extended to the venerable old man by our beloved Sovereign. Writing to Varnhagen, the Baron says: "As you and your gifted niece, Miss Ludmilla, love '*Curiosa*,' and, in my patriarchal eye, all shame of self-praise has long since disappeared, I communicate to you a letter from QUEEN VICTORIA; who, through the Princess of

* "Une fois lancée, je me suis soumise sans perdre de vue ce vers quoi portèrent mes inclinations; et il m'est résulté, que ce que j'eusse désiré pouvoir regarder comme le but de ma vie intellectuelle, n'en est devenu que le soulagement."—P. 169.

Prussia, has asked me for a few passages in my own handwriting, from the *Aspects of Nature*, and from *Kosmos*, a poetical description of nature." Varnhagen says: "He praised the youthful Princess Victoria, as being not exactly pretty, but as having pleasing and simple manners, and eyes full of soul."

Baron Humboldt died on the sixth day of May, 1859, at half-past two o'clock in the afternoon. A few moments before his death, the blinds were opened, and the full blaze of the sun poured into the

chamber. "How grand those rays!" he murmured; "they seem to beckon earth to heaven." He closed his eyes, like a wearied child, and slept the long, long sleep. Prince Albert, who presided at the British Association, at Aberdeen, last year, paid a generous tribute to his memory, and mourned the loss that science had sustained in his removal; adding, that the day on which the Association had met happened to be the anniversary of the birth of that great man, whose decease all Europe deplored.

From the North British Review.

IMAGINATIVE LITERATURE.*

It is expedient to examine occasionally the more striking products of our romance literature. Many of our ablest writers seem to find the dramatic form most congenial to their own tastes, and best adapted to convey their convictions on morals, politics, and theology—on arts, science, and letters, to the public. The novel is unquestionably a marked and characteristic form of the literary activity of this century. For this, if for no other reason, the critic is bound not to neglect it. But we confess that other motives induce us at intervals to undertake such a review. There are many questions of social concernment which lie apart from politics, philosophy, theology, and the larger questions of national life. These can not be more conveniently discussed than in connection with the literature which undertakes to represent them as they work themselves out among us. To attempt to solve, or at least to adjust, some of the more subtle and knotty problems in practical ethics, which meet us at every step we take, is a task that ought not to prove unprofitable. We can all repeat the ten commandments. Few of us are sinners on a large scale; thieves and murderers

will not return a parliamentary representative until "minorities" are enfranchised; but the minor moralities—the charities, and graces, and courtesies which sweeten life—are little understood, and habitually neglected.

Many people appear to suppose that the imagination is a faculty which necessarily manifests in its operations a certain falseness. One man has common-sense—another has imagination. The one sees things as they are—the other sees things as they are not. Such is the current phraseology; the fact being, that the man whose imagination is most intense and exalted, is the man whose impressions of things are, in general, the most truthful and exact. Doubtless, there is a grain of truth in the popular view. The imagination in different men works under different laws. The more powerful intellects keep it in subjection, but it takes the feeble captive. In the one case, it vitalizes and exalts; in the other, it discolors and exaggerates. The author of *Adam Bede* represents the first class; Nathaniel Hawthorne, the second.

The second class is, undoubtedly, the more numerous. Our planet is seldom visited by a Cervantes, a Shakspeare, or a Göthe—men, in whom this mental equilibrium, this balance of the faculties, is

* *Imaginative Literature. The Author of Adam Bede and Nathaniel Hawthorne.*

perfectly preserved. The minor poet or dramatist is tyrannized over by his imagination. It draws into its vortex the shifting phases of human life, the versatile motives of human action; and when they emerge, they bear the impress of the violent but monotonous energies which have been at work upon them. Such an imagination is never at rest; as on a windy sea the shadow can not settle unbroken upon its surface. But in the stiller and more perfect places of the imagination, such agitation is unknown. The eyes are undimmed by tears, the hand does not tremble with the weakness of passion, the serene tolerance of the intellect is not disturbed by the flood-tide of impetuous feeling.

Among such men (or women) the author of *Adam Bede* may be reckoned. She can evolve "great actions and great passions;" but she dwells with equal complacency on the most trivial events and the most frivolous careers. Vulgar and prosaic minds do not hurt her—they never sting her into indignation; she portrays their narrowness, their selfishness, their meanness, without resentment or contempt. With resolute patience, she accumulates every trait that can make the likeness more living; and when she has finished her work, she leaves it to tell its own story, pronouncing no verdict, passing no sentence, neither acquitting nor condemning. Only an artist, working in this supremely impartial spirit, could have drawn the Tullivers and Dodsons:

"It is a sordid life, you say, this of the Tullivers and Dodsons—irradiated by no sublime principles, no romantic visions, no active, self-renouncing faith, moved by none of those wild, uncontrollable passions which create the dark shadows of misery and crime—without the primitive rough simplicity of wants, that hard submissive ill-paid toil, that child-like spelling out of what nature has written, which gives its poetry to peasant life. Here, one has conventional, worldly notions and habits without instruction and without polish—surely the most prosaic form of human life; proud respectability in a gig of unfashionable build; worldliness without side-dishes. Observing these people narrowly, even when the iron hand of misfortune has shaken them from their unquestionable hold on the world, one sees little trace of religion, still less of a distinctively Christian creed. Their belief in the Unseen, so far as it manifests itself at all, seems to be rather of a pagan kind; their moral notions, though held with strong tenacity, seem to have no standard

beyond hereditary custom. You could not live among such people; you are stifled for want of an outlet towards something beautiful, great, or noble; you are irritated with these dull men and women, as a kind of population out of keeping with the earth on which they live—with this rich plain where the great river flows forever onward, and links the small pulse of the old English town with the beatings of the world's mighty heart. A vigorous superstition, that lashes its gods or lashes its own back, seems to be more congruous with the mystery of the human lot, than the mental condition of these emmet-like Dodsons and Tullivers."

Yet this subtle anatomist of the heart, whose spell evokes the most potent passions, does not hesitate to transfer literal and "painful" likenesses of those drearily prosaic people to her canvas. To be able to do this as she has done it, necessitates a very special gift. The characters are prosaic, but a prosaic artist could not render them—the affinity would prove fatal. They would emerge from the cruelest disjointed and disfigured, entirely unrecognizable. The second-rate imagination, more engrossed, feebler, and less restrained, would fail also. Yearning after the true, the beautiful, and the good—the poetry of life in its purest aspects—things that are neither true, nor beautiful, nor good, but only mean, and dwarfed, and sordid, stir it into sharp protest, leave it irritated and aggrieved. As soon as it has uttered its protest, it quits them, and retreats to a world of its own, where every object is seen through a poetic mirage, and from which all Tullivers and Dodsons are excluded. No such sharp pain, no such keen recoil, is felt by the author of *Adam Bede*. The sun shines and the rain falls upon the just and the unjust. The silver shield reflects, with tranquil fidelity, the boors who plow the fields, and the summer clouds which fleck the heaven.

It is long since every English reader finished *Adam Bede*; upon it, therefore, we do not need to linger. The later work shows that the writer's power does not wane; and though deficient, perhaps, in the rapid interest, and untouched by the shifting lights and shadows of its predecessor, *The Mill on the Floss* is directed throughout by a finer and more consistent purpose.

The humor is as genial and true—nay, perhaps truer—having, so to speak, less of glare in it. Mrs. Poyser's sharp sayings and keen retorts were, as such, bet-

ter probably than any thing that the Dodsons and Tullivers utter. But the humor has become elevated and sustained—a steady and constant light, manifested more in the conception of the characters themselves than in the words which they use. This is probably the finest form of humor, implying as it does, a profounder insight into character than the ability to say smart things does; and with this humor the book overflows. But there is no want of *point* either; at times, the pervading and informing spirit blossoms into jest. Luke, the miller's man—"subdued by a general meanness, like an auricula,"—is painted in a single line. How good the sketch of Mr. Pullet is!

"Mr. Pullet was a small man with a high nose, small twinkling eyes, and thin lips, in a fresh-looking suit of black, and a white cravat, *that seemed to have been tied very tight on some higher principle than that of mere personal ease.* He bore about the same relation to his tall, good-looking wife, with her balloon-sleeves, abundant mantle, and large befeathered and be-ribboned bonnet, as a small fishing-smack bears to a brig with all its sails spread."

or of Mr. Stelling's creed:

"Mr. Stelling was very far from being led astray by enthusiasm, either religious or intellectual; on the other hand, he had no secret belief that every thing was humbug. He thought religion was a very excellent thing, and Aristotle a great authority, and deaneries and prebends useful institutions, and Great Britain the providential bulwark of Protestantism, and faith in the Unseen a great support to afflicted minds; he believed in all these things as a Swiss hotel-keeper believes in the beauty of the scenery around him, and in the pleasure it gives to artistic visitors."

or of Tom's boyish awkwardness:

"He stood looking at nothing in particular, with the blushing, awkward air and semi-smile which are common to shy boys when in company—very much as if they had come into the world by mistake, and found it in a degree of undress that was quite embarrassing."

or of Bob Jakin:

"Maggie ran to the high bank against the great holly-tree, where she could see far away towards the Floss. There was Tom; but her heart sank again as she saw how far off he was on his way to the great river, and that he had another companion besides Yap—naughty Bob Jakin, whose official, if not natural function, of frightening the birds, was just now at a stand-still. Maggie felt sure that Bob was wicked, without very distinctly knowing why; unless it was because Bob's mother was a

dreadfully large fat woman, who lived at a queer round house down the river; and once, when Maggie and Tom had wandered thither, there rushed out a brindled dog that wouldn't stop barking; and when Bob's mother came out after it, and screamed above the barking to tell them not to be frightened, Maggie thought she was scolding them fiercely, and her heart beat with terror. Maggie thought it very likely that the round house had snakes on the floor, and bats in the bedroom; for she had seen Bob take off his cap to show Tom a little snake that was inside it, and another time he had a handful of young bats; altogether, he was an irregular character, perhaps even slightly diabolical, judging from his intimacy with snakes and bats; and to crown all, when Tom had Bob for a companion, he didn't mind about Maggie, and would never let her go with him."

Nor has the style suffered. The author of *The Mill on the Floss* writes the clear, limpid, transparent English which charmed the world in *Adam Bede*. This is the age of "affectations," especially of "affectations" in style; and it is comforting to meet with writing so perfectly simple and natural as this is. No mannerism of any kind is visible, and there is not a trace of imitation either in language or thought—not an echo of Carlyle, or Thackeray, or Kingsley. How simple in expression, and yet how rich in suggestion and poetic association, such passages as these are!

CHILDHOOD.

"Tom thought people were at a disadvantage who lived on any other spot of the globe; and Maggie, when she read about Christiana passing 'the river over which there is no bridge,' always saw the Floss between the green pastures by the Great Ash.

"Life did change for Tom and Maggie; and yet they were not wrong in believing that the thoughts and loves of these first years would always make part of their lives. We could never have loved the earth so well if we had had no childhood in it—if it were not the earth where the same flowers come up again every spring that we used to gather with our tiny fingers as we sat lisping to ourselves on the grass—the same hips and haws on the autumn hedgerows—the same redbreasts that we used to call 'God's birds,' because they did no harm to the precious crops. What novelty is worth that sweet monotony where every thing is known, and *loved* because it is known?

"The wood I walk in on this mild May-day, with the young yellow-brown foliage of the oaks between me and the blue sky, the white star-flowers and the blue-eyed speedwell and the ground ivy at my feet—what grove of tropic palms, what strange ferns or splendid broad-petaled blossoms, could ever thrill such

deep and delicate fibers within me as this home-scene? These familiar flowers, these well-remembered bird-notes, this sky with its fitful brightness, these furrowed and grassy fields, each with a sort of personality given to it by the capricious hedgerows—such things as these are the mother-tongue of our imagination, the language that is laden with all the subtle inextricable associations the fleeting hours of our childhood left behind them. Our delight in the sunshine on the deep-bladed grass to-day, might be no more than the faint perception of wearied souls, if it were not for the sunshine and the grass in the far-off years, which still live in us, and transform our perception into love."

WINTER-TIME.

"Fine old Christmas, with the snowy hair and ruddy face, had done his duty that year in the noblest fashion, and had set off his rich gifts of warmth and color with all the hightening contrast of frost and snow.

"Snow lay on the croft and river-bank in undulations softer than the limbs of infancy; it lay with the neatest finished border on every sloping roof, making the dark-red gables stand out with a new depth of color; it weighed heavily on the laurels and fir-trees till it fell from them with a shuddering sound; it clothed the rough turnip-field with whiteness, and made the sheep look like dark blotches; the gates were all blocked up with the sloping drifts, and here and there a disregarded four-footed beast stood as if petrified 'in unrecumbent sadness'; there was no gleam, no shadow, for the heavens, too, were one still, pale cloud—no sound or motion in any thing but the dark river, that flowed and moaned like an unresting sorrow. But old Christmas smiled, as he laid this cruel-seeming spell on the out-door world, for he meant to light up home with new brightness, to deepen all the richness of in-door color, and give a keener edge of delight to the warm fragrance of food; he meant to prepare a sweet imprisonment that would strengthen the primitive fellowship of kindred, and make the sunshine of familiar human faces as welcome as the hidden day-star. His kindness fell but hardly on the homeless—fell but hardly on the homes where the hearth was not very warm, and where the food had little fragrance; where the human faces had no sunshine in them, but rather the leaden, blank-eyed gaze of unexpectant want. But the fine old season meant well; and if he has not learnt the secret how to bless men impartially, it is because his father Time, with ever unrelenting purpose, still hides that secret in his own mighty, slow-beating heart."

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

"I suppose that is the reason why the small old-fashioned book, for which you need only pay sixpence at a book-stall, works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness; while expensive sermons and treatises, newly issued, leave all things as they were before. It

was written down by a hand that waited for the heart's prompting; it is the chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, trust and triumph—not written on velvet cushions to teach endurance to those who are treading with bleeding feet on the stones. And so it remains to all time a lasting record of human needs and human consolations; the voice of a brother who, ages ago, felt and suffered and renounced—in the cloister, perhaps, with serge gown and tanned head, with much chanting and long fasts, and with a fashion of speech different from ours—but under the same silent far-off heavens, and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

Before we pass on to consider the special purpose of this book, one other personal characteristic may be noted. The first volume is devoted to the childhood of Maggie, the heroine, and of Tom, her brother; and the manner in which this is done establishes what *Adam Bede* had indicated—that the author possesses remarkable insight into the feelings of children, and an almost unique power of expressing them. This is a very fine and a very rare gift. It is so difficult for a grown-up man or woman to enter into the heart of childhood, to follow its inarticulate logic, or recreate its simple but intense emotions, to set down in order its broken words. Wordsworth has described how the glory of childhood perishes:

"Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home.
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy:
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

Most of us know how true this is. The light of infancy has died out of our hearts, and we can not now restore even the memory of its pain. "We have all sobbed so piteously, standing with tiny bare legs above our little socks, when we lost sight of our mother or nurse in some strange place; but we can no longer recall the poignancy of that moment, and weep over it, as we do over the remembered sufferings of five or ten years ago. Every one of these keen moments has left

its trace, and lives in us still; but such traces have blent themselves irrecoverably with the firm texture of our youth and manhood; and so it comes that we can look on the troubles of our children with a smiling disbelief in the reality of their pain." But some men and women are able to preserve, and carry with them through life, the feelings and sensations of these early years. Whether what is called "genius" arises out of, or may be identified with, this preservative faculty, is a question that we can not stay to consider; but certain it is that only a supreme imagination can recall with fidelity the brightness or bitterness of its childhood. The attempt is sometimes made by men of inferior powers, but the counterfeit is easily detected. We see through it at once—the representation is what a moderately clever man fancies childhood *should be*, not what our childhood *was*. It is constructed upon a plan; there is method in the madness; and the meretricious simplicity betrays the embarrassed efforts of the mature mind elaborately attempting to be immature. Other artists have sought to describe an abnormal sentimental childhood—as in the *Little Dombey* of Mr. Dickens—a childhood where, though the finer characteristics escape, its *diseases* at least are laid hold of and put down in print. But the childhood which the author of *Adam Bede* draws is quite another thing; it is the sensational life of healthy and hungry little animals, who are not beyond dressing dolls, and playing at marbles, and liking jam-tarts. We can not doubt its genuineness for a moment. "Totty" was the gem of the Poyser household; and some of the scenes in which the little lady figured were delicious:

"Munny, my iron's twite told; pease put it down to warm."

"The small chirruping voice that uttered this request came from a little sunny-haired girl between three and four, who, seated on a high chair at the end of the ironing-table, was ardently clatching the handle of a miniature iron with her tiny fat fist, and ironing rags with an assiduity that required her to put her little red tongue out as far as anatomy would allow."

"Cold, is it, my darling? Bless your sweet face!" said Mrs. Poyser, who was remarkable for the facility with which she could relapse from her official obsequious tone to one of fondness or of friendly converse. "Never mind! Mother's done her ironing now. She's going to put the ironing-things away."

"Munny, I tould 'ike to do into de barn to Tommy, to see de whittawd."

"No, no, no; Totty 'ud get her feet wet," said Mrs. Poyser, carrying away her iron. "Run into the dairy, and see cousin Hetty make the butter."

"I tould 'ike a bit o' pum-take," rejoined Totty, who seemed to be provided with several relays of requests; at the same time, taking the opportunity of her momentary leisure to put her fingers into a bowl of starch, and drag it down, so as to empty the contents with tolerable completeness on to the ironing-sheet."

"Did ever any body see the like?" screamed Mrs. Poyser, running towards the table when her eyes had fallen on the blue stream. "The child's allays i' mischief if your back's turned a minute. What shall I do to you, you naughty, naughty gell!"

Totty, however, had descended from her chair with great swiftness, and was already in retreat towards the dairy, with a sort of waddling run, and an amount of fat on the nap of her neck which made her look like the metamorphosis of a white sucking-pig."

Many of Tom and Maggie's experiences are quite as graphic and true to nature:

"Oh! don't bother, Maggie! you're such a silly—I shall go and see my rabbits."

Maggie's heart began to flutter with fear. She dared not tell the sad truth at once, but she walked after Tom in trembling silence as he went out, thinking how she could tell him the news so as to soften at once his sorrow and his anger; for Maggie dreaded Tom's anger of all things—it was quite a different anger from her own."

"Tom," she said timidly, when they were out of doors, "how much money did you give for your rabbits?"

"Two half-crowns and a sixpence," said Tom promptly.

"I think I've got a great deal more than that in my steel purse up-stairs. I'll ask mother to give it to you."

"What for?" said Tom. "I don't want your money, you silly thing. I've got a great deal more money than you, because I'm a boy. I always have half-sovereigns and sovereigns for my Christmas-boxes, because I shall be a man; and you only have five-shilling pieces, because you're only a girl."

"Well, but, Tom—if mother would let me give you two half-crowns and a sixpence out of my purse to put into your pocket and spend, you know; and buy some more rabbits with it?"

"More rabbits? I don't want any more."

"Oh! but Tom, they're all dead."

Tom stopped immediately in his walk and turned round towards Maggie. "You forgot to feed 'em, then, and Harry forgot?" he said, his color heightening for a moment, but soon subsiding. "I'll pitch into Harry—I'll have him turned away. And I don't love you, Maggie. You shan't go fishing with me to-morrow. I

told you to go and see the rabbits every day.' He walked on again.

"Yes, but I forgot—and I could not help it, indeed, Tom. I'm so very sorry," said Maggie, while the tears rushed fast.

"You're a naughty girl," said Tom severely, 'and I'm sorry I bought you the fish-line. I don't love you.'

"O Tom! it's very cruel," sobbed Maggie. 'I'd forgive you, if you forgot any thing—I wouldn't mind what you did—I'd forgive you and love you.'

"Yes, you're a silly—but I never *do* forget things—I don't.'

"O! please forgive me, Tom; my heart will break," said Maggie, shaking with sobs, clinging to Tom's arm, and laying her wet cheek on his shoulder.

"Tom shook her off, and stopped again, saying in a peremptory tone: 'Now, Maggie, you just listen. Aren't I a good brother to you?'

"Ye-ye-es," sobbed Maggie, her chin rising and falling convulsedly.

"Didn't I think about your fish-line all this quarter, and mean to buy it, and saved my money o' purpose, and wouldn't go halves in the toffee, and Spouncer fought me because I wouldn't?'

"Ye-ye-es . . . and I . . . lo-lo-love you so, Tom.'

"But you are a naughty girl. Last holidays you licked the paint off my lozenge-box, and the holidays before that you let the boat drag my fish-line down when I'd set you to watch it, and you pushed your head through my kite, all for nothing.'

"But I didn't mean" said Maggie; 'I couldn't help it.'

"Yes, you could," said Tom, 'if you'd minded what you were doing. And you're a naughty girl, and you shan't go fishing with me to-morrow.'

"With this terrible conclusion, Tom ran away from Maggie towards the mill, meaning to greet Luke there, and complain to him of Harry."

Maggie is the heroine of *The Mill*. The willful little maiden, in her early girlhood, is one of the most charming figures ever drawn in a romance. The petulant poetic child, with her flashing black eyes, and her dark unkempt locks, which she tosses about with the air of a small Shetland pony, wreaking stormy vengeance upon her doll, or caressing it in tender remorse, vain of her cleverness, defying the powers that be, and yet eager for love, flashes through that prosaic life like a sunbeam—like a verse of Homer in the Pandects. Governed by her feelings, she is continually in mischief, her fitful and vivid imagination is always leading her astray; and then she is judged as though her wrongdoing were the fruit of deliberately wicked

intention, and not (as it is) of a peculiar, fine, and highly-strung nature. She feels keenly but blindly the coarse injustice of the verdict; she protests against it in bitterness of soul, or appeals mutely to the gods, (for Maggie is a little heathen at heart;) but the passionate pain in the child's breast remains mostly inarticulate. The temptations which try this little Maggie when she arrives at womanhood—her moral and spiritual education, so to speak—give to *The Mill on the Floss* its dramatic interest and consistency. We are not asked to pronounce a verdict on any vulgar temptation, on any absolute crime. The lofty and imperious woman is in no danger of falling as the vain and simple Hetty did. The guilt is so subtle, that it is difficult to determine whether it be guilt or no; the temptations to yield are so complex, that it becomes a controversy whether to resist be better. The weaknesses are those to which a nature like Maggie's is peculiarly liable—not the less dangerous, because masked and intricate. The conflict between desire and duty—the desire being in itself perfectly legitimate, and the duty repugnant and oppressive—is the conflict which Maggie has to encounter. She does not win, and she is not altogether defeated. The proud beauty is humbled and brought low; but even in her bitterest abandonment she asserts a nobleness of nature which raises her above those who condemn her. It is a story of martyrdom—none the less touching because the martyr is not always strong, because the sensitive nerves shrink from the torture, because the feeble knees sometimes refuse to sustain the eager and soaring spirit.

Maggie the woman, is the development of the dark-eyed and rebellious child. "Magsie"—as her brother used to call her in their moments of childish reconciliation—has grown into a lovely girl, tall, dark, crowned with a circling coronet of jet-black hair; for the wild mane which she had shaken so defiantly at the world has been subdued, and is now the crowning charm of her rich and expressive beauty; and owning the eyes which captivate and madden mankind—"such eyes—defying and deprecating, contradicting and clinging, imperious and beseeching, full of delicious opposites." And the spirit is still the child's—there is the same deep necessity for loving, the same impetuous unrest, the same ungovernable sensibility. But as

her nature expands, the hard and crushing narrowness of her lot becomes more and more difficult to bear. She yearns for the finer and more open life beyond its borders. But her duty, as she reads it, requires her to renounce the world with which her own loftiest and most poetic instincts claim fellowship. On more than one occasion these motives come into sharp collision—sometimes she yields, sometimes she triumphs. This is the storm which wages in Maggie's heart all her life, and which, through its various issues, is traced with supreme truthfulness.

Twice Maggie is bitterly tempted—by her pity (for at bottom it is truly never more than pity) for Philip, and by her love for Stephen. Philip is the son of the man who has ruined her father. She knows that the parents of both would forbid the banns; yet, after a severe struggle, she consents to meet Philip, and confesses that she loves him. She yields to her intense longing for a larger life. Her father's querulous sense of failure, the mild irrationality of her mother, the meanness of the desolated home, were withering her mind, and crushing her heart; and the proud and lofty spirit could not endure the bonds which the disciple of *Thomas à Kempis*, in the ardor of renunciation, had tried to bind around her lithe limbs. Philip represents to her imagination that liberated life for which she yearns, and in which alone she can breathe freely. His conversation, his love, his quaint reveries, his animated pencil, open up to her a new world, warm with light and vivid with color—and she can not resist the temptation to enter. So she admits a ground of concealment into her life that hurts its simplicity and clearness. The rule of sacrifice ceases to be the rule of her conduct. She surrenders herself henceforth (as she feels with fruitless pain) to “the seductive guidance of illimitable wants.”

The same contest is renewed, in even more tragic fashion, when Maggie, in the pride of her mature beauty, fascinates Stephen Guest. Her hand is promised to Philip; Stephen is virtually engaged to Maggie's cousin, Lucy—a pretty, gentle, affectionate little soul. But the bitter god of love comes between the affianced lovers, and separates them. Maggie can not help loving Stephen. There is a richer, more complex music in his nature than in

Philip's—a poetic sensibility which attunes with her own, an intense enjoyment of the beautiful in life, to which her heart responds. The miserable fascination can not be resisted by either of them; and, in the fierce inward conflict which it arouses—for Maggie unites with a certain passionate abandonment the spiritual force of a woman who has held silent and protracted communings with pain—the great power of the writer is manifested. The interview at the ball, when the girl casts back with the ire and bitterness of shame the involuntary homage she has extorted, is rendered by its dramatic vigor and minute truthfulness singularly impressive.

But Maggie, subdued by this appealing love, can not be always strong; she loves Stephen, and she is forced to beg for pity, for mercy; to beseech him, *because* she loves him, to aid, and not to weaken, her resolution.

“He was looking eagerly at her face for the least sign of compliance; his large, firm, gentle grasp was on her hand. She was silent for a few moments, with her eyes fixed on the ground; then she drew a deep breath, and said, looking up at him with solemn sadness:

“Oh! it is difficult—life is very difficult. It seems right to me sometimes that we should follow our strongest feelings; but then, such feelings continually come across the ties that all our former life has made for us—the ties that have made others dependent on us—and would cut them in two. If life were quite easy and simple, as it might have been in paradise, and we could always see that one being first towards whom . . . I mean, if life did not make duties for us before love comes—love would be a sign that two people ought to belong to each other. But I see—I feel it is not so now; there are things we must renounce in life; some of us must resign love. Many things are difficult and dark to me; but I see one thing quite clearly—that I must not, can not seek my own happiness by sacrificing others. Love is natural; but surely pity and faithfulness and memory are natural too. And they would live in me still, and punish me if I did not obey them. I should be haunted by the suffering I had caused. Our love would be poisoned. Don't urge me; help me—help me, *because* I love you.”

How, without any volition of their own, the river bears the lovers to the sea, and forces upon them the wrong against which they have striven; how, for one brief hour, Maggie's resolution fails; how she yields to what seems the inevitable and irresistible; and how again she gathers up all the spiritual forces of her nature, and shakes herself free from the drowsy and

bewitching spell which had benumbed her faculties—reaching, ere the end comes, the highest levels of self-sacrifice—is told in language of surpassing beauty.

But we quarrel with the ending—not, indeed, because it is tragic, but because it is not the fit close to that keen, and subtle, and masterly analysis. A bit of melodrama at the finish is inappropriate and illogical. Nature, we may be sure, did not bring the tragedy to a close in that rough-and-ready fashion. She evoked a subtler issue—she tried a more intricate process of reparation. The author says finely, that it is often difficult to judge when life *must* go henceforth in a different direction from the best, (from the best, at least, which was possible once,) when the wrong-doing *must* be condoned. "The great problem of the shifting relation between passion and duty is clear to no man who is capable of apprehending it; the question whether the moment has come in which a man has fallen below the possibility of a renunciation that will carry any efficacy, and must accept the sway of a passion against which he has struggled as a trespass, is one for which we have no master-key that will suit all cases." True, such judgments are difficult; but, with all deference, we believe that a woman placed in Maggie's position would have instinctively felt that the time had come when she must marry Stephen. She had resisted. But the world, circumstances, her own weakness, (call it by what name we like,) had proved too strong for her. It was time to give in. Not that it can ever be right to give in to evil; but there was no absolute evil here—all the evil that could be done had been done. The two hearts that were bound up in them were already hurt and bleeding, well-nigh broken. Maggie was innocent, but her fair name was sullied. She loved Stephen more than she loved any other man; he loved her deeply and truly. Why should she renounce him? Could the renunciation bear any fruit? That is the question; for when it is fruitless, renunciation degenerates into asceticism. The man who practices a true self-denial restrains his inclinations, because he knows that his restraint will work good to others; but the ascetic *starves*, without purpose, a part of his nature. It is no doubt very humbling to feel that the time has come when, by our own act, (or, as in Maggie's case, because we have not re-

sisted day and night with all our might,) we are forced to take the path which we know is the lower or less noble one; but the discipline which teaches humility is not unpurifying. So Philip and Maggie should have been united—*were* united, if we read their story aright. No very vivid happiness, perhaps, was in store for them. A sense of defeat and failure, of the loss of that more excellent life which might have been theirs had they had courage for the sacrifice, abided with them. The vision of a still sorrowful face haunted them at times with its gentle reproach. But the great love which had taken them captive gave them shelter; under its boughs they walked on together—"through Eden took their solitary way"—hand in hand, and looking into eyes whose light, memories, that were once keen and stinging pains, had somewhat dimmed. But few eyes, owned by the men and women one knows, do not bear the traces of such pain; there are not many lives into which more of imperfection has not entered. We all carry the marks of these failures with us to our graves; and this consciousness of a fall from absolute goodness—this sense of loss, irretrievable, that can never be quite repaired in this world, is often supremely tragic—so tragic, that Tragedy herself, "sweeping by in scaptered pall," need not scruple to use it.

Maggie's relation to her brother is another center of interest; and the contrast between the two is very skillfully sustained. Tom is one of those intolerable men we have all met—who are always superficially right, and fundamentally wrong. Even as a boy he is a somewhat Rhadamanthine personage, determined to punish every one who deserves punishment, but sure that he himself never can deserve it. His rigid purpose, his inflexible will, his silent vindictiveness, his hard unloving righteousness, do not constitute a very amiable character. Such a man never gets into a scrape; yet we feel that it would be better for him if he did; for that confident integrity, that icy and repellent probity, is really, when analyzed, just one of the many disguises which selfishness assumes. It is, of course, impossible for Tom to understand his sister. He thinks her weak, vacillating, and untrustworthy. He is below feeling the imperious sensibilities, the fine mental needs, which are the source of her wrong-doing. He means to do her justice—he is always

bitterly just; but it is the justice which is meted out by a man who has never felt the need of mercy and is therefore a justice essentially inhuman. Maggie, who is devoted to her brother, resents his harsh treatment of her—in childhood, in an uneasy, inarticulate way, and believing that she herself is at fault, but learning as she grows up, that it is his narrowness, as much as her own weakness, that is to blame. At length they come into angry collision. Tom has spoken with cruel rudeness to Philip, has made Maggie promise not to see her lover again, and the hurt and indignant soul of the girl can not be any longer silent:

"Tom and Maggie walked on in silence for some yards. He was still holding her wrist tightly, as if he were compelling a culprit from the scene of action. At last Maggie, with a violent snatch, drew her hand away, and her pent-up, long-gathered irritation burst into utterance.

"Don't suppose that I think you are right, Tom, or that I bow to your will. I despise the feelings you have shown in speaking to Philip; I detest your insulting unmanly allusions to his deformity. You have been reproaching other people all your life—you have been always sure you yourself are right; it is because you have not a mind large enough to see that there is any thing better than your own conduct and your own petty aims."

"Certainly," said Tom coolly. "I don't see that your conduct is better, or your aims either. If your conduct, and Philip Wakem's conduct, has been right, why are you ashamed of its being known? Answer me that. I know what I have aimed at in my conduct, and I've succeeded. Pray, what good has your conduct brought to you or any one else?"

"I don't want to defend myself," said Maggie, still with vehemence: "I know I've been wrong—often, continually. But yet, sometimes when I have done wrong, it has been because I have feelings that you would be the better for, if you had them. If you were in fault ever—if you had done any thing very wrong, I should be sorry for the pain it brought you; I should not want punishment to be heaped on you. But you have always enjoyed punishing me—you have always been hard and cruel to me. Even when I was a little girl, and always loved you better than any one else in the world, you would let me go crying to bed without forgiving me. You have no pity; you have no sense of your own imperfection and your own sins. It is a sin to be hard; it is not fitting for a mortal—for a Christian. You are nothing but a Pharisee. You thank God for nothing but your own virtues—you think they are great enough to win you every thing else. You have not even a vision of feelings by the side of which your shining virtues are mere darkness!"

So the two are henceforth separated—Maggie seeing more and more clearly how faulty that narrow nature is, how hard and unloving the judgment it passes upon erring mortals is, resenting that judgment and rebelling against it with all the strength of her womanhood; Tom more and more confident in the rectitude of his intentions, and in the inflexible theory of life in which he has been nurtured. He is always successful; no failure shakes him adrift from his moorings, or teaches him a wider and kindlier wisdom. He regards with cold scorn his sister's failures, with pitiless wrath his sister's disgrace; and it is not until the end that his eyes are opened, and that the true superiority of that richer, purer, and more noble nature is seen by him as it ought to be seen. Then—in that last supreme agony of their lives—he learns how entirely he has misjudged her:

"It was not till Tom had pushed off and they were on the wide water—he face to face with Maggie—that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. It came with so overpowering a force—it was such a new revelation to his spirit, of the depths in life, that had lain beyond his vision which he had fancied so keen and clear—that he was unable to ask a question. They sat mutely gazing at each other; Maggie with eyes of intense life looking out from a weary, beaten face—Tom pale with a certain awe and humiliation. Thought was busy though the lips were silent: and though he could ask no question, he guessed a story of almost miraculous divinely protected effort. But at last a mist gathered over the blue-gray eyes, and the lips found a word they could utter: the old childish—"Magsie!"

Here we must leave them. We hope that we have explained pretty clearly the purpose of this book, and the moral difficulties which it touches. They are difficulties which need to be conned by all of us—specially belonging, as they do, to an age like the present, when duty has lost its simplicity, and material forces govern the world. That they are probed by a hand which seldom falters, by a judgment supremely impartial, and by a genius vivid and intense, the sketch we have given, and the extracts we have made, amply suffice to prove.

We have said that Nathaniel Hawthorne may be taken as the representative of what we have called the secondary order of the imagination. Many readers, we know, will resent the award. The

grave sympathy, the homely insight, the classic Puritanism, the rich and meditative intellect, have commended their owner to a multitude of admirers, and kept a place of kindly greeting for him in many hearts and by many fire-sides. Nor can it be denied that his imagination is vivid and affluent, and capable of sustaining an impassioned and lofty flight. It is perhaps hardly fair, moreover, to assert without qualification, that the imagination, which takes the color of what it feeds on, is necessarily inferior. The question is still an "open" one—one on which the Cabinet is divided; and though, for our own part, we have never doubted that the tranquil supremacy of the "Shakespearean" mind represents the very highest type, yet we all know that treatises have been written to prove the reverse. But to the class we have described—whether first-class or second-class—Mr. Hawthorne belongs. At present Rome masters him; he has been subdued by the vanquished Queen of Christendom. Nor need we wonder at this. Stronger men have yielded to the fascination. Uncrowned, disheveled, and forlorn, she yet remembers a spell taught her in the old pagan ages, which takes us captive, and binds our hearts to her forever.

Mr. Hawthorne is an admirable writer; but his style (where both are so preëminently good) is curiously unlike that of the lady of whose works we have spoken. *Hers* has a crystal-like purity; his is dyed with rich and vivid colors. The rhetoric of *Adam Bede*, untouched by the heart or the imagination, might become bald; with these—exactly as we have it, in short—it is the perfection of natural eloquence. But even without original thought or deep feeling, Mr. Hawthorne's style—rich, fragrant, and mixed with flowers of many hues, like Attic honey—would be always delightful. Even in this matter of language the contrast we have insisted upon asserts itself; while, as respects the relative power of these writers to delineate *character*, the evidence is still more decisive. In the one book it grows like a flower; in the other, it is constructed like a machine. Mr. Hawthorne, starting with some moral or intellectual conception, adapts his characters to it, fits them into the frame-work he has prepared, and expands or compresses them until they fill the mold. Thus there is in his representations a

want of the ease, *abandon*, and lawlessness of life—they are too symmetrical to be natural, too exact to be true. A character may accidentally or incidentally illustrate a law; but the writer who models the character upon the law, produces a moral or intellectual monster. If there are no actual "monsters" in *Transformation*, there is at least very little flesh and blood in it—very little except the affluent fancy, the fine analysis, and the perfect taste, of an admirable *critic*; no life, but only a great deal of very delightful talk about life. Gazing on these statuesque figures, we are never perplexed by the controversy that troubled Leontes:

"Still, methinks

There is an air comes from her; what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath?"

As a guide to Rome, no pleasanter than Mr. Hawthorne could be wished. To pilgrims, like ourselves, who have trod the dust of the Holy City, and on whom the spell of her widowed beauty rests, his romance recalls vividly the associations and incidents of that delightful life. Our readers will thank us for a glimpse or two, through Mr. Hawthorne's spectacles, into these world-famous churches and galleries.

THE DYING GLADIATOR.*

"I used to admire this statue exceedingly, but latterly, I find myself getting weary and annoyed that the man should be such a length of time leaning on his arm in the very act of death. If he is so terribly hurt, why does he not sink down and die without further ado? Flitting moments, imminent emergencies, im-

* Mr. Hawthorne entertains a very high idea of the value of the artist's work. His remarks upon the functions of the sculptor are very eloquent—as eloquent as any thing Mr. Ruskin has said on the subject: "A sculptor, indeed, to meet the demands which our preconceptions make upon him, should be even more indispensably a poet than those who deal in measured verse and rhyme. His material, or instrument, which serves him in the stead of shifting and transitory language, is a pure, white, undecaying substance. It insures immortality to whatever is wrought in it, and therefore makes it a religious obligation to commit no idea to its mighty guardianship, save such as may repay the marble for its faithful care, its incorruptible fidelity, by warming it with an ethereal life. Under this aspect, marble assumes a sacred character: and no man should dare to touch it unless he feels within himself a certain consecration and a priesthood, the only evidence of which, for the public eye, will be the high treatment of heroic subjects, or the delicate evolution of spiritual, through material beauty."

perceptible intervals between two breaths, ought not to be incrustated with the eternal repose of marble; in any sculptural subject, there should be a moral stand-still, since there must of necessity be a physical one. Otherwise it is like flinging a block of marble up into the air, and by some trick or enchantment, causing it to stick there. You feel that it ought to come down, and are dissatisfied that it does not obey the natural law."

THE LAOCOON.

"Nothing pleased him, unless it were the group of the Laocoon, which, in its immortal agony, impressed Kenyon as a type of the long, fierce struggle of man, involved in the knotted entanglements of Error and Evil, those two snakes, which if no divine help intervene, will be sure to strangle him and his children in the end. What he most admired was the strange calmness diffused through this bitter strife; so that it resembled the rage of the sea, made calm by its immensity, or the tumult of Niagara, which ceases to be tumult because it lasts forever. Thus, in the Laocoon, the horror of a moment grew to be the fate of interminable ages. Kenyon looked upon the group as the one triumph of sculpture, creating the repose, which is essential to it, in the very acme of turbulent effort; but in truth, it was his mood of unwonted despondency that made him so sensitive to the terrible magnificence, as well as to the sad moral, of this work."

GUIDO'S BEATRICE.

"The picture represented simply a female head; a very youthful, girlish, perfectly beautiful face, enveloped in white drapery, from beneath which strayed a lock or two of what seemed a rich, though hidden luxuriance of auburn hair. The eyes were large and brown, and met those of the spectator, but evidently with a strange, ineffectual effort to escape. There was a little redness about the eyes, very slightly indicated, so that you would question whether or no the girl had been weeping. The whole face was quiet; there was no distortion or disturbance of any single feature; nor was it easy to see why the expression was not cheerful, or why a single touch of the artist's pencil should not brighten it into joyousness. But in fact, it was the very saddest picture ever painted or conceived; it involved an unfathomable depth of sorrow, the sense of which came to the observer by a sort of intuition. It was a sorrow that removed this beautiful girl out of the sphere of humanity, and set her in a far-off region, the remoteness of which—while yet her face is so close before us—makes us shiver as at a specter."

THE RUINS OF ROME.

"The Italian climate, moreover, robs age of its reverence, and makes it look newer than it is. Not the Coliseum, nor the tombs of the Apian Way, nor the oldest pillar in the Forum, nor any other Roman ruin, be it as dilapidated

as it may, ever give the impression of venerable antiquity which we gather, along with the ivy, from the gray walls of an English abbey or castle. And yet every brick or stone which we pick up among the former, had fallen ages before the foundation of the latter was begun. This is owing to the kindness with which Nature takes an English ruin to her heart, covering it with ivy, as tenderly as Robin Redbreast covered the dead babes with forest-leaves. She strives to make it a part of herself, gradually obliterating the handiwork of man, and supplanting it with her own mosses and trailing verdure, till she has won the whole structure back. But in Italy, whenever man has once hewn a stone, Nature forthwith relinquishes her right to it, and never lays her finger on it again. Age after age finds it bare and naked, in the barren sunshine, and leaves it so."

ST. PETER'S.

"One afternoon, as Hilda entered Saint Peter's in somber mood, its interior beamed upon her with all the effect of a new creation. It seemed an embodiment of whatever the imagination could conceive, or the heart desire, as a magnificent, comprehensive, majestic symbol of religious faith. All splendor was included within its verge, and there was space for all. She gazed with delight even at the multiplicity of ornament. She was glad at the cherubim that fluttered upon the pilasters, and of the marble doves, hovering unexpectedly, with green olive-branches of precious stones. She could spare nothing, now, of the manifold magnificence that had been lavished, in a hundred places, richly enough to have made world-famous shrines in any other church, but which here melted away into the vast, sunny breadth, and were of no separate account. Yet each contributed its little all towards the grandeur of the whole. . . . The pavement! it stretched out illimitably, a plain of many-colored marble, where thousands of worshipers might kneel together, and shadowless angels tread among them without brushing their heavenly garments against those earthly ones. The roof! the dome! Rich, gorgeous, filled with sunshine, cheerfully sublime, and fadeless after centuries, those lofty depths seemed to translate the heavens to mortal comprehension, and help the spirit upward to a yet higher and wider sphere. Must not the faith that built this matchless edifice, and warmed, illuminated, and overflowed from it, include whatever can satisfy human aspirations at the loftiest, or minister to human necessity at the sorest? If religion had a material home, was it not here?"

Of the strange story which binds these charming criticisms together, we have not time to speak at length. Only let it be noted that one trait very characteristic of Mr. Hawthorne's habit of thought reappears. Those who have read *The House with the Seven Gables*, and *The*

Scarlet Letter, (the latter by far the most powerful and sustained imaginative effort that Mr. Hawthorne has yet made,) will understand to what we allude. His fictions have, almost without exception, a peculiar *background*. The common-place events of the present are shrouded in the ghost-like shadows of the past. The influences of the dead haunt and afflict the footsteps of living men. This new English earth has seen the Indian and the Puritan, and Monarchy and Revolution; and two centuries of English civilization and English crime can not be lightly lost. It is the moral feeling, however, that he communicates to this association which is most peculiar to himself. The crime of yesterday is curiously interwrought with the retribution of to-day. It follows the present with menacing tenacity, and clings to it with an immitigable grasp. It is continually rising up in judgment against us. Why do the bright eyes lose their luster, and why are the rosy lips paled, and how has a dark shadow fallen upon the fair brow of the young girl—darker than is meet for the blooming youth of an English maiden? We are told that her health is delicate and uncertain; and we know that her mother died of the same mysterious blight. Mr. Hawthorne finds another explanation—an explanation not indorsed by the Faculty. It is the *family curse*—the cruel sin of the grim Puritan grandfather—that falls upon the maiden's head, and spoils her innocent youth. And so in *Transformation*, the Count of Monte Bene represents the pleasant rural life of old Etruria, and inherits the playful, unreflective virtues of the ancestor who had piped to the Nymphs and caroused with Pan, "while Italy was yet guiltless of Rome." The marble of Praxiteles preserves to us in unfaded youth the form of this sylvan Sire; and with Mr. Hawthorne's picture of the famous statue—striking as it does, the key-note to his story—we take our leave of a capricious and fantastic, but captivating romance:

"The Faun is the marble image of a young man, leaning his right arm on the trunk or stump of a tree; one hand hangs carelessly by his side; in the other he holds the fragment of a pipe, or some such sylvan instrument of music. His only garment—a lion's skin, with the claws upon his shoulder—falls half-way down his back, leaving the limbs and entire front of the figure nude. The form thus displayed is marvelous-

ly graceful, but has a fuller and more rounded outline, more flesh, and less of heroic muscle than the old sculptors were wont to assign to their types of masculine beauty. The character of the face corresponds with the figure; it is most agreeable in outline and feature, but rounded and somewhat voluptuously developed, especially about the throat and chin; the nose is almost straight, but very slightly curves inward, thereby acquiring an indescribable charm of geniality and humor. The mouth, with its full yet delicate lips, seems so nearly to smile outright, that it calls forth a responsive smile. The whole statue—unlike any thing else that ever was wrought in that severe material of marble—conveys the idea of an amiable and sensual creature, easy, mirthful, apt for jollity, yet not incapable of being touched by pathos. It is impossible to gaze long at this stone image without conceiving a kindly sentiment towards it, as if its substance were warm to the touch, and imbued with actual life. It comes very close to some of our pleasantest sympathies.

"Perhaps it is the very lack of moral severity, of any high and heroic ingredient in the character of the Faun, that makes it so delightful an object to the human eye and to the frailty of the human heart. The being here represented is endowed with no principle of virtue, and would be incapable of comprehending such; but he would be true and honest by dint of his simplicity. We should expect from him no sacrifice or effort for an abstract cause; there is not an atom of martyr's stuff in all that softened marble; but he has a capacity for strong and warm attachment, and might act devotedly through its impulse, and even die for it at need. It is possible, too, that the Faun might be educated through the medium of his emotions, so that the coarser animal portion of his nature might eventually be thrown into the background, though never utterly expelled.

"The animal nature, indeed, is a most essential part of the Faun's composition; for the characteristics of the brute creation meet and combine with those of humanity in this strange yet true and natural conception of antique poetry and art. Praxiteles has subtly diffused throughout his work that mute mystery which so hopelessly perplexes us whenever we attempt to gain an intellectual or sympathetic knowledge of the lower orders of creation. The riddle is indicated, however, only by two definite signs; these are the two ears of the Faun, which are leaf-shaped, terminating in little peaks, like those of some species of animals. Though not so seen in the marble, they are probably to be considered as clothed in fine, downy fur. In the coarser representations of this class of mythological creatures, there is another token of brute kindred—a certain caudal appendage; which if the Faun of Praxiteles must be supposed to possess it at all, is hidden by the lion's skin that forms his garment. The pointed and furry ears, therefore, are the sole indications of his wild, forest nature.

"Only a sculptor of the finest imagination,

the most delicate taste, the sweetest feeling, and the rarest artistic skill—in a word, a sculptor and a poet too—could have first dreamed of a Faun in this guise, and then have succeeded in imprisoning the sportive and frisky thing in marble. Neither man nor animal, and yet no monster; but a being in whom both races meet on friendly ground! The idea grows coarse as we handle it, and hardens in our grasp. But, if the spectator broods long over the statue, he will be conscious of its spell; all the pleasant-

ness of sylvan life, all the genial and happy characteristics of creatures that dwell in woods and fields, will seem to be mingled and kneaded into one substance, along with the kindred qualities in the human soul. Trees, grass, flowers, woodland streamlets, cattle, deer, and unsophisticated man! The essence of all these was compressed long ago, and still exists within that discolored marble surface of the Faun of Praxiteles."

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE EXPECTED RETURN OF THE COMET OF CHARLES V.

Two of the most remarkable comets that are mentioned in history—or, more probably, two appearances of the same comet—are those of the years 1556 and 1264; and the coincidence of elements, (to use the proper astronomical term,) calculated on the observations which have been recorded, has led to the conclusion that the comet of 1556 is identical with that of 1264, and may be expected to return after its long travel of three hundred years.

It has therefore become, for some time past, extremely interesting to anticipate the probable reappearance of this ancient wanderer of space. Antiquity, speculation, and, in some minds perhaps, even a degree of dread, have concurred to give interest to the expectation of beholding a comet which was last seen more than three centuries ago amidst great perturbations in Europe, and which, having shortly preceded the abdication of the Emperor Charles V., came to be distinguished by his name. When the comet which is now visible first appeared, it was thought possible that this visitant might be the great comet in question; but Mr. J. R. Hind took an early opportunity to state that the elements have no resemblance.

Mr. Hind published in 1848 a pamphlet, in which he stated the result of elaborate calculations into which he had en-

tered, and the whole data on which the identity of the comet of 1556 with that of 1264, has been inferred, and which have been regarded by himself, and also by Sir John Herschel and other astronomers, as strongly in favor of such identity. Mr. Hind added a concise history of former appearances of comets in the middle ages; and the probability that, in 1264 and 1556, the world beheld apparitions of one and the same comet, is (in the language of Sir John Herschel) further increased by the fact of a comet of similar orbit, with a tail forty degrees in length, and a head brilliant enough to be visible after sunrise, having appeared at a nearly similar interval, namely, in the year 975, and of the Chinese annalists having observed comets in the years 395 and 104. It is true that if these were appearances of the same comet, its mean period would be somewhat short of two hundred and ninety-two years, (the interval between its last and last preceding appearance;) "but the effect of planetary perturbations," says Herschel, "might reconcile even greater differences."

Some of the English monastic historians, especially William of Malmesbury and Florence of Worcester, on the authority of some Saxon writer or writers unknown, record the appearance of a comet during the autumn of the year 975, which was visible for about eighty days.

This recorded comet has, in the opinion of Mr. Hind, a great analogy to the one in question, and is very probably the same comet which appeared in 1264.

The comet of 1556 was observed by Fabricius, astronomer at the court of the Emperor Charles V., at Vienna; and his original observations, together with a chart of the comet's path, were recently discovered; as were also a longer series of observations by Heller, of Nurnberg, embracing a period of fifty-three days—the time for which, as it would seem, the comet remained visible on its last visit, it having been seen early in March, and remained visible until late in April. From the data previously known, Richard Dunthorne, (an English astronomer,) Halley, and Monsieur Pingré, the French astronomer, and more lately Mr. Hind himself, concluded that one and the same comet appeared in 1556 and 1264, and might be expected to reappear after the lapse of a similar interval, (1848,) and the subsequently recovered observations are said to confirm, in a very remarkable manner, the results which had been deduced by Mr. Hind. Meantime, Monsieur Bomme, a Dutch astronomer, undertook the laborious work of calculating what changes the orbit of the comet would undergo in consequence of perturbations by the planets; and his conclusion was recently stated by the Rev. Professor Chevallier, of Durham, to be such as to account for the non-appearance of the comet in 1848. The Dutch astronomer computes its return to have been retarded for ten years and a half by those perturbations, or until the close of 1858; and referring to that calculation, the Durham professor said in December, 1856, that "there is a high probability that the comet will reappear within perhaps two years of the period it assigns." It is proper to quote here what Mr. Hind has said on this subject since the publication of his pamphlet. When the comet that appeared in August, 1853, became visible without a telescope, Sir W. R. Hamilton, in a letter published in the Dublin papers at the time, hinted at the possibility of that visitant being the comet of a long period that was expected by Mr. Hind, who thereupon took the opportunity to explain that the elements of the orbits have no resemblance; and he adds, "the comet referred to will probably reappear between the years 1858 and 1861, and if the perihelion passage

take place during the summer months, we may expect to see a body of far more imposing aspect than the one at present visible."

This comet of August, 1853, afforded an example of the enormous volume of cometary matter; the bright nucleus had an *actual* diameter about equal to that of the earth, while the tail had a length of four million five hundred thousand miles, and a breadth greater than the distance separating the moon and the earth.

The probable aspect and character of the expected comet is not entirely matter of speculation. Nearly all historians who have written on events of the thirteenth century (some of whom were eye-witnesses of the facts they relate) mention the comet of 1264 as a great and splendid object. The terms in which it is referred to indicate that, in apparent size and brilliancy, it must at all events have far surpassed any comet previously seen by the observers. Matthew Paris, the historian monk of St. Albans, says it rose in the east with great splendor, and its tail stretched past the mid-heavens towards the west. It was observed by the Chinese astronomers also; but neither Matthew Paris nor the Chinese astronomers afford any thing more definite as to its apparent magnitude. When seen in 1556 the apparent diameter of the nucleus was about half that of the moon, and the tail was of such length as to astonish and terrify beholders. If the comet has not much diminished in brilliancy since the times when its bright nucleus and luminous train alarmed our forefathers—if, in fact, old age shall not have told upon its constitution, and time have thinned its flowing hair—the comet will present an imposing object in our summer evenings, especially if its perihelion passage should occur in the month of July; still it has been doubted whether it will equal in brilliancy Donati's comet, which formed so splendid and conspicuous an object in the evening sky during its perihelion passage about Michaelmas, 1858.* Mr. Hind states that, when the comet shall have passed its perihelion and be receding from the sun, it will pass within the earth's orbit near to that part traversed by the earth in the month of September; so that if the comet should be moving in that

* Its distance at that time from the sun was computed at 55,000,000 miles.

part of its orbit in the autumn, it will probably appear as a very large one, and at the beginning of September we should be distant from it about thirty-five millions of miles. In 1264, the distance of the comet from the earth seems to have been greater, or three fifths of the mean distance of the earth from the sun.

But although the reappearance of the comet supposed to be now on its way to visit us would establish its identity with the comet of 975, 1264, and 1556, and the wondrous fact that we may add to the list of known comets a body which revisits our solar system in a period little short of three hundred years, a still more extraordinary comet is known to astronomers—namely, the comet which was observed, for the fourth time, in 1680, its apparitions being separated by no less than five hundred and seventy-four years. This comet is considered (and, as Sir John Herschel remarks, with the highest appearance of probability) to be identical with a magnificent comet observed at Constantinople and in Palestine, and referred by contemporary historians, both European and Chinese, to the year 1105; with the comet of the time of Justinian, (539,) which was seen at noonday close to the sun; with the famous “Julian Star,” or comet of the year 43 B.C., which was also observed in the day-time, recorded by Pliny to have appeared after the death of Caesar, while the Emperor Augustus was celebrating the games of Venus Genetrix in Caesar’s honor; and, finally, though on merely conjectural grounds, with two other comets, mention of which occurs in the Sibylline oracles and in a passage of Homer, and which are referred—as well as the obscurity of chronology and the indications themselves will allow—to the years 618 and 1194 B.C. “Halley’s comet,” the comet of 1682, (the only known periodical comet which is to retrograde, that is to say, which moves in a direction opposite to that of the planets about the sun,) may likewise be traced back in history to a very early period, the eleventh year before Christ, and is perhaps more remarkable than the “Julian Star” for the terror it has occasioned. It was believed to presage the success of the Norman arms at the battle of Hastings; and in 1456 this comet—shaped like a scimitar—frightened alike the Turkish and the Christian host, but was made memorable by the sanguinary defeat of the Crescent before

Belgrade. But the apparitions of the comet whose return is now expected were likewise omens of evil to the superstitious beholder. Its appearance in 975, the year in which Edward the Martyr began the brief reign that was so soon terminated by the Danes, was observed to be immediately followed by the death of John Zimisceus, Emperor of the East; in 1264 it disappeared (on the second of October) when Pope Urban IV. died; and, in 1556, Charles V. is said to have regarded it as a presage of his approaching death, a fancy which, according to some historians, contributed to his abdication of the imperial crown in favor of his son Ferdinand, he having already renounced the crown of Spain in favor of Philip. But times and opinions have changed, and now the comet’s fiery train will not “shed terror on gazing nations.”

It is not by any means as a subject of antiquarian curiosity only, or on account of the brilliant spectacle which comets occasionally afford, that so much interest appertains to them. To astronomers they have become, (as Sir John Herschel remarks,) through the medium of exact calculation, unexpected instruments of inquiry into points connected with the planetary system itself. Thus, for example, the movements of the comet of Encke (so minutely and perseveringly traced by the eminent astronomer whose name is used to distinguish it) have afforded ground for believing in the existence of a resisting medium, filling the whole of our system, and the perturbation which comets experience in passing near any of the planets has afforded information as to the magnitude of the disturbing masses.

Although the motions of comets are known to be regulated by the same general laws as those of the planets, and most comets likewise move in elliptical orbits, those orbits (the reader need not be reminded) are much more elongated than the planetary orbits, and of peculiar form. Thus, with regard to the comet now expected, its perihelion distance is 48,000,000 miles, but it recedes to the inconceivable distance of 8,300,000,000 at its greatest elongation, while the breadth of the minor axis of this orbit is 1,260,000,000 miles. A calculation has been made which conduces to an idea of the magnitude of this orbit; the comet will take a year to reach a distance equal to that of Jupiter from the sun, and thirty years to reach the dis-

tance of Neptune, the most remote of the known planets of our solar system, but it will not have attained the extreme limit of its orbit for a hundred and twenty years more—a distance which a traveler, at twenty miles an hour, could not reach under twenty thousand years. Well may comets,

their physical constitution, their office in the universe, their magnitude, their wondrous movements, their singularity and mystery, and their periodical return from such regions of unknown worlds and starry depths of space, afford a perpetual stimulus to our curiosity and admiration!

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THE GREAT ARMADA FIGHT. — NO. II.*

THE history of English maritime enterprise is the brightest page of a brilliant story. The roots of our naval supremacy stretch far back into Norman, Danish, and even Saxon times. In truth, it runs in the blood. There never was a time when the English were not daring and successful sea-rovers. From Beowulf to Nelson it is the same tale. The Vikings live again in the exploits of our great Admirals. The Englishman is conscious of an at-home-ness on the stormy ocean, which is unshared by any other people in the world. The age of Elizabeth opens a new era in our naval history. The seamanship of England broke out in her reign in a series of the most daring and consummate exploits recorded in history. In a former paper, I have described the exploration of the Arctic Seas by her mariners. In that cradle was nursed some of the courage and seamanship which shone so conspicuously in the defeat of the Armada. In 1576 Frobisher sailed to the Arctic Seas to force a new path to Cathay. Two boats, "between twenty and twenty-five tunne a-piece," were all that he thought needful to battle with perils, which all the resources of the English Navy have since been tasked to meet. He was moved, he tells us, by a gallant hardihood, "as it was the only thing in the world left undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate." In 1585 John Davis discovered Davis' Strait, and reached 78° north, in the Moonshine, a little bark of thirty-

five tons. Meanwhile, a greater man than either of these had made a grander exploration, which opened up the world to British enterprise and skill. The desperate attempt to force a passage to the N.E. and N.W. arose from the fear that the English Navy would never be able to cope with the great armaments of Spain and Portugal in the broad ocean. It was thought by our merchants that their only chance of trade was in the discovery of an independent track. A few casual encounters between English and Spanish ships had a little shaken that opinion; and about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the idea began to dawn on the minds of our sea-captains that they need not fear to meet any armament in the world, even on the high seas. It was Drake and Hawkins chiefly who let this light in upon the nation. In 1573 Drake made a most successful expedition to the West-Indies; having first justified his somewhat piratical foray by the judgment of a pliant chaplain, "That as he had lost a considerable sum by the treacherous dealings of the Spaniards, he was justified in repaying himself out of their treasure any where about the world." Drake, who had something of the Puritan about him, joined with the sea-rover, doubtless found comfort in the clerical license—a kind of letter of marque sealed in the chancery of heaven—but I suspect, on the whole,

"The good old rule contented him,
The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can."

* See August Number, page 485.

It is a rule which prevails much in a simple state of society, and in such a state is the only practical solution of many of the vexed questions of the time. In that expedition, from the top of a hill or tree, on the isthmus, he caught sight of the Pacific Ocean; and, falling on his knees, vowed by God's help to bear the English flag into those unknown seas. In 1577 he sailed, with five little ships and one hundred and sixty men, on his memorable enterprise. In a former paper I have given some sketch of his voyage round the world. His hardy seamanship, his masterly command of men, his utter contempt for any number of Spanish ships, and his burning hate against the Spaniard for the cruelties and brutalities which daily came under his eye, are most conspicuous. In three years he returned with but one ship out of the five, with eight hundred thousand pounds of booty, and the glory of being the first sea-captain who had circumnavigated the world. His return to London was a great triumph; he became at once the most renowned mariner of his time; and he planted an intense hatred and contempt of the Spaniard, and an assurance of superiority, in the breasts of all the great seamen of his day. Raleigh, Gilbert, Grenville, I must not even mention, but pass on to the year 1587, when the magnitude and object of the Armada became patent to all the world. Then Drake, by the Queen's commission, set forth to delay, if possible, the sailing of the fleet for another year; it might be that he would cripple it altogether. The whole expedition is one of the most daring and successful on record. His old contempt for the Spaniards led him, with his thirty ships, in the most reckless manner, into the Spanish ports. One of the ships only was the Queen's; the rest were furnished by the merchants of London, partly as a private venture, and partly for the public good. He dashed into Cadiz, where a fleet was waiting to join the Armada, and destroyed every ship—in number, it is said, not less than one hundred—with two large galleons. Thence to the Tagus, where he challenged Santa Cruz, at the head of the main body of the Armada, to come out and fight him, with his thirty ships; which the Spaniard, knowing well what a dare-devil he had to deal with, most wisely declined. Thence having humbled the Spaniard in his own ports, to the Azores,

where he captured an immense galleon laden with treasure; on board which he found most valuable maps and charts of the Indian seas. These proved most useful in opening up the unknown tracks of the Spanish commerce to our sailors. According to Camden, it led to the formation of our East-India Company. Then "having," as he says, with grim humor, "sing'd the King of Spain's beard," he returned home, "laden," as he writes to Lord Burleigh, "with as much honor and victory as any man in the world could wish for." His expedition was the salvation of England. It truly decided the fate of the Armada. But his letter to the Government, printed in "Strype," contained the most grave and statesmanlike advice. "It is very necessary," he says, "that all possible preparations for defense be speedily made." Burleigh had full information from his agents in the chief Spanish ports; and in November, 1587, the Queen summoned a Special Council to consider of the defense of the realm. Of the eight able men called to the Council, Grenville, Raleigh, and Norris are the best known. In the Spanish Council, Camden tells us, there was high debate. Some advised a preliminary expedition from Flanders, to seize and hold some port in Holland or Zealand, where the Armada might disembark the troops. Others opposed it strongly. Fortunately for us, though Parma and Santa Cruz strenuously urged the proposal, the adverse opinion prevailed. It was resolved to sail up-channel, effect a junction with Parma off the coast of Flanders, and, disembarking the army at the mouth of the Thames, march on London, and finish the war at a blow. This was probably the very worst plan which could possibly have been proposed. The Queen's Council, within a brief space, put the whole kingdom into a most complete and admirable state of defense. The enthusiasm was boundless, and the judgment of those at the head of affairs masterly. Among Lord Burleigh's state papers there is a most important document, in which every ship and every troop raised for the defense of the country is, with most elaborate detail, set forth. But there was a prior question with the Queen's advisers, should the main defense be by land or sea. The question was warmly debated. Raleigh's strenuous reasoning seems mainly to have led to the decision that, as with

Athens of old, the chief trust of England should be in her ships. Still the land rose up in complete defense; England sheathed herself in steel to meet the great crisis of her history; one hundred and thirty thousand men, besides the Londoners, who were a host in themselves, armed for war. The organization was so complete, that, as a Spanish spy writes to the Ambassador in Paris, "a force of twenty thousand men could be concentrated in forty-eight hours upon any part of the coast which might be threatened, under leaders of renown and skill." Twenty-two thousand foot and 2000 horse were stationed at Tilbury to guard the mouth of the river; while 29,000 men and 10,000 Londoners were stationed nearer to the city to protect the capital and the person of the Queen. But the chief interest of the struggle is naval, and to that we will now proceed. It is difficult to discover accurately the extent of Philip's preparations. According to a Spanish account which was disseminated in Europe, and which is probably the most trustworthy, the numbers stood thus: 130 ships, of the aggregate burden of 57,868 tons; 19,295 soldiers; 8450 sailors; 2088 slaves; 2630 pieces of ordnance; and immense military and naval stores. Eighty more ships are said afterwards to have joined. Meanwhile the Prince of Parma had 30,000 picked troops ready to embark in Flanders, and great supplies of flat-bottomed boats, and all the munitions of war. Guise, moreover, promised to march 12,000 men into Normandy, to be transported by the Armada to England.

The English force we know accurately. In the Queen's navy there were just thirty-four ships, of the aggregate burden of 12,100 tons, carrying 6225 men. Two only of these ships reached 1000 tons. The largest, the *Triumph*, commanded by Frobisher, was 1100 tons. The Admiral was in the *Ark Royal*, of 800 tons; Drake, Vice-Admiral, was in the *Revenge*, of 500 tons, while the *Victory*, of 800, carried stout John Hawkins to the fight. One hundred and fifty-seven merchant-ships completed the navy. I have gone carefully through the list. Sixteen only of these reached one hundred tons—not one reached two hundred. The men on board the whole fleet numbered 15,772; its tonnage was 31,985 tons. The supreme command was conferred on Lord Charles Howard, a man far more fitted than

Drake for the command-in-chief. Camden says of him: "Of whose fortunate conduct the Queen had great persuasion, whom she knew by his moderate and noble carriage to be skillful in sea matters, wary and provident, valiant and courageous, industrious and active, and of great personal authority and esteem among the seamen of the Navy." It is not a little remarkable that he was a Catholic. It was a noble trust which the Queen reposed, and right nobly was it repaid. Burleigh, cautious as he was bound to be, seems to have had his doubts. He seems to have solicited Drake's opinion of the Admiral, of whom in June, 1588, Drake nobly writes thus: "I do assure your good lordship, and protest it before God, that I find my Lord-Admiral so well affected for all honorable service in this action, that it doth assure all his followers of good successes and the hope of victory." The fleet was thus distributed. Lord Henry Seymour was stationed with forty ships to keep the coast of Flanders in strict blockade; while Howard, with Drake as Vice-Admiral, closed the mouth of the English Channel with the main body of the fleet. Amidst the hum of this vast preparation the new year's morning dawned. It is said that, a hundred years before, an astronomer of Konigsberg foretold that "1588 would be an admirable year, and the climacterical year of the world." This was about right. Of the spirit of the English people we have the most abundant evidence. The Queen, in a letter to the Lords-Lieutenant of Hampshire, puts the simple question:

"Every man's particular state in the highest degree will be touched, in respect of country, liberty, wives, children, lands, lives, and (which was especially to be regarded) the profession of the true and sincere religion of Christ." "*Wherefore,*" in a word, O Englishmen! "*QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, AND FIGHT.*" And nothing loth was England. Hear this testimony from Stow:

"It was a pleasant sight to behold the soldiers as they marched to Tilburie, their cheerful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wherever they came. In the camp their most felicity was in the hope of fighting the enemy, where oftentimes divers rumors ran of their foe's approach, and that present battle would be given them. Then were they as joyful at such news as if lusty giants were to run a race." *John Stow*

A country like that is impregnable to an invader. Spaniards had to learn it. France may have to learn it yet.

I can not refuse myself the pleasure of quoting from the form of prayer which was offered up in prospect of this great peril:

"O Lord! give good and prosperous success to all those who fight thy battle against the enemies of thy Gospel. Show some token continually for our good, that they who hate us may see it and be confounded. And that we, thy little and despised flock, may say, with good King David: 'Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, and blessed is the folk whom he hath chosen to be his inheritance.' These and all graces necessary for us, grant, O Heavenly Father! for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Redeemer."

The Armada, too, had its Liturgy. The instructions to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had succeeded Santa Cruz as Admiral, are extant. They are clear and able, but painfully elaborate. One feels that a little good sense and good seamanship would be worth them all. The orders against vice and profligacy were strict, and doubtless earnest; and there is this about prayer: "The company of every ship every morning, at break of every day, shall, according to the custom, give the good morrow by the mainmast, and at night the *Ave Maria*, and some days the *Salve Regina*, or at least the Saturdays with a Litany." Christ is not once mentioned. "FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE, OUR ONLY ADVOCATE AND MEDIATOR," sounds grand and solemn amid these *Ave Marias* and *Salve Reginas*. And it means much in this strife. It is the honor of the one Mediator between God and man which is at stake in this battle; and England, in the name of her one High-Priest, before the throne of God, did gird herself for this great battle of the Lord.

The Spanish preparations being now complete, the Armada sailed from the Tagus the last week in May. But a fierce storm dispersed it, and drove it back with no little loss into the harbors of the nearest coast. Rumor magnified the disaster; and it was confidently reported in England that the fleet would need a year to refit. Elizabeth, whose besetting sin, let us thank God, was parsimony and not extravagance or profligacy,

sent orders to the Admiral to lay up the largest of his ships. Howard, wise and provident commander, by no means believed the danger over for the year. He wrote nobly to Walsingham, offering to keep the sea at his own expense rather than give up the defense of the coast. Nay, he resolved to sail down Spain-wards, and see if he could not do a little "singeing of the King of Spain" himself; who could tell but that he might find the ships all crippled, burn them in their own harbors, and finish the war at a blow. Running down before a north wind, he approached the coasts of Spain. There the wind shifted to the south. Then his ability as Lord High-Admiral of England appeared. Drake would certainly have stood on. Nothing on earth would have held him back from another razzia in the Spanish ports. Howard remembered that the defense of England was his charge; he reflected that with the south wind, the Armada might slip by him, and find the coast defenseless; and so at once he stood about and returned. Ignorant of the movements of the Armada, the fleet went into Plymouth; and there, in those early July days, were gathered in that little western town, intensely excited, but finding time hanging heavily on their hands, the first seamen of the world. The Howards, Sheffield, Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins, Drake, Townshend, Fenton, and brave John Davis, just back from a harder battle with the Polar ice. In the list of ships the name of John Davis occurs as captain of a little boat of twenty tons—doubtless, the gallant Arctic mariner turning out in a fishing-boat, to strike a blow for merry England and the Gospel. One would like to be able to look into Plymouth, and to hear them talk in those days. Meanwhile, though they knew it not, the Armada had sailed finally from the Tagus on the twelfth of July. On the nineteenth, there was bowling on Plymouth Hoe. The idle but anxious mariners, casting many an eager gaze round the glorious horizon which that spot commands, were solacing themselves, Drake foremost, with a merry game of bowls. Suddenly one Fleming, a well-known Scotch rover, blunders in among them, and declares that he has seen the Armada off the Lizard, within four miles of his ship, and has hurried to Plymouth with the news. All start up in livid excitement, but Drake, cool and hu-

morous, and not to be hurried by a Spaniard, will have the game played out to the end. Then every man braces himself to work. The wind was blowing stiffly right into the harbor. None but English seamen probably could have got out the ships. "But indeed," says Camden, "with singular diligence and alacrity of the seamen, whom he," the Lord-Admiral, "encouraged at their halser work, assisting them and the common soldiers in doing it in person," fifty-four of the ships were warped out to sea in the teeth of the gale, and started like hounds on the track of their game.

The next day the Armada was discovered standing up channel under full sail, in the form of a crescent, the horns of which are said to have covered seven miles. Lord Howard had already settled, with consummate wisdom, the plan of the fight. Daring and seamanship were the English characteristics; speed, lightness, and weatherliness the qualities of their ships. Howard, determined that these qualities should have the fullest play, and "seeing that his ships could turn about with incredible celerity and nimbleness which way soever they pleased, to change wind and tack about again," he resolved that it should be a running fight. The huge Spaniards were to be harassed by ceaseless attacks, stragglers were to be cut off, and all which individual daring and skill could attempt with the likelihood of success was to be enterprised; but close fight and boarding were forbidden, as the rule of the action; for the size of the galleons and the troops on board would give them in that case a great advantage over their nimble foes. Confident in his seamanship, and his power to out-maneuver the Spaniard at will, Lord Howard, with but fifty-four ships, dashed gallantly into the fray. His *Ark Royal* singled out the Admiral's ship at once, and "thundered grievously upon her," while Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher attacked the rear squadron under Recalde so fiercely, that it was compelled to close up with the main body, grievously battered, and with the loss of two great ships. In one of these Drake found fifty-five thousand ducats, which he abandoned to his men. After two hours' fighting, in which he had just breathed his men, and demonstrated his essential superiority, Howard drew off to await the forty ships which had been unable to warp out of

Plymouth in time to join the first day's fray. That night and next day there was some confusion in the English fleet. Howard, with two ships, the *White Bear*, Lord Edmund Sheffield, and the *Mary Rose*, Captain Fenton, held on in sight of the lights of the Spaniards, but the English Vice-Admiral's lanterns had disappeared. The truth seems to be that at sun-down Drake had caught sight of five sail in the distance, which had the air of Spanish galleons about them, and a flavor therefore — and Drake had a keen scent for such matters — of gold, spices, and Indian wares. Drake, not in the least hurry about the Armada, (remember he was as true a patriot as ever lived,) knowing that he could overhaul the ships and catch the Armada again in good time for the fighting, slipped off in pursuit. To his infinite disgust, he found they were quiet Dutch merchantmen, and he crowded all sail to rejoin the fleet. But the loss of the Vice-Admiral's signals had entailed some confusion, and on the twenty-second nothing was done.

On the twenty-third, Tuesday, both parties set to work in earnest. During the night, Raleigh, unable to endure the suspense on shore, came off with a little squadron to join. His spirit was felt at once in confirming fully the policy of Howard. He observed that the Spanish shot from their lofty decks cleared, in most cases, the English ships; while ours, well aimed and low, crashed into the crowded Spaniards and did fearful execution. He advised, therefore, fighting "*loose and large*," dashing in and out again, wherever an opening in the enemy's array offered — keeping the Spaniard in ceaseless alarm and miserable perplexity. It was a battle of evolutions, in which the enemy, though brave enough at close quarters, was as helpless as a bear amidst a troop of agile hounds. It was merrily called "a morris dance on the waters," and there was that of the old chivalry living still in English breasts which made them enjoy the game. It was a well-fought day. Frobisher, with five London merchantmen, was set upon by overwhelming numbers, and sustained the assault with astonishing spirit and skill. Howard pressed to his rescue, signaling to all in sight to follow him. Recalde flung himself in the way with the largest galleons, and a most sanguinary fight ensued. Howard reserved his fire

til within musket-range, and it told terribly. In the end, the Spaniards were compelled to sheer off. Frobisher was rescued, and as the result of the day's fight, a large Venetian argosy and several transports remained in our hands. "One Cock, an Englishman, died, however, in the midst of enemies, in a small ship of his" — the only serious English loss. Next day was a day of repose. The Spaniards had had enough, and the English were unable to renew the fight. An English campaign would not be complete without a bit of English blundering; and by some great mismanagement of the government, having its root probably in the parsimony of Elizabeth, the fleet was short of stores. There is a ms. letter of Drake's in the State-Paper Office, dated March 30th, 1588, in which he remonstrates against the parsimony shown in supplying the fleet, and prophesies what befell. However, Howard sent light ships into the coast, and got tolerably supplied. The twenty-fifth, St. James's-day was another great day of battle. They were then off the Isle of Wight. Hawkins secured a great galleon, and then it fell calm. A breeze soon springing up, the fight became general. The Spanish Admiral's mainmast was shot away, and Recalde, with difficulty, rescued him from capture. The English ammunition again failed; and Howard stood out of cannon-shot, still following closely on the enemy's tracks. On the twenty-sixth he summoned Lord T. Howard, Lord Edmund Sheffield, Captains Townshend, Hawkins, and Frobisher on board, and knighted them with his own hand. And now the coasts are lined with eager spectators. The nobles and peasantry, fired with a high enthusiasm, which levels all distinctions but qualities of manhood, come off in coasting ships, fishing-smacks, any thing that will float to have their share in the bloody game. Burleigh's sons are there with the rest. A strange report now spreads on the continent. Mendoza enters Notre Dame, in Paris, waving his sword and shouting "victory." Alas, for them! one hundred and thirty thousand English soldiers, and two hundred English ships, and a courage which never was higher than at that moment, were between them and victory. Lord Howard resolved to suffer them for the moment to sail peacefully on their way, to follow them to Calais Roads, and, being

joined by Seymour, make the decisive struggle there.

So the Armada pursued its course, with what steadiness it might, being already not a little battered and disheartened, with the English bloodhounds, gathering courage, hope, and numbers daily, baying in its tracks. On the night of Saturday, the twenty-seventh, it cast anchor in Calais Roads, and messengers were sent to Parma, entreating him to join at once with all his force. But alas! the storm which delayed the Armada more than a month had defeated all the arrangements of Farnese; his stores were spent, his army was sick, his sailors had slipped away, his boats were all cracked—and, to crown all, the dogged Dutch were watching the only harbors from which he could get out to sea. Sidonia was full of perplexity and dread, as the fleet lay that Sunday in Calais Roads, with the resolute English inclosing their anchorage, and threatening to drive them ashore. The *Salve Reginas* had need to be potent to help them now. Then that night Lord Howard, moved it is said by Elizabeth, she herself moved—men believed in that day—by God, "made ready eight of his worst ships, besmeared them with wild-fire, pitch, and rosin, and filled them with brimstone and other combustible matter, towed them towards the Armada, and, firing them," sent them sailing down the wind into their midst. "The Spaniards," as Camden says, "seeing the whole sea glittering and shining with the flame thereof, raised a sad outcry." Then arose one of those fearful panics—was it that dread of God's people with which God promised to afflict their foes? with which great masses are sometimes visited, and in which man becomes more foolish and helpless than the brute? Slipping their cables in their fright, they stood pell-mell out to sea. When the panic a little subsided, it is said Sidonia endeavored to rally them—as became a Guzman, a grandee of the bluest blood in Spain. But the English were amongst them. The hour of crowning victory had come. There was no order in the fight. The English ships went crashing through the confusion of the Spanish host, dealing destruction at every broadside. A prisoner afterwards examined, estimates their loss, on that day alone, at four thousand men. The Spaniards then gave up all hope of victory, and Sidonia, gathering the wreck

of his great Armada steered for the Straits, in the faint hope that he might escape by that way to Spain. But the south wind met him, and turned him northward, where lay his dreaded and now victorious foes. Baffled on every hand, hemmed in by perils, he adopted, after hasty counsel, a desperate resolution; and the fleet, scattering, pressed up the German Ocean, if by chance, rounding the wild coast of Scotland, they might gain the broad ocean and get back to Spain. Then writes Drake with grim exultation: "We have the army of Spayne before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. There was never any thing pleased me better, than the seeing the enemy flying with a south wind to the northward. God grant they have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Marie among his orange-trees."

The whole country was in intense excitement. It was still by no means sure that they might not, in very despair, attempt a landing on the eastern coasts. Then came the Queen to Tilbury, armed in steel, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, and mounted on a noble war-horse, Essex and Leicester holding her bridle-rein—and spake those martial words which raised to a white heat the enthusiasm of the whole people:

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my loving and faithful people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come among you at this time, and not for my recreation or sport, but being resolved in the midst and the heat of the battle to live and die among you all; to lay down—for my God, my kingdom, and my people—my honor and my blood, even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, ay, of a king of England too; and think it great scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to in-

vade the borders of my realms. To which, rather than that any dishonor shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness that you have deserved rewards and crowns; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the mean time, my Lieutenant-General shall be in my stead, nor will I suffer myself to doubt but that by your obedience to my General, by your concord in the camp, and your valor in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people."

Meanwhile, the Armada was flying to the north, pursued hotly by the English fleet. It seemed likely at that moment that not one of those proud ships would ever return to the shores of Spain. But again the English stores failed, and at the most critical moment. Effingham watched them as far as Flamborough-head, where it was resolved, "on the Thursday, to have a new fight with them, as a farewell; but it was found on counsel that we had not munition enough for a half-fight, and, therefore, it was concluded that we should let them pass and return." It was a bitter disappointment to the English commanders. Walsingham even writes thus significantly about it: "I am sorry the Lord Admiral was forced to leave the prosecution of the enemy through the want he sustained; our half-doings doth breed dishonor, and leaveth the disease uncured."

Drake took a sorrowful farewell of them, but enough had been done for honor, enough for the liberty of religion, and the welfare of mankind. The proudest fleet which Europe had ever sent forth was flying in defeat and confusion, with a loss to the English of one small ship, and less than 100 men.

But heaven seemed to lift the warder which the English, sated with victory, cast down. Three days after the English left them, Drake writes: "We were entertained with a great storm, considering the time of the year, which, in our judgment, hath not a little forced the enemy away." This storm was the commencement of a series of tremendous hurricanes, which kept them in distress and misery, knocking about in those northern seas till the middle of September. Ignorant of the

coasts, used only to the calm and straightforward navigation of the region of the Trades, short of water, food, and stores, with an iron-bound, harborless shore, and a fiercely-hostile population under their lee, they suffered, during those weeks, the extremes of misery. There is something heart-rending in the tale of the prisoners who survived from the wrecks which were strewn along the shore. Sick, starving, worn-out by storm and cold, they struggled on through the Straits of the Northern Seas, leaving the fragments of their great argosies as their spoil.

Off Ireland, it is said, seventeen ships with five thousand three hundred men went down, either dashed into fragments against the iron-bound coast of Antrim, or sinking bodily with their living freights of one thousand men into the depths. Sidonia, better stored than the rest, struggled on, but even his ship ran short of water, and the bread became so moldy that they could hardly bring themselves to partake of the nauseous food. At length, having strewn the fragments of his huge Armada along the shores of the country he came to conquer, from Weymouth round to Antrim, with fifty-three ships—and those so battered and cut to pieces, and the crews so worn with sickness, hunger, and cold, that we are told they were pitiful to look upon—he regained the harbors of Spain.

The English celebrated the victory with thanksgivings to Him by whom it had been ordained. There was but one feeling throughout the whole realm; that God had most marvelously interposed to defeat the designs of the foes of his Gospel. "*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*," was the inscription on the medal struck to commemorate the victory. The banners taken from the Armada were hung over London-Bridge on the eighth of September. The nineteenth of November was "kept as a holiday throughout the realm, with sermons, singing of psalms, bonfires, etc., for joy; and thanksgiving unto God for the overthrow of the Spaniards, the citizens of London appearing that day in their liveries, heard another sermon at St. Paul's Cross."

On the twenty-fourth the Queen herself attended in state the "Thanksgiving" at St. Paul's. She and all the Protestant leaders regarded the overthrow of the Armada as a special mercy from His hand,

who of old upheld his people in many a desperate struggle with overwhelming foes. And if ever one may confidently trace the great hand of Providence, surely there is ample reason to trace it here.

A series of trifling accidents, each of them slight in itself, woven together in the great loom of Providence, entangled the greatest enterprise which ever aimed at the divine supremacy, in inextricable confusion and defeat. The death of the Marquis Santa Cruz, an able leader and an experienced seaman, while Sidonia was both timid and incapable; the storm which met them when they first emerged from the Tagus, and necessitated a six weeks' delay, whereby the junction of the Duke of Parina was rendered impossible; the near approach to the English coast, whereas the orders of Philip were to steal up-channel as quietly as possible; the fortunate presence of the Scotch pirate Fleming, whose swift craft had the heels of the Spaniards who gave chase, and enabled him to bring the news, and prevent the surprise of our captains in Plymouth Harbor; the variable weather in the channel which gave such immense advantage to our light evolutions; the sudden panic at the assault of the fire-ships; and the awful hurricanes in the calm August weather in those Northern Seas—these form a catalogue of accidents, which, strung together on the string on which Sir W. Monson was able to unite them, "It was the will of Him that directs all men and their actions, that the fleets should meet and the enemy be beaten as they were," furnish one of the grandest scenes in the great drama of God's Providence in history. But there is something to my mind beyond the simple fact it *was* the will of God; it *is* always the will of God that gigantic and splendid assaults on the liberties of man should fail. From the history of this past combination, let us derive courage to face with cheerfulness, and even hope, any future combination with which Europe may threaten this paladium of the liberties of mankind. I do not allude to the insensate fear which really disgraced us some time ago, as though the will of a despot as ruthless and as self-blinded as Philip, could, without any noticeable preparation, in some forty-eight hours, pour one hundred thousand men from Cherbourg on our defenseless coasts. I attach far more importance to the thoughtful apprehension of such a

friend of England as Count Montalembert, that the deepening despotism of European governments, hating bitterly the great witness which, in the name of God, our very existence bears against their principles and their deeds, may desperately endeavor, by some gigantic combination, to sweep us from the earth. It is not our religion only, but that liberty which has been nursed by it to such robust proportions, that they hate with a malignity which daily deepens—and it may be that we shall again have to gird on the sword to defend not our country only, but the dearest hopes of mankind. I do not think there is likelihood enough of this to lead us to dread it. I think our anxious sympathizers abroad too little appreciate the fact, that if the despots are against us, the people are with us, and at the first signal-call of such a combination, would raise such a storm as would leave few despotic thrones standing in the world. But granting the combination formed, the army organized, the armada assembled, this Spanish history has two great lessons to teach us, which should save us from a mad expenditure in costly standing defensive preparations, and spare us all dread as to the result. Thirty-four Queen's ships turned out to meet the Armada, and one hundred and fifty merchantmen, which though unable to meet, in direct shock, the heavily armed galleons, so harassed and tormented them that they fell an easy prey at last.

And now, suppose that the intelligence was flashed by the electric wire through England, that a hostile armament was gathering to threaten our coast. How many of your splendid ocean steam-ships would remain idle in your docks? From the Mersey, the Avon, Southampton, London, and the Humber, a fleet of magnificent steam-ships would be gathered in a week in the Channel, each armed with a long-range gun or two, as our forts might be able to supply them, far superior in size, in power, in speed, and in evolution to the whole Armada of the World. And though they might be unable, singly or in mass, to oppose directly powerful naval armaments, yet I believe they would so throng the channel, so torment and outmaneuver the invader, and so line the coasts, as to render simply impossible any hostile descent upon our shores. A country whose commerce spreads so widely and strikes so deeply as England's, not

only has the resources of the whole earth to fall back upon, to renew her strength continually in her conflicts, but has, in her commercial navy, and in her power to handle it, a cheap and ready defense of inestimable importance, which makes her proof against the invasion of the world. One other and yet higher reason let us briefly note, why it becomes the English people to face with great calmness the possibilities of the future. If History bears clear witness to anything, she bears witness that it is the will of God that all gigantic enterprises against the sacred rights and liberties of man should fail. When human weakness dreads the encounter, he ever takes up the gauntlet, and by one of those thousand accidents—as men call them—which remain always at his command, he brings the ablest calculations of man to a shameful and utter confusion, and makes the trembling nations recognize "that verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth."

At least Elizabeth and her band of conquerors thought so, as on that twenty-fourth of November, 1588, "she herself going in triumph—went with a very gallant company of noblemen, being accompanied by a princely train of those that had been the instrument of that notable victory—through the streets of London, (which were hung with blue cloth,) the several Companies of the city standing on both sides of the way with their banners in decent and gallant order, being carried in a chariot drawn by four white horses, came to Paul's Church, where the banners taken from the enemy were hung up to be seen, gave most hearty thanks to God, and heard a sermon wherein the glory was given to God alone. On the Admiral she conferred a certain revenue for his happy service, and many times commended him and the captains of her ships as men born for the preservation of their country. The rest she graciously saluted by name, as often as she saw them, as men who had so well merited of her and of the commonwealth, wherewith they esteemed themselves well rewarded. And those that were wounded and indigent, she relieved with noble pensions. The learned men at home and abroad congratulated the victory with hearts transported with joy, and wrote triumphal poems in all languages on the subject."

Never, I suppose, has such a procession passed up Ludgate as Queen Elizabeth,

surrounded by the heroes of that victory of victories; never did our country touch such a height of essential nobleness and power as when she, entering the west door of St. Paul's, surrounded by such a company, fell down upon her knees, and gave God the glory; and never did words of supplication roll more grandly from the arches of the earthly to the great dome of the Heavenly Temple than when the people cried, with a depth, intensity, and sim-

licity of national prayer, which is but a tradition in these days: "Come down, therefore, come down, and deliver thy people by her; to vanquish is all one with thee, by few or by many, by want or by wealth, by weakness or by strength—oh! possess the hearts of our enemies with a fear of thy servants. The cause is thine, the enemies thine, the afflicted thine; THE HONOR, VICTORY, AND TRIUMPH SHALL BE THINE. AMEN AND AMEN."

From Fraser's Magazine.

CONCERNING SUMMER DAYS.

THERE are some people whom all nature helps. They have somehow got the material universe on their side. What they say and do, at least upon important occasions, is so backed up by all the surroundings that it never seems out of keeping with these, and still less ever seems to be contradicted by these. When Mr. Midhurst* read his essay on the *Miseries of Human Life*, he had all the advantage of a gloomy, overcast day. And so the aspect of the external world was to the essay like the accompaniment in music to a song. The accompaniment, of course, has no specific meaning; it says nothing, but it appears to accord and sympathize with the sense conveyed by the song's words. But gloomy hills and skies and woods are to desponding views of life and man, even more than the sympathetic chords, in themselves meaningless. The gloomy world not merely accords with the desponding views, but seems somehow to back them. You are conscious of a great enviroing Presence standing by and looking on approvingly. From all points in the horizon a voice, soft and undefined, seems to whisper to your heart, *All true, all too true.*

Now, there are human beings who, in the great things they say and do, seldom fail of having this great, vague backing.

There are others whom the grand current for the most part sets against. It is part of the great fact of Luck—the indubitable fact that there are men, women, ships, horses, railway-engines, whole railways, which are lucky, and others which are unlucky. I do not believe in the common theory of Luck, but no thoughtful or observant man can deny the fact of it. And in no fashion does it appear more certainly than in this, that in the case of some men cross-accidents are always marring them, and the effect they would fain produce. The system of things is against them. They are not in every case unsuccessful, but whatever success they attain is got by brave fighting against wind and tide. At college they carried off many honors, but no such luck ever befell them as that some wealthy person should offer during their days some special medal for essay or examination, which they would have gained as of course. There was no extra harvest for them to reap: they could do no more than win all that was to be won. They go to the bar, and they gradually make their way; but the day never comes on which their leader is suddenly taken ill, and they have the opportunity of earning a brilliant reputation by conducting in his absence a case in which they are thoroughly prepared. They go into the Church, and earn a fair character as preachers; but the living they would

* See the New Series of *Friends in Council*.

like never becomes vacant, and when they are appointed to preach upon some important occasion, it happens that the ground is a foot deep with snow.

Several years since, on a Sunday in July, I went to afternoon service at a certain church by the sea-shore. The incumbent of that church was a young clergyman of no ordinary talent; he is a distinguished professor now. It was a day of drenching rain and howling hurricane; the sky was black, as in mid-winter; the waves were breaking angry and loud upon the rocks hard by. The weather the previous week had been beautiful; the weather became beautiful again the next morning. There came just the one gloomy and stormy summer day. The young parson could not foresee the weather. What more fitting subject for a July Sunday than the teachings of the beautiful season which was passing over? So the text was, *Thou hast made summer*: it was a sermon on summer, and its moral and spiritual lessons. How inconsistent the sermon seemed with every thing around! The outward circumstances reduced it to an absurdity. The congregation was diminished to a sixth of its usual number; the atmosphere was charged with a muggy vapor from sloppy garments and dripping umbrellas; and as the preacher spoke, describing vividly (though with the chastened taste of the scholar) blue skies, green leaves, and gentle breezes, ever and anon the storm outside drove the rain in heavy plashes upon the windows, and, looking through them, you could see the black sky and the fast-drifting clouds. I thought to myself, as the preacher went on under the cross influence of these surroundings, Now, I am sure you are in small things an unlucky man. No doubt the like happens to you frequently. You are the kind of man to whom the *Times* fails to come on the morning you specially wish to see it. Your horse falls lame on the morning when you have a long drive before you. Your man-servant catches a sore throat, and is unable to go out, just when the visitor comes to whom you wish to show the neighboring country. I felt for the preacher. I was younger then, but I had seen enough to make me think how Mr. Snarling of the next parish (a very dull preacher, with no power of description) would chuckle over the tale of the summer sermon on the stormy day. That

youthful preacher (not Mr. Snarling) had been but a few months in the church, and he probably had not another sermon to give in the unexpected circumstances: he must preach what he had prepared. He had fallen into error. I formed a resolution never to do the like. I was looking forward then with great enthusiasm to the work of my sacred profession: with enthusiasm which has only grown deeper and warmer through the experience of more than nine years. I resolved that if ever I thought of preaching a summer sermon, I would take care to have an alternative one ready for that day in case of unfavorable weather. I resolved that I would give my summer discourse only if external nature, in her soft luxuriant beauty, looked summer-like; a sweet pervading accompaniment to my poor words, giving them a force and meaning far beyond their own. What talk concerning summer skies is like the sapphire radiance, so distant and pure, looking in through the church windows? You do not remember how blue and beautiful the sky is, unless when you are looking at it: nature is better than our remembrance of her. What description of a leafy tree equals that noble, soft, massive, luxuriant object which I looked at for half an hour yesterday through the window of a little country church, while listening to the sermon of a friend? Do not think that I was inattentive. I heard the sermon with the greater pleasure and profit for the sight. It is characteristic of the preaching of a really able man, preaching what he himself has felt, that all he says appears (as a general rule) in harmony with all the universe; while the preaching of a common-place man, giving us from memory mere theological doctrine which has been drilled into him, and which he repeats because he supposes it must be all right, seems inconsistent with all the material universe, or at least quite apart from it. Yet, even listening to that excellent sermon, (whose masculine thought was very superior to its somewhat slovenly style,) I thought, as I looked at the beautiful tree rising in the silent churchyard—the stately sycamore, so bright green, with the blue sky all around it—how truly John Foster wrote, that when standing in January at the foot of a large oak, and looking at its bare branches, he vainly tried to picture to himself what that tree would be in June. The reality

would be far richer and finer than any thing he could imagine on the winter day. Who does not know this? The green grass and the bright leaves in spring are far greener (you see when they come back) than you had remembered or imagined; the sunshine is more golden, and the sky more bright. God's works are better and more beautiful than our poor idea of them. Though I have seen them and loved them now for more than thirty summers, I have felt this year, with something of almost surprise, how exquisitely beautiful are summer foliage and summer grass. Here they are again, fresh from God! The summer world is incomparably more beautiful than any imagination could picture it on a dull December day. You did not know on New-Year's day, my reader, how fair a thing the sunshine is. And the commonest things are the most beautiful. Flowers are beautiful; he must be a blackguard who does not love them. Summer seas are beautiful, so exquisitely blue under the blue summer sky. But what can surpass the beauty of green grass and green trees! Amid such things let me live; and when I am gone, let green grass grow over me. I would not be buried beneath a stone pavement, not to sleep in the great Abbey itself.

My summer sermon has never been written, and so has never been preached; I doubt whether I could make much of the subject, treated as it ought to be treated there. But an essay is a different matter, notwithstanding that a dear though sarcastic friend says that my essays are merely *sermons played in polka time*; the thought of sermons, to wit, lightened somewhat by a somewhat lighter fashion of phrase and illustration. And all that has hitherto been said is introductory to remarking, that I stand in fear of what kind of day it may be when my reader shall see this essay, which as yet exists but vaguely in the writer's mind; and upon four pieces of paper, three large and one small. If your eye lights upon this page on a cold, bleak day; if it be wet and plashy; above all, if there be east wind, read no further. Keep this essay for a warm, sunshiny day; it is only then that you will sympathize with its author. For amid a dismal, rainy, stormy summer, we have reached fair weather at last; and this is a lovely, sunny summer morning. And what an indescribably beautiful thing is a summer day! I do not mean merely

the hours as they pass over; the long light; the sun going up and going down; but all that one associates with summer days, spent in sweet rural scenes. There is great variety in summer days. There is the warm, bright, still summer day; when every thing seems asleep, and the topmost branches of the tall trees do not stir in the azure air. There is the breezy summer day, when warm breaths wave these topmost branches gently to and fro, and you stand and look at them; when sportive winds bend the green corn as they swiftly sweep over it; when the shadows of the clouds pass slowly along the hills. Even the rainy day, if it come with soft summer-like rain, is beautiful. People in town are apt to think of rain as a mere nuisance; the chief good it does there is to water the streets more generally and thoroughly than usual; a rainy day in town is equivalent to a bad day; but in the country, if you possess even the smallest portion of the earth, you learn to rejoice in the rain. You go out in it; you walk about and enjoy the sight of the grass momentarily growing greener; of the trees looking refreshed, and the evergreens gleaming, the gravel walks so free from dust, and the roads watered so as to render them beautifully compact, but not at all sloppy or muddy; summer rain never renders well-made country roads sloppy or muddy. There is a pleasure in thinking that you have got far ahead of man or machine; and you heartily despise a watering-cart, while enjoying a soft summer shower. And after the shower is over, what fragrance is diffused through the country air; every tree and shrub has an odor which a summer shower brings out, and which senses trained to perception will perceive. And then, how full the trees and woods are of the singing of birds! But there is one feeling which, if you live in the country, is common to all pleasant summer days, but particularly to sunshiny ones; it is that you are doing injustice to nature, that you are losing a great deal, if you do not stay almost constantly in the open air. You come to grudge every half-hour that you are within doors, or busied with things that call you off from observing and thinking of all the beauty that is around you every where. That fair scene — trees, grass, flowers, sky, sunshine, is there to be looked at and enjoyed; it seems wrong, that with such a picture passing on before

your eyes, your eyes should be turned upon any thing else. Work, especially mental work, is always painful; always a thing you would shrink from if you could; but how strongly you shrink from it on a beautiful summer morning! On a gloomy winter day you can walk with comparative willingness into your study after breakfast, and spread out your paper, and begin to write your sermon. For although writing the sermon is undoubtedly an effort; and although all sustained effort partakes of the nature of pain; and although pain can never be pleasant; still, after all, apart from other reasons which impel you to your work, you can not but feel that really if you were to turn away from your task of writing, there is no thing to which you could take that you would enjoy very much more than itself. And even on the fairest summer morning, you can, if you are living in town, take to your task with comparative ease. Somehow, in town the weather is farther off from you; it does not pervade all the house, as it does in the country; you have not windows that open into the garden; through which you see green trees and grass every time you look up; and through which you can in a minute, without the least change of dress, pass into the verdant scene. There is all the difference in the world, between the shadiest and greenest public garden or park even within a hundred yards of your door; and the green shady little spot that comes up to your very window. The former is no very great temptation to the busy scholar of rural tastes; the latter is almost irresistible. A hundred yards are a long way to go, with purpose preposse of enjoying something so simple as the green earth. After having walked even a hundred yards, you feel that you need a more definite aim. And the grass and trees seem very far away, if you see them at the end of a vista of washing your hands, and putting on another coat and other boots, and still more of putting on gloves and a hat. Give me the little patch of grass, the three or four shady trees, the quiet corner of the shrubbery, that comes up to the study-window, and which you can reach without even the formality of passing through the hall and out by the front door. If you wish to enjoy nature in the summer-time, you must attend to all these little things. What stout old gentleman but knows that when he is seated snugly

in his easy chair by the winter evening fireside, he would take up and read many pages in a volume which lay within reach of his arm, though he would do without the volume, if in order to get it he had to take the slight trouble of rising from his chair and walking to a table half a dozen yards off? Even so must nature be brought within easy reach of even the true lover of nature; otherwise on a hundred occasions, all sorts of little, fanciful hindrances will stand between him and her habitual appreciation. A very small thing may prevent your doing a thing which you even wish to do; but which you do not wish with any special excitement, and which you may do at any time. I daresay some reader would have written months since to the friend in India to whom he promised faithfully to write frequently, but that when he sat down once or twice to write, and pulled out his paper-drawer, he found that all the thin Indian paper was done. And so the upshot is, that the friend has been a year out; and you have never written to him at all.

But to return to the point from which this deviation proceeded, I repeat, that on a fine summer morning in the country it is excessively difficult to take to your work. Apart from the repellent influence which is in work itself, you think that you will miss so much. You go out after breakfast (with a wide-awake hat, and no gloves) into the fresh atmosphere. You walk round the garden. You look particularly at the more eminent roses, and the largest trees. You go to the stable-yard, and see what is doing there. There are twenty things to think of; numberless little directions to give. You see a weedy corner, and *that* must not be suffered; you see a long spray of a climbing rose that needs training. You look into the corn-chest: the corn is almost finished. You have the fact impressed upon you that the old potatoes are nearly done, and the new ones hardly ready for use. These things partake of the nature of care: if you do not feel very well, you will regard them as worries. But it is no care nor worry to walk down to your gate, to lean upon it, and to look at the outline of the hills; nor to go out with your little children, and walk slowly along the country lane outside your gate, relating for the hundredth time the legend of the renowned giant-killer, or the enchanted horse that flew through the air; to walk on till you

come to the bridge, and there sit down, and throw in stones for your dog to dive after, while various shouts (very loud to come from such little mouths) applaud his success. How crystal-clear the water of the river! It is six feet deep, yet you may see every pebble of its bed. An undefined laziness possesses you. You would like to sit here, and look, and think, all day. But of course you will not give in to the temptation. Slowly you return to your door: unwillingly you enter it: reluctantly you take to your work. Until you have got somewhat into the spirit of your task, you can not help looking sometimes at the roses which frame your window, and the green hill you see through it, with white sheep. And even when you have got your mind under control, and the lines flow more willingly from your pen, you can not but look out occasionally into the sunshiny, shady corner in your view, and think you should be there. And when the prescribed pages are at length completed, how delightful to lock them up, and be off into the air again! You are far happier now than you were in the morning. The shadow of your work was upon you then: now you may with a pleased conscience, and under no sense of pressure, saunter about, and enjoy your little domain. Many things have been accomplished since you went indoors. The weeds are gone from the corner: the spray of the rose has been trained. The potato-beds have been examined: the potatoes will be all ready in two days more. Sit down in the shade, warm yet cool, of a great tree. Now is the time to read the *Saturday Review*, especially the article that pitches into you. What do you care for it? I don't mean that you despise it: I mean that it causes you no feeling but one of amusement and pleasure. You feel that it is written by a clever man and a gentleman: you know that there is not a vestige of malice in it. You would like to shake hands with the writer, and to thank him for various useful hints. As for reviewing which is truly malignant—that which deals in intentional misrepresentation and coarse abuse—it is practically unknown in respectable periodicals. And wherever you may find it (as you sometimes may) you ought never to be angry with the man who did it: you ought to be sorry for him. Depend upon it, the poor fellow is in bad health or in

low spirits: no one but a man who is really unhappy himself will deliberately set himself to annoy any one else. It is the misery, anxiety, poverty, which are wringing the man's heart, that make their pitiful moan in that bitter article. Make the poor man better off, and he will be better natured.

And so, my friend, now that our task is finished, let us go out in this kindly temper to enjoy the summer day. But you must first assure your mind that your work is really finished. You can not thus simply enjoy the summer day, if you have a latent feeling rankling at your heart that you are neglecting something that you ought to do. The little jar of your moral being caused by such a feeling, will be like the horse-hair shirt, will be like the peas in the pilgrim's shoes. So, clerical reader, after you have written your allotted pages of sermon, and answered your few letters, turn to your tablet-diary, or whatever contrivance you have for suggesting to your memory the work you have to do. If you have marked down some mere call to make, that may fairly enough be postponed on this hot day. But look at your list of sick, and see when you visited each last, and consider whether there be any you ought to visit to-day. And if there be, never mind though the heat be sweltering and the roads dusty and shadeless; never mind though the poor old man or woman lives five miles off, and though your horse is lame; get ready and walk away as slowly as you can, and do your duty. You are not the reader I want; you are not the man with whom I wish to think of summer days; if you could in the least enjoy the afternoon, or have the faintest pleasure in your roses and your grass, with the thought of that neglected work hanging over you. And though you may return four hours hence, fagged and jaded, you will sit with a pleased heart down to dinner, and you will welcome the twilight when it comes with the cheerful sense of duty done and temptation resisted. But upon my ideal summer day, I suppose that after looking over your sick-list, and all your memoranda, you find that there is nothing to do that need take you to-day beyond your own little realm. And so, with the delightful sense of leisure to breathe and think, you walk forth into the green shade to spend the summer afternoon. Bring with you two or three

books: bring the *Times* that came that morning: you will not read much, but it is pleasant to know that you may read if you choose; and then sit down upon a garden-seat, and think and feel. Do you not feel, my friend of even five-and-thirty, that there is music yet in the mention of summer days? Well, enjoy that music now, and the vague associations which are summoned up by the name. Do not put off the enjoyment of these things to some other day. You will never have more time, nor better opportunity. The little worries of the present cease to sting in the pensive languor of the season. Enjoy the sunshine and the leaves while they last; they will not last long. Grasp the day and hold it and rejoice in it; some time soon you will find of a sudden that the summer time has passed away. You come to yourself, and find it is December. The earth seems to pause in its orbit in the dreary winter days; it hurries at express speed through summer. You wish you could put on a break, and make time go on more slowly. Well, watch the sand-grains as they pass. Remark the several minutes, yet without making it a task to do so. As you sit there, you will think of old summer days long ago; of green leaves long since faded; of sunsets gone. Well, each had its turn; the present has nothing more. And let us think of the past without being lackadaisical. Look now at your own little children at play; that sight will revive your flagging interest in life. Look at the soft turf, feel the gentle air; these things are present now. What a contrast to the hard, repellent earth of winter! I think of it like the difference between the man of sternly logical mind, and the genial, kindly man with both head and heart! I take it for granted that you agree with me in holding such to be the true type of man. Not but what some people are proud of being all head and no heart. There is no flummery about *them*. It is stern, severe sense and principle. Well, my friends, say I to such, you are (in a moral sense) deficient of a member. Fancy a mortal hopping through creation, and boasting that he was born with only one leg! Or even if you have a little of the kindly element, but very little when compared with the logical, you have not much to boast of. Your case is analogous to that of the man who has two legs indeed, but one of them a great deal longer than the other.

It is pleasanter to spend the summer days in an inland country place, than by the seaside. The sea is too glaring in sunshiny weather; the prospects are too extensive. It wearies eyes worn by much writing and reading to look at distant hills across the water. The true locality in which to enjoy the summertime is a richly-wooded country, where you have hedges and hedge-rows, and clumps of trees every where: where objects for the most part are near to you; and above all, are green. It is pleasant to live in a district where the roads are not great broad highways, in whose center you feel as if you were condemned to traverse a strip of arid desert stretching through the landscape; and where any carriage short of a four-in-hand looks so insignificantly small. Give me country lanes: so narrow that their glare does not pain the eye upon even the sunniest day; so narrow that the eye without an effort takes in the green hedges and fields on either side as you drive or walk along.

And now, look away mentally from this cool shady verdure amid which we are sitting; let us think of summer days elsewhere, let us think of them listlessly, that we may the more enjoy the quiet here: as a child on a frosty winter night, snug in his little bed, puts out a foot for a moment into the chilly expanse of sheet that stretches away from the warm nest in which he lies, and then pulls it swiftly back again, enjoying the cozy warmth the more for this little reminder of the bitter chill. Here, where the air is cool, pure, and soft, let us think of a hoarding round some old house which the laborers are pulling down, amid clouds of the white, blinding, parching dust of lime, on a sultry summer day. I can hardly think of any human position as worse, if not intended directly as a position of torture. I picture, too, a crowded wharf on a river in a great town, with ships lying alongside. There is a roar of passing drays, a cracking of draymen's whips, a howling of the draymen. There is hot sunshine; there are clouds of dust; and I see several poor fellows wheeling heavy casks in barrows up a narrow plank into a ship. Their faces are red and puffy with the exertion: their hair is dripping. Ah! the summer day is hard upon these poor fellows! But it would be pleasant to-day to drive a locomotive engine through a fine agricultural country, particularly if one were driving an

express train, and so were not worried by perpetual stoppages. I have often thought that I should like to be an engine-driver. Should any revolution or convulsion destroy the Church, it is to that field of industry that I should devote my energies. I should stipulate not to drive luggage-trains; and if I had to begin with third-class passenger trains, I have no doubt that in a few months, by dint of great punctuality and carefulness, and by having my engine always beautifully clean and bright, I should be promoted to the express. There was a time when driving a locomotive was not so pleasant as now. In departed days, when the writer was wont to stand upon the foot-plates, through the kindness of engine-driving friends now far away, there was a difficulty in looking out ahead: the current of air was so tremendous, and particles of dust were driven so viciously into one's eyes. But advancing civilization has removed that disadvantage. A snug shelter is now provided for the driver; an iron partition arises before him, with two panes of glass through which to look out. The result is that he can maintain a far more effectual look-out; and that he is in great measure protected from wind and weather. Yes, it would be pleasant to be an engine-driver, especially on such a day as this. Pleasant to look at the great train of carriages standing in the station before starting; to see the piles of luggage going up through the exertions of hot porters; to see the numbers of passengers, old and young, cool and flurried, with their wraps, their newspapers, their books, at length arranged in the soft, roomy interiors: and then the sense of power, when by the touch of a couple of fingers upon the lever, you make the whole mass of luggage, of life, of human interests and cares, start gently into motion; till, gathering speed as it goes, it tears through the green stillness of the summer noon, amid daisied fields, through little woody dells, through clumps of great forest trees, within sight of quiet old manor houses, across little noisy brooks and fair broad rivers, beside churchyard walls and gray ivied churches, alongside of roads where you see the pretty phaeton, the lordly coach, the lumbering wagon, and get glimpses that suggest a whole picture of the little life of numbers of your fellow-men, each with heart and mind and concerns and fears

very like your own. Yes, my friend, if you rejoice in fair scenery, if you sympathize with all modes of human life—if you have some little turn for mechanics, for neatness and accuracy, for that which faithfully does the work it was made to do, and neither less nor more: retain it in your mind as an ultimate end, that you may one day drive a locomotive engine. You need not of necessity become greasy of aspect; neither need you become black. I never have known more tidy, neat, accurate, intelligent, sharp, punctual, responsible, God-fearing, and truly respectable men, than certain engine-drivers.

Remember the engine must be a locomotive engine. Your taste for scenery and life will not be gratified by employment on a stationary one. And it is fearfully hot work on a summer day to take charge of a stationary steam-engine; while (perhaps you would not think it) to drive a locomotive is perfectly cool work. You never feel, in that rapid motion, the raging flame that is doing its work so near you. The driver of the express train may be a man of large sympathies, of cheerful heart, of tolerant views; the man in charge of the engine of a coal-pit or factory, even of a steamship, is apt to acquire contracted ways of thinking, and to become somewhat cynical and gloomy in his ideas as to the possible amelioration of society. It can not be a pleasing employment, one would think, on a day like this, to sit and watch a great engine-fire, and mend it when needful. That occupation would not be healthful, either to mind or body. I dare say you remember the striking and beautiful description in Mr. Dickens's *Old Curiosity Shop*, of a man who had watched and fed a furnace-fire for years, till he had come to think of it as a living being. The fire was older than he was; it had never gone out since before he was born. I can imagine, perfectly well, what kind of effect such a mode of life would have had on myself. And very few readers are likely to have within themselves an intellectual and moral fiber of bent and nature so determined, that they are not what they are, mainly through the influence of the external circumstances which have been acting upon them all through life. Did you ever think to yourself that you would like to make a trial for a few days' space, of certain modes of life very different from your own, and very different from each

other? I have done so many a time. And a lazy summer afternoon here in the green shade is the time to try and picture out such. Think of being to-day in a stifling counting-house in the hot bustling town. I have been especially interested in a glazed closet which I have seen in a certain immensely large and very crowded shop in a certain beautiful city. It is a sort of little office partitioned off from the shop; it has a sloping table, with three or four huge books bound in parchment. There is a ceaseless bustle, crush, and hum of talking outside; and inside there are clerks sitting writing, and receiving money through little pigeon-holes. I should like to sit for two or three days in a corner of that little retreat; and to write a sermon there. It would be curious to sit there to-day in the shadow, and to see the warm sunbeams only outside through a distant window, resting on sloping roofs. If one did not get seasick, there would be something fresh in a summer day at sea. It is always cool and breezy there, at least in these latitudes, on the warmest day. Above all there is no dust. Think of the luxurious cabin of a fine yacht to-day. Deep cushions; rich curtains; no tremor of machinery; flowers, books, carpets inches thick; and through the windows, dim hills and blue sea. Then, flying away in spirit, let us go to-day (only in imagination) into the Courts of Law at Westminster. The atmosphere on a summer day in these scenes is always hot and choky. There is a suggestion of summer time in the sunshine through the dusty lanterns in the roofs. Thinking of these courts, and of all their belongings and associations, here on this day, is like the child already mentioned when he puts his foot into a very cold corner of his bed, that he may pull it back with special sense of what a blessing it is that he is not bodily in that very cold corner. Yes, let us enjoy this spot where we are, the more keenly, for thinking of the very last place in this world where we should like to-day to be. I went lately (on a bright day in May) to revive old remembrances of Westminster Hall. The judges of the present time are very able and incorruptible men; but they are much uglier than the judges I remember in my youth. Several of them, in their peculiar attire, hardly looked like human beings. Almost all wore wigs a great deal too large for them;

I mean much too thick and massive. The Queen's Counsel, for the most part, seemed much younger than they used to be; but I was aware that this phenomenon arose from the fact that I myself was older. And various barristers, who, fifteen years since, were handsome, smooth-faced young men, had now a complexion rough as a nutmeg-grater, and red with that unhealthy color which is produced by long hours in a poisonous atmosphere. The Courts at Westminster, for cramped space and utter absence of ventilation, are nothing short of a disgrace to a civilized nation. But the most painful reflection which they suggest to a man with a little knowledge of the practical working of law, is, how vainly human law strives to do justice. There, on the benches of the various courts, you have a number of the most able and honest men in Britain; skilled by long practice to distinguish between right and wrong, between truth and falsehood; and yet, in five cases out of six that come before them, they signal fail of redressing the wrongs brought before them. Unhappily, in the nature of things, much delay must occur in all legal procedure; and further, the machinery of the law can not be set in motion unless at very considerable expense. Now, every one knows that delay in gaining a legal decision of a debated question, very often amounts to a decision against both parties. What enjoyment of the summer days has the harassed suitor, waiting in nervous anxiety for the judgment or the verdict which may be his ruin? For very small things may be the ruin of many men. A few pounds to be paid may dip an honest man's head under water for years or for life. But the great evil of the law, after all, is that it costs so much. I am aware that this may be nobody's fault; it may be a vice inherent in the nature of things. Still, where the matter in question is of no very great amount, it is a fact that makes the wise man willing rather to take injustice than to go to law. A man meets with an injury; he sustains some wrong. He brings his action; the jury give him ten or twenty pounds damages. The jury fancy that this sum will make him amends for what he has lost or suffered; they fancy that of course he will get this sum. What would the jury think if told that he will never get a penny of it? It will all go (and probably a good deal more)

for extra costs; that is, the costs the winning party will have to pay his own attorney, besides the costs in the cause which the losing party has to pay. No one profits pecuniarily by that verdict or that trial, except the lawyers on either side. And does it not reduce the administration of justice to an absurdity, to think that in the majority of cases, the decision, no matter on which side, does no good to the man in whose favor it is given?

Another thing which makes the courts of law a sad sight is, that probably in no scene in human affairs are disappointment and success set in so sharp contrast—brought so close together. There, on the bench, dignified, keen, always kind and polite, (for the days of bullying have gone by,) sits the Chief Justice—a peer (if he pleases to be one)—a great, distinguished, successful man; his kindred all proud of him. And there, only a few yards off, sharp-featured, desponding, soured, sits poor Mr. Briefless, a disappointed man, living in lonely chambers in the Temple; a hermit in the great wilderness of London; in short a total failure in life. Very likely he absurdly over-estimates his talents, and what he could have done if he had had the chance; but it is at least possible that he may have in him the genius of another Follett, wasting sadly and uselessly away. Now, of course, in all professions, and all walks of life, there are success and failure; but there is none, I think, in which poor failure must bear so keenly the trial of being daily and closely set in contrast with flushed success. Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown were rival suitors for the hand of Miss Jones; Mr. Smith succeeded, and Mr. Brown failed; but though Mr. Brown feels his mortification severely even as things are, it would be a great deal worse if he were compelled to follow at a hundred yards distance Mr. Smith and Miss Jones in their moonlight walks, and contemplate their happiness; to be present when they are married, and daily to attend them throughout their marriage excursion. Or some one else gets the bishopric you wished for, but you are not obliged daily to contemplate the cathedral and the palace which you had hoped to call your own. In most cases in this world failure may look away from the success which makes its eyes sore and its heart heavy. You try to have a kind-

ly feeling towards the man who succeeded where you failed, and in time you have it; but just at first you would not have liked to have had ever before you the visible manifestation of his success and your failure. You must have a very sweet nature, and (let me say it) much help from a certain high quarter, if, without the least envy or jealousy, genially and unsoured, you can daily look upon the man who, without deserving to beat you, actually did beat you; at least while the wound is fresh.

And while talking of disappointment and success in courts of law, let me remark that petty success sometimes produces, in vulgar natures, manifestations which are inexpressibly disgusting. Did you ever remark the exultation of some low Jew attorney when he had succeeded in snapping a verdict in some contemptible case which he had taken up and carried on upon speculation? I have witnessed such a thing, and can not but say that it appeared to me one of the most revolting and disgusting phases which it is possible that human nature should assume. I think I see the dirty, oily-looking animal, at once servile and insolent, with trickery and rascality in every line of his countenance, rubbing his hands in the hour of his triumph, and bustling about to make immediate preparation for availing himself of it. And following him, also sneakily exulting, I see an object more dirty, more oily looking, than the Jew attorney; it is the Jew attorney's clerk. And on such an occasion, glancing at the bench, when the judgment-seat was occupied by a judge who had not yet learned never to look as if he thought or felt any thing in particular, I have discerned upon the judicial countenance an expression of disgust as deep as my own.

Pleasanter scenes come up this afternoon with the mention of summer days. I see depths of wood, where all the light is coolly green, and the rippling brook is crystal clear. I see vistas through pines, like cathedral vaults; the space inclosed looks on a sunshiny day almost black, and a bit of bright blue sky at the end of each is framed by the trees into the likeness of a Gothic window. I see walls of gray rock on either side of a river, noisy and brawling in winter-time, but now quiet and low. For two or three miles the

walls of rock stretch onward; there are thick woods above them, and here and there a sunny field: masses of ivy clothe the rock in places; long sprays of ivy hang over. I walk on in thought till I reach the opening of the glen; here a green bank slopes upward from a dark pool below, and there is a fair stretch of champaign country beyond the river; on the summit of the green bank, on this side, moldering, gray, ivied, lonely, stand the ruins of the monastery, which has kept its place here for seven hundred years. I see the sky framing eastern window, its tracery gone. There are masses of large daisies varying the sward, and the sweet fragrance of young clover is diffused through all the air. I turn aside, and walk through lines of rose-trees in their summer perfection. I hear the drowsy hum of the laden bees. Suddenly it is the twilight, the long twilight of Scotland, which would sometimes serve you to read by at eleven o'clock at night. The crimson flush has faded from the bosom of the river; if you are alone, its murmur begins to turn to a moan; the white stones of the churchyard look spectral through the trees. I think of poor Doctor Adam, the great Scotch school-master of the last century, the teacher of Sir Walter Scott, and his last words, when the shadow of death was falling deeper: "It grows dark, boys; you may go." Then with the professional bias, I go to a certain beautiful promise which the deepening twilight seldom fails to suggest to me; a promise which tells us how the Christian's day shall end, how the day of life might be somewhat overcast and dreary, but light should come on the darkened way at last. "It shall come to pass in that day, that the light shall not be clear nor dark. But it shall be one day which shall be known to the Lord, not day, nor night; but it shall come to pass that at evening time it shall be light." I think of various senses in which it might be shown that these words speak truly, in which its great principle holds good, that signal blessing shall come when it is needed most and expected least; but I think mainly how, sometimes, at the close of the checkered and sober day, the better sun has broken through the clouds, and made the flaming west all purple and gold. I think how always the purer light comes, if not in this world, then in a better. Bowing

his head to pass under the dark portal, the Christian lifts it on the other side in the presence and the light of God. I think how you and I, my reader, may perhaps have stood in the chamber of death, and seen in the horizon the summer sun in glory going down. But it is only to us who remain that the evening darkness is growing—only for us that the sun is going down. Look on the sleeping features, and think: "Thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw herself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." And then, my reader, tell me—as the evening falls on you, but not on him; as the shadows deepen on you, but not on him; as the darkness gathers on you, but not on him—if, in sober reality, the glorious promise has not found its perfect fulfillment, that "at the evening time there shall be light!"

Every one knows that Summer Days dispose one to a certain listlessly meditative mood. In cold weather, out of doors at least, you must move about actively; it is only by the evening fireside, watching the dancing shadows, that you have glimpses of this not wholly unprofitable condition of mind. In summer-time you sometimes feel disposed to stand and look for a good while at the top of a large tree, gently waving about in the blue sky. You begin by thinking it would be curious to be up there: but there is no thought or speculation, moral, political, or religious, which may not come at the end of the train started by the loftiest branches of the great beech. You are able to sit for a considerable space in front of an ivied wall, and think out your sermon for Sunday as you look at the dark leaves in the sun. Above all, it is soothing and suggestive to look from a height at the soft outline of distant hills of modest elevation; and to see, between yourself and them, many farm-houses and many little cottages dotted here and there. There, under your eye, how much of life, and of the interests of life, is going on! Looking at such things, you muse, in a vague, desultory way. I wonder whether when ordinary folk profess to be thinking, musing, or meditating, they are really thinking connectedly or to any purpose. I daresay the truth is they have (so to speak) given the mind its head; laid the reins of the will on the mind's neck; and

are letting it go on and about in a wayward, interrupted, odd, semi-conscious way. They are not holding onward on any track of thought. I believe that common-place human beings can only get their ideas upon any subject into shape and order by writing them down, or (at least) expressing them in words to some one besides themselves. You have a walk of an hour before you: you resolve that you will see your way through some perplexed matter as you walk along; your mind is really running upon it all the way; but when you have got within a hundred yards of your journey's end, you find with a start that you have made no progress at all: you are as far as ever from seeing what to think or do. With most people, to *meditate* means to approach to *doing nothing at all* as closely as in the nature of humanity it is possible to do so. And in this sense of it, summer days, after your work is over, are the time for meditation. So, indeed, are quiet days of autumn: so the evening generally, when it is not cold. "Isaac went out to meditate in the field at the eventide." Perhaps he thought of the progress of his crops, his flocks, his affairs; perhaps he thought of his expected wife: most probably he thought of nothing in particular; for four thousand years have left human nature in its essence the self-same thing. It would be miserable work to moon through life, never thinking except in this listless, purposeless way: but after hard work, when you feel the rest has been fairly earned, it is very delightful on such a day and in such a scene as this, to sit down and muse. The analogy which suggests itself to me is that of a carriage-horse, long constrained to keep to the even track along hard dusty roads, drawing a heavy burden; now turned free into a cool green field to wander, and feed, and roll about untrammelled. Even so does the mind, weary of consecutive thinking—of thinking in the track and thinking with a purpose—expatiate in the license of aimless meditation.

There are various questions which may fitly be thought of in the listlessness of this summer day. They are questions the consideration of which does not much excite; questions to which you do not very much mind whether you get an answer or no. I have been thinking for a little while, since I finished the last paragraph, of this point: Whether that cler-

gyman, undertaking the charge of some important church, is best equipped for his duty, who has a great many sermons carefully written and laid up in a box, ready to come out when needed: or that other clergyman, who has very few sermons fully written out, but who has spent great pains in disciplining his mind into that state in which it shall always be able to produce good material. Which of these has made best progress towards the end of being a good and efficient preacher? Give me, I should say, on the whole, the solid material stock, rather than the trained mind. I look with a curious feeling upon certain very popular preachers, who preach entirely *extempore*: who make a few notes of their skeleton of thought; but trust for the words and even for the illustrations to the inspiration of the moment. They go on boldly: but their path crumbles away behind them as they advance. Their minds are in splendid working order: they turn off admirable work Sunday by Sunday: and while mind and nervous system keep their spring, that admirable work may be counted on almost with certainty. They have Fortunio's purse: they can always put their hand upon the sovereigns they need: but they have no hoard accumulated which they might draw from, should the purse some day fail. And remembering how much the success of the extempore speaker depends upon the mood of the moment: remembering what little things, mental and physical, may mar and warp the intellectual machine for the moment: remembering how entirely successful extempore speaking founds on perfect confidence and presence of mind: remembering how as one grows older the nervous system may get shaken and even broken down; remembering how the train of thought which your mind has produced melts away from you unless you preserve a record of it, (for I am persuaded that to many men that which they themselves have written looks before very long as strange and new as that produced by another mind :) remembering these things, I say to myself, and to you if you choose to listen: Write sermons diligently: write them week by week, and always do your very best; never make up your mind that this one shall be a third-rate affair, just to get the Sunday over: and thus accumulate material for use in days when thoughts will not come so readily,

and when the hand must write tremblingly and slow. Don't be misled by any clap-trap about the finer thing being to have the mental machine always equal to its task. You can not have *that*. The mind is a wayward, capricious thing. The engine which did its sixty miles an hour to-day, may be depended on (barring accident) to do as much to-morrow. But it is by no means certain that because you wrote your ten or twenty pages to-day, you will be able to do the like on another day. What educated man does not know, that when he sits down to his desk after breakfast, it is quite uncertain whether he will accomplish an ordinary task, or a double task, or a quadruple one? Dogged determination may make sure, on almost every day, of a decent amount of produced material: but the quality varies vastly, and the quantity which the same degree and continuance of strain will produce is not *a priori* to be calculated. And a spinning-jenny will day by day produce thread of uniform quality: but a very clever man, by very great labor, will on some days write miserable rubbish. And no one will feel *that* more bitterly than himself.

It is wonderful how ordinary, sensible persons, with nothing brilliant about them, may live daily in a comfortable feeling that they are great geniuses: if they live constantly amid a little circle of even the most incompetent judges, who are always telling them that they are great geniuses. For it is natural to conclude that the opinion of the people whom you commonly see is a fair reflex of the opinion of all the world; and it is wonderful how highly even a very able man will estimate the value of the opinion of even a very stupid man, provided the stupid man entertains and frequently expresses an immensely high opinion of the very able man. I have known a man, holding a somewhat important position for which he was grossly unfit, and for which every one knew he was grossly unfit; yet perfectly self-satisfied and comfortable under circumstances which would have crushed many men, because he was kept up by two or three individuals who frequently assured him that he was a very eminent and useful person. These two or three individuals acted as a buffer between him and the estimate of mankind at large. He received their opinion as a fair sample of the general

opinion. He was indeed a man of very moderate ability; but I have known another of very great talent, who by the laudations of one or two old women was led to suppose that he possessed abilities of a totally different nature from those which he actually possessed. I do not mean higher abilities, but abilities extending into a field into which his peculiar talents did not reach. Yet no one would have been sharper at discerning the worthlessness of the judgment of the old women had it been other than very flattering to himself. Who is there that does not know that sometimes clever young men are bolstered up into a self-conceit which does them much harm with the outer world, by the violent admiration and flattery of their mothers, sisters, and aunts at home?

But not merely does the favorable estimate of the little circle in which he lives serve to keep a man on good terms with himself; it goes some way towards influencing the estimation in which he is held by mankind at large — so far, that is, as mankind at large know any thing about him. I have known such a thing as a family whose several members were always informing every body they met what noble fellows the other members of the family were. And I am persuaded that all this really had some result. They *were* fine fellows, no doubt; but this tended to make sure that they should not be hid under a bushel. I am persuaded that if half a dozen clever young men were to form themselves into a little association, each member of which should be pledged to lose no opportunity of crying up the other five members in conversation, through the press, and in every other possible way, this would materially further their success in life and the estimation in which they would be held wherever known. The world would take them at the value so constantly dinned into its ear. When you read on a silver coin the legend *one shilling*, you readily take it for a shilling; and if a man walks about with *great genius* painted upon him in large red letters, many people will accept the truth of the inscription. Every one has seen how a knot of able young men hanging together at college and in after life can help one another even in a material sense, and not less valuably by keeping up one another's heart. All this is quite fair, and so is even the mutual praise

when it is hearty and sincere. For several months I have been possessed of an idea which has been gradually growing into shape. I have thought of getting up an association, whose members should always hold by one another, be true to one another, and cry one another up. A friend to whom I mentioned my plan highly approved it, and suggested the happy name of the *MUTUAL EXALTATION SOCIETY*. The association would be limited in number: not more than fifty members could be admitted. It would include educated men in all walks of life, more particularly men whose success in life depends in any measure upon the estimation in which they are commonly held, as barristers, preachers, authors, and the like. Its purposes and operations have already been indicated with as much fullness as would be judicious at the present juncture. Mr. Barnum and Messrs. Moses and Son would be consulted on the details. Sir John Ellesmere, ex-solicitor-general and author of the *Essay on the Arts of Self-Advancement*, would be the first president, and the general guide, philosopher, and friend of the Mutual Exaltation Society. The present writer will be secretary. The only remuneration he would expect would be that all the members should undertake, at least six times every day, to make favorable mention of a recently published work. Six times a day would they be expected to say promiscuously to any intelligent friend or stranger, "Have you read the *Recreations of a Country Parson*? Most wonderful book! Not read it? Go to Mudie's and get it directly — and the like. For obvious reasons it would not do to make public the names of the members of the association; the moral weight of their mutual laudation would be much diminished. But clever young men in various parts of the country who may desire to join the society may make application to the Editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, inclosing testimonials of moral and intellectual character. Applications will be received until the first of April, 1861.

I wonder whether any real impression is produced by those puffing paragraphs which appear in country newspapers about some men, and which are written either by the men themselves or by their near relatives and friends. I think no impression is ever produced upon intelligent people, and no permanent impression upon

any one. Still, among a rural population, there may be found those who believe all that is printed in a newspaper; and who think that the man who is mentioned in a newspaper is a very great man. And if you live among such, it is pleasant to be regarded by them as a hero. The Reverend Mr. Smith receives from his parishioners the gift of a silver salver: the county paper of the following Friday contains a lengthy paragraph recording the fact, and giving the reverend gentleman's feeling and appropriate reply. The same worthy clergyman preaches a charity sermon: and the circumstance is recorded very fully, the eloquent peroration being given with an accuracy which says much for the perfection of provincial reporting — given, indeed, word for word. Now it is natural to think that Mr. Smith is a much more eminent man than those other men whose salvers and charity sermons find no place in the newspaper: and Mr. Smith's agricultural parishioners no doubt think so. A different opinion is entertained by such as know that Mr. Smith's uncle is a large proprietor in the puffing newspaper; and that he wrote the articles in question in a much warmer strain than that in which they appeared, the editor having sadly curtailed and toned them down. In the long run, all this quackery does no good. And indeed long accounts in provincial journals of family matters, weddings and the like, serve only to make the family in question laughed at. Still, they do harm to nobody. They are very innocent. They please the family whose proceedings are chronicled; and if the family are laughed at, why, they don't know it.

And, happily, that which we do not know does us no harm: at least gives us no pain. And it is a law, a kindly and a reasonable law, of civilized life, that when it is not absolutely necessary that a man should know that which would give him pain, he shall not be told of it. Only the most malicious violate this law. Even they can not do it long: for they come to be excluded from society as its common enemies. One great characteristic of educated society is this: it is always under a certain degree of *Restraint*. Nobody, in public, speaks out all his mind. No body tells the whole truth, at least in public speeches and writings. It is a terrible thing when an inexperienced man in Parliament (for instance) blurts out the awk-

ward fact which every body knows, but of which nobody is to speak except in the confidence of friendship or private society. How such a man is hounded down! He is every one's enemy. Every one is afraid of him. No one knows what he may say next. And it is quite fit that he should be stopped. Civilized life could not otherwise go on. It is quite right (when you calmly reflect upon it) that the county paper, speaking of the member of Parliament, should tell us how this much respected gentleman has been visiting his constituents, but should suppress a good deal of the speech he made, which the editor (though of the same politics) tells you frankly was worthy only of an escaped lunatic. Above all, it is fit and decent that the very odd private life and character of the legislator should be by tacit consent ignored even by the journals most opposed to him. It is right that kings and nobles should be, for the most part, spoken of in public as if they actually were what they ought to be. It is something of a reminder and a rebuke to them; and it is just as well that mankind at large should not know too much of the actual fact as to those above them. I should never object to calling a graceless duke *Your Grace*: nor to praying for a villainously bad monarch as *our most religious and gracious King*, (I know quite well, small critic, that *religious* is an absurd mistranslation; but let us take the liturgy in the sense in which ninety-nine out of every hundred who hear it understand it;) for it seems to me that the daily recurring phrases are something ever suggesting what mankind have a right to expect from those in eminent station; and a kindly determination to believe that such are at least endeavoring to be what they ought. No doubt there is often most bitter rebuke in the names! This law of Restraint extends to all the doings of civilized men. No one does any thing to the very utmost of his ability. No one speaks the entire truth, unless in confidence. No one exerts his whole bodily strength. No one ever spoke at the very top of his voice, unless in mortal extremity. Unquestionably, the feeling that you must work within limits curtails the result accomplished. You may see this in cases in which the restraint of the civilized man binds him no longer. A man delirious or mad needs four men to hold him: there is no restraint keeping in his exertions;

and you see what physical energy can do when utterly unlimited. And a man who always spoke out in public the entire truth about all men and all things, would inspire I know not what of terror. He would be like a mad Malay running a muck, dagger in hand. If the person who in a deliberative assembly speaks of another person as his *venerable friend*, were to speak of him there as he did half an hour before in private, as an *obstructive old idiot*, how people would start! It would be like the bare bones of the skeleton showing through the fair covering of flesh and blood.

The shadows are lengthening eastward now; the summer day will soon be gone. And looking about on this beautiful world, I think of a poem by Bryant, in which he tells us how, gazing on the sky and the mountains in June, he wished that when his time should come, the green turf of summer might be broken to make his grave. He could not bear, he tells us, the idea of being borne to his resting-place through sleety winds, and covered with icy clouds. Of course, poets give us fanciful views, gained by looking at one side of a picture; and De Quincy somewhere states the opposite opinion, that death seems sadder in summer, because there is a feeling that in quitting this world our friend is losing more. It will not matter much, friendly reader, to you and me, what kind of weather there may be on the day of our respective funerals; though one would wish for a pleasant, sunshiny time. And let us humbly trust that when we go, we may find admission to a place so beautiful, that we shall not miss the green fields and trees, the roses and honeysuckle of June. You may think, perhaps, of another reason beside Bryant's, for preferring to die in the summer-time; you remember the quaint old Scotch lady, dying on a night of rain and hurricane, who said (in entire simplicity and with nothing of irreverence) to the circle of relations round her bed: "Eh! what a fearfu' nicht for me to be fleein' through the air!" And perhaps it is natural to think it would be pleasant for the parted spirit, passing away from human ken and comfort, to mount upwards, angel-guided, through the soft sunset air of June, towards the country where suns never set, and where all the days are summer days. But all this is no better than a wayward fancy; it founds on forgetfulness of the

nature of the immaterial soul, to think that there need be any lengthened journey, or any flight through skies either stormy or calm. You have not had the advantage, I dare say, of being taught in your childhood the catechism which is drilled into all children in Scotland; and which sketches out with admirable clearness and precision the elements of Christian belief. If you had, you would have been taught to repeat words which put away all uncertainty as to the intermediate state of departed spirits. "The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do IMMEDIATELY pass into glory." Yes; IMMEDIATELY; there is to the departed spirit no middle space at all between earth and heaven. The old lady need not have looked with any apprehension to going out from the warm chamber into the stormy winter night, and flying far away. Not but that millions of miles may intervene; not but that the two worlds may be parted by a still, breathless ocean, a fathomless abyss of cold dead

space; yet, swift as never light went, swift as never thought went, flies the just man's spirit across the profound. One moment the sick-room, the scaffold, the stake; the next, the paradisaical glory. One moment the sob of parting anguish; the next, the great deep swell of the angels' song. Never think, reader, that the dear ones you have seen die, had far to go to meet God after they parted from you. Never think, parents who have seen your children die, that after they left you, they had to traverse a dark solitary way, along which you would have liked (if it had been possible) to lead them by the hand, and bear them company till they came into the presence of God.

You did so, if you stood by them till the last breath was drawn. *You did* bear them company into God's very presence, if you only staid beside them till they died. The moment they left you, they were with him. The slight pressure of the cold fingers lingered with you yet; but the little child was with his Saviour.

From Chambers's Journal.

FOOTFALLS ON THE BOUNDARY OF ANOTHER WORLD.

UNDER the above title, Mr. R. D. Owen, formerly member of Congress, and American Minister to Naples, has published, in his own country, a volume on so-called supernatural revelations and appearances. A belief in such things—apparently coeval with humanity itself—was thoroughly put out of countenance in the last century, and has long been left to the meanest vulgar. It is now reviving, not only in America, but in this country, with, however, this material difference, that the modern professor of the faith claims for it a legitimate place in the universal frame of things, and presents himself as seeking for the laws under which it is regulated. Mr. Owen enters upon his work in this spirit. He collects, in the first place, narratives involving mystic facts which can be well authenticated, and then endeavors to come to some general conclusion as to these partial gleamings from the confines of an-

other world. He discusses in a calm, reasoning way, the opposition to mystic subjects, which appears to rest on a syllogism: the laws of nature being invariable, these facts, which transcend the laws of nature, can not be true.

A large preliminary section is devoted to the phenomena of sleep and dreaming. The author relates anew many of the anecdotes formerly related by Baxter, Carlyon, and Abercrombie, and adds several which he has himself gathered from reputable sources. Of the latter, the following strikes us as the most worthy of notice.

"In the winter of 1835-6, a schooner was frozen up in the upper part of the Bay of Fundy, close to Dorchester, which is nine miles from the river Pedodiac. While so detained, she was intrusted to the care of a gentleman named Clarke, who is at this time captain of the schooner Julia Hallock, trading between New-York and St. Jago de Cuba.

"Captain Clarke's paternal grandmother, Mrs. Ann Dawe Clarke, to whom he was much attached, was at that time living, and, so far as he knew, well. She was residing at Lyme-Regis, in the county of Dorset, England.

"On the night of the 17th of February, 1836, Captain Clarke, then on board the schooner referred to, had a dream of so vivid a character that it produced a great impression upon him. He dreamed that, being at Lyme-Regis, he saw pass before him the funeral of his grandmother. He took note of the chief persons who composed the procession, observed who were the pall-bearers, who were the mourners, and in what order they walked, and distinguished who was the officiating pastor. He joined the procession as it approached the churchyard gate, and proceeded with it to the grave. He thought (in his dream) that the weather was stormy, and the ground wet, as after a heavy rain; and he noticed that the wind, being high, blew the pall partly off the coffin. The graveyard which they entered—the old Protestant one, in the center of the town—was the same in which, as Captain Clarke knew, their family burying-place was. He perfectly remembered its situation; but, to his surprise, the funeral procession did not proceed thither, but to another part of the churchyard, at some distance. There (still in his dream) he saw the open grave, partially filled with water, as from the rain; and, looking into it, he particularly noticed floating in the water, two drowned field-mice. Afterward, as he thought, he conversed with his mother; and she told him that the morning had been so tempestuous that the funeral, originally appointed for ten o'clock, had been deferred till four. He remarked, in reply, that it was a fortunate circumstance, for, as he had just arrived in time to join the procession, had the funeral taken place in the forenoon, he could not have attended it at all.

"This dream made so deep an impression on Captain Clarke that in the morning he noted the date of it. Some time afterward there came the news of his grandmother's death, with the additional particular that she was buried on the same day on which he, being in North-America, had dreamed of her funeral.

"When, four years afterward, Captain Clarke visited Lyme-Regis, he found that every particular of his dream minutely

corresponded with the reality. The pastor, the pall-bearers, the mourners, were the same persons he had seen. Yet this, we may suppose, he might naturally have anticipated. But the funeral *had* been appointed for ten o'clock in the morning, and, in consequence of the tempestuous weather and the heavy rain that was falling, it *had* been delayed until four in the afternoon. His mother, who attended the funeral, distinctly recollected that the high wind blew the pall partially off the coffin. In consequence of a wish expressed by the old lady shortly before her death, she was buried, not in the burying-place of the family, but at another spot selected by herself; and to this spot Captain Clarke, without any indication from the family or otherwise, proceeded at once, as directly as if he had been present at the burial. Finally, on comparing notes with the old sexton, it appeared that the heavy rain of the morning had partially filled the grave, and that there were actually found in it two field-mice drowned.

"This last incident, even if there were no other, might suffice to preclude all idea of accidental coincidence.

"The above was narrated to me by Captain Clarke himself, with permission to use his name in attestation of its truth."

Another section gives details as to supposed haunted houses, including several cases with which the public has long been familiar, and a few others, generally of modern date, which are here introduced to English readers for the first time. Of the latter, none involves more curious occurrences, or has been brought forward on better evidence, than the case of the Cideville Parsonage. This is a village and commune in the department of the Seine-Inférieure, about eighty miles north-west of Paris. The date is so recent as 1850, when the parsonage was in the occupation of a simple priest named M. Tinel. With him lived two boys, respectively of twelve and fourteen years of age, with whom, in some way, the mysterious disturbances were apparently connected. These lasted from the 26th of November, 1850, till the 15th of February ensuing, when the children were removed from the house. The details are given by Mr. Owen from the depositions of a great number of witnesses in a legal process which took place in consequence of the disturbances, at the

instance of a shepherd who was reputed by the country people as their cause.

Another large section of the book is devoted to narratives regarding appearances of people out of the body, both during life and after death—all incredible, according to the reigning code of faith on such subjects, and yet all testified to by direct and weighty evidence. One of the most curious refers to a series of circumstances which have recently occurred in London, and have been the subject of a good deal of vague rumor.

"In the month of September, 1857, Captain G—— W——, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, went out to India to join his regiment.

"His wife remained in England, residing at Cambridge. On the night between the 14th and 15th of November, 1857, toward morning, she dreamed that she saw her husband looking anxious and ill, upon which she immediately awoke, much agitated. It was bright moonlight; and looking up, she perceived the same figure standing by her bedside. He appeared in his uniform, the hands pressed across the breast, the hair disheveled, the face very pale. His large dark eyes were fixed full upon her; their expression was that of great excitement, and there was a peculiar contraction of the mouth, habitual to him when agitated. She saw him, even to each minute particular of his dress, as distinctly as she had ever done in her life; and she remembers to have noticed between his hands the white of the shirt-bosom, unstained, however, with blood. The figure seemed to bend forward as if in pain, and to make an effort to speak; but there was no sound. It remained visible, the wife thinks, as long as a minute, and then disappeared.

"Her first idea was to ascertain if she was actually awake. She rubbed her eyes with the sheet, and felt that the touch was real. Her little nephew was in bed with her: she bent over the sleeping child and listened to its breathing; the sound was distinct, and she became convinced that what she had seen was no dream. It need hardly be added that she did not again go to sleep that night.

"Next morning, she related all this to her mother, expressing her conviction, though she had noticed no marks of blood on his dress, that Captain W—— was either killed or grievously wounded. So fully impressed was she with the reality

of that apparition, that she thenceforth refused all invitations. A young friend urged her, soon afterward, to go with her to a fashionable concert, reminding her that she had received from Malta, sent by her husband, a handsome dress-cloak, which she had never yet worn; but she positively declined, declaring that, uncertain as she was whether she was not already a widow, she would never enter a place of amusement until she had letters from her husband (if, indeed, he still lived) of later date than the 14th of November.

"It was on a Tuesday, in the month of December, 1857, that the telegram regarding the actual fate of Captain W—— was published in London. It was to the effect that he was killed before Lucknow on the *fifteenth* of November.

"This news, given in the morning paper, attracted the attention of Mr. Wilkinson, a London solicitor, who had in charge Captain W——'s affairs. When, at a later period, this gentleman met the widow, she informed him that she had been quite prepared for the melancholy news, but that she felt sure her husband could not have been killed on the 15th of November, inasmuch as it was during the night between the 14th and 15th that he appeared to herself.*

"The certificate from the War-Office, however, which it became Mr. Wilkinson's duty to obtain, confirmed the date given in the telegram; its tenor being as follows:

9579
"No. ———
1

WAR-OFFICE,
30th January, 1858.

"These are to certify that it appears, by the records in this office, that Captain G—— W——, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, was killed in action on the 15th November, 1857.

(Signed)

"B. HAWES."

"While Mr. Wilkinson's mind remained in uncertainty as to the exact date, a remarkable incident occurred, which seem-

* "The difference of longitude between London and Lucknow being about five hours, three or four o'clock A.M. in London would be eight or nine o'clock A.M. at Lucknow. But it was in the *afternoon*, not in the morning, as will be seen in the sequel, that Captain W—— was killed. Had he fallen on the 15th, therefore, the apparition to his wife would have appeared several hours before the engagement in which he fell, and while he was yet alive and well."

ed to cast further suspicion on the accuracy of the telegram and of the certificate. That gentleman was visiting a friend, whose lady has all her life had perception of apparitions, while her husband is what is usually called an impressive medium; facts which are known, however, only to their intimate friends. Though personally acquainted with them, I am not at liberty to give their names. Let us call them Mr. and Mrs. N——.

"Mr. Wilkinson related to them, as a wonderful circumstance, the vision of the Captain's widow in connection with his death, and described the figure as it had appeared to her. Mrs. N——, turning to her husband, instantly said: 'That must be the very person I saw, the evening we were talking of India, and you drew an elephant with a howdah on his back. Mr. Wilkinson has described his exact position and appearance; the uniform of a British officer, his hands pressed across his breast, his form bent forward as if in pain. The figure,' she added to Mr. W——, 'appeared just behind my husband, and seemed looking over his left shoulder.'

"Did you attempt to obtain any communication from him?" Mr. Wilkinson asked.

"Yes; we procured one through the medium of my husband."

"Do you remember its purport?"

"It was to the effect that he had been killed in India that afternoon, by a wound in the breast; and adding, as I distinctly remember: 'That thing I used to go about in is not buried yet.' I particularly remarked the expression."

"When did this happen?"

"About nine o'clock in the evening, several weeks ago; but I do not recollect the exact date."

"Can you not call to mind something that might enable you to fix the precise day?"

"Mrs. N—— reflected. 'I remember nothing,' she said at last, 'except that while my husband was drawing, and I was talking to a lady-friend who had called to see us, we were interrupted by a servant bringing in a bill for some German vinegar, and that, as I recommended it as being superior to English, we had a bottle brought in for inspection.'

"Did you pay the bill at the time?"

"Yes; I sent out the money by the servant."

"Was the bill receipted?"

"I think so; but I have it up-stairs, and can soon ascertain."

"Mrs. N—— produced the bill. Its receipt bore date the *fourteenth* of November!"

"This confirmation of the widow's conviction as to the day of her husband's death produced so much impression on Mr. Wilkinson, that he called at the office of Messrs. Cox and Greenwood, the army agents, to ascertain if there was no mistake in the certificate. But nothing there appeared to confirm any surmise of inaccuracy. Captain W——'s death was mentioned in two separate dispatches of Sir Colin Campbell; and in both the date corresponded with that given in the telegram."

"So matters rested, until in the month of March, 1858, the family of Captain W—— received from Captain G—— C——, then of the Military Train, a letter dated near Lucknow, on the nineteenth December, 1857. This letter informed them that Captain W—— had been killed before Lucknow, while gallantly leading on the squadron, not on the fifteenth of November, as reported in Sir Colin Campbell's dispatches, but on the *fourteenth, in the afternoon*. Captain C—— was riding close by his side at the time he saw him fall. He was struck by a fragment of shell in the breast, and never spoke after he was hit. He was buried at the Dilkoosha; and on a wooden cross erected by his friend, Lieutenant R—— of the 9th Lancers, at the head of his grave, are cut the initials G. W., and the date of his death, the fourteenth of November, 1857."

"The War-Office finally made the correction as to the date of death, but not until more than a year after the event occurred. Mr. Wilkinson, having occasion to apply for an additional copy of the certificate in April, 1859, found it in exactly the same words as that which I have given, only that the fourteenth of November had been substituted for the fifteenth."

"This extraordinary narrative was obtained by me directly from the parties themselves. The widow of Captain W—— kindly consented to examine and correct the manuscript, and allowed me to inspect a copy of Captain C——'s letter, giving the particulars of her husband's death. To Mr. Wilkinson, also,

the manuscript was submitted, and he assented to its accuracy so far as he is concerned. That portion which relates to Mrs. N—I had from that lady herself. I have neglected no precaution, therefore, to obtain for it the warrant of authenticity.

“It is perhaps the only example on record where the appearance of what is usually termed a ghost proved the means of correcting an erroneous date in the dispatches of a commander-in-chief, and of detecting an inaccuracy in the certificate of a War Office.”

THE GREAT ECLIPSE IN SPAIN.

THE correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* gives the following description of the great eclipse, as seen from the mountains in Spain.

How many of those living now have, however, seen a total eclipse of the sun in the British Islands? Many Londoners have seen eclipses of the sun and moon; but when was the last total one which occurred in the metropolis? As long ago as 1715, whilst the one before that took place in 1140. To see the next total eclipse in London we shall have to live for upwards of fifty years yet. If we wish to see a total eclipse, even in Europe, we must wait to the last day of 1861; another occurs in 1870, a third in 1887, and a fourth in 1896. To judge of them even by their rarity, we must value them at a pretty high rate, even if we exclude all other considerations, but, above all, the utility to which they may be turned, in giving with extraordinary precision the positions of the sun and moon at a particular instant of time, (which is itself useful as a matter of chronography;) and, above all, in giving us some information respecting the interior, or rather the exterior, of the sun and solar influences. For this latter purpose the three last total eclipses of 1842, 1851, and September, 1858, have been most attentively examined, and some remarkable discoveries made of the appearances which have presented themselves to view, which, although noticed before on some rare occasions, have since been found to be regular attendants of all solar eclipses.

The great point of observation for European astronomers was Spain, and this

latter country suddenly found itself the observed of all observers. In respect to the natural advantages of climate of one district above another, by some the southern part of the kingdom was preferred, as offering a climate and sky not inferior to that of Italy; by another the great heights of Montcayo were chosen, as being certain at all seasons, but particularly in the summer months. The English expedition, from the ease with which a steamer might be sent across the Bay of Biscay, chose the north-west portion of the Peninsula as the scene of their exertions, although the climate could scarcely be considered as the best. However, taken altogether, it was certain that the eclipse would be observed somewhere or other; and such has turned out to be the case. To be sure, some awkward mishaps have occurred: among others, the part of the expedition which remained at Santander were altogether unsuccessful; whilst what may be termed the non-scientific portion of the associations, consisting of the crew of the Himalaya, which brought them out, were altogether the reverse, a gleam of clear sky at the time of totality revealing every thing that was interesting in the phenomenon. It is a pity that none of the instruments made use of were powerful enough even to show “Baily’s Beads,” as they are termed, which are shown with great ease even with very indifferent telescopes, and that no accurate measures could be made of the other phenomena noticed.

The part of the expedition to which the writer belonged made their way, after a great many mishaps and misadventures,

to the plain about twenty miles beyond Reynosa, and upwards of seventy miles inland. They were furnished with three very excellent telescopes by Wray, the largest of which was five inches in aperture, and had a focal length of seven feet, and was made use of by J. Buckingham, Esq., C.E.; the second was three inches and a half aperture, and had a focal length of five feet, and was kindly placed at the disposal of the writer. Both these instruments were mounted equatorially on very steady and convenient iron stands, and they answered in every respect that could be wished for. As an instance which may be given of the perfection to which the polishing of object-glasses has been carried by Mr. Wray, it may be stated that these were only finished a few days before the eclipse expedition sailed, and that the eclipse of the sun was the first celestial fact or observation taken with them, yet they were found to be quite perfect in all respects. Mr. Wray himself made use of the smallest telescope of the three, which gave a large field of view, and by which he could make observations on the corona to a much greater distance than the others. With those three instruments, and the assistance of Messrs. Waring and Forrest, (to whom we are indebted for the view which we obtained of the eclipse,) we hoped to obtain some observations which a few hours previous to the commencement of the eclipse we had little idea of being able to procure. At that time we were walking from Barcena to Reynosa under a heavy rain, with a sky above us covered with dense fog and mist, and which had remained much in the same state for nearly eight days. We had not seen a clear day or night at Santander all the time we had been there; and were equally unfortunate at Los Corrales, the hospitable residence of J. Moule, Esq. Every thing, in fact, predicted a sorrowful ending to the eclipse in the neighborhood of Santander and Reynosa, two of the stations which were particularly mentioned, and which were the only ones thought of by observers. Nearly every one on the present expedition had examined the latter locality, but had stopped short at the town itself, and had not thought of pursuing their investigations further into the plains of Castile. Whilst our little party, however, after their return from the snow mountains of Reynosa,

were deliberating as to the proper place of observation, we received information that by crossing the mountains and going about seventy miles from the coast the weather was every thing that could be expected. Thither, therefore, we at once determined to proceed; and, in company with Messrs. Waring and Forrest, who gave us this valuable information, we at once started on the journey, having scarcely twenty hours before us to perform a journey of fifty miles, (half of which must be performed on foot, and burdened with two large boxes of instruments, chronometer, etc.) The boxes were safely deposited in a bullock-cart, and by walking nearly the whole of the night under a heavy rain, and in bad roads, we arrived within sight of the snow mountains of Reynosa the morning of the eclipse, and by the more easy and quicker conveyance of the rail were soon transported to the village of Camuesa, where we took up our quarters and unpacked and mounted the telescopes. The sky was here every thing that could be desired, and if it had remained in the same way throughout the day we could not have been better off, although as it was we had but little reason to complain in comparison with some others.

With what anxiety we watched the clouds passing during all the forenoon! Every cumulus that drifted across the sky seemed to us as an enemy—but an enemy which could not be resisted. At last, however, we passed into a state of philosophical apathy, and considered that every other observer would be placed under equally unfortunate or fortunate circumstances as ourselves. So much did this feeling exist that we sat down to a slight repast in one of the working-rooms of the farm-yard with something like calmness, and awaited patiently the coming on of the eclipse. A great cloud was over the sky at the time; we could not see the beginning of the eclipse. A few minutes afterwards, however, the sun again broke out, and it was seen, but not as a circle. The moon had evidently passed over it. A moment or so showed that the people assembled could see equally well as ourselves, and that the eclipse had really commenced for all. We had evidently seen the beginning of the phenomenon for which we had traveled so many miles. Our anxiety became greater and greater in consequence. The

clouds were looked at with more and more trouble. We whiled away the interval by endeavoring to perceive a difference in the darkness; but for the first half-hour could not perceive the slightest trace of obscurity. We took the times of the edge of the moon passing over the great spots of the sun, and watched and noted the irregularities of the moon's limb. The spirits of the party rose as they saw the disk of the sun disappear by degrees. A quarter of an hour before the totality the darkness commenced to set in—"the gloaming closed slowly round." After this time the anxiety became extreme for all parties, the telescopic observers looked through their instruments without scarcely a moment of rest—the crowd regarded the decreasing disk of the sun through their smoked glasses with something like awe. The conversation, which had hitherto been lively and animated, if not very amusing to those who wished to hear the beating of the chronometer, now became less frequent, and descended almost to a whisper. The excitement which ensued from this time until the commencement of the totality had something in it exceedingly solemn; but the feeling was unmix'd altogether with any thing like dread or fear to the spectators. About three minutes before the totality commenced, and when the crescent of the sun had decreased to the naked eye to an almost insensible thread of light, the telescopic observer perceived that the part of the solar disk which remained was broken. This was the beginning of the so-called "Baily Beads," and a few seconds or so afterwards this phenomenon (if phenomenon it may be called, which had nothing wonderful in itself, and which arose altogether, as all the observers present came to the conclusion, from the irregularities of the edge of the moon) the portion of the sunlight visible was observed to be broken up into three or four fragments. These constantly kept changing, both in number and magnitude, until the sun was totally obscured. Sometimes they appeared as long streaks of sunlight, which in a few seconds afterwards were broken up into smaller pieces; those latter after many changes in form and brilliancy, finally decreased to mere points of light, and went out suddenly. In no case could they be said to resemble beads or circles of light, and their number was

altogether too insignificant to compare them to strings of pearls, to which they could not be said to bear the slightest likeness in any respect. However, it was curious to observe their fluctuations, and to notice how remarkably the advancing limb and mountains of the moon changed their forms and brilliancy. At no time during this period did their number exceed eight or ten, and even with a higher power we do not believe that this number could be increased. Just before finality it had decreased to three or four, which were extinguished with the greatest rapidity. The instant the last of them—no more brilliant than a star of the fifth or sixth magnitude—had vanished, the spectators were equally aware with the telescopic observers of the extinction of sunlight. A murmur, or rather an exclamation of surprise, arose, which quickly subsided into silence. But the appearance which was presented in the telescope was too remarkable for the observers to care for any exclamation of surprise. Just before totality, and when three or four of the "Baily Beads" were quivering on the edge of the moon, faint brushes of light were seen at the top and bottom of the lunar crescent, and in a moment afterwards the sun had disappeared, and the moon had taken its place—not altogether with equal brilliancy, nor yet with total blackness; it appeared as a dark gray circle on the sky, resembling a patch of dark velvet from the apparent softness of its surface. And now sprang out the corona in all its splendor. It had been seen before, but nothing in comparison to what it now was. Mr. Wray had perceived flashes of it in the dark intervals which occurred between the "Baily Beads; but when these had disappeared the corona was a perfect circle of nebulous matter. Suppose a black patch projected upon a comet, the appearance would be almost the same, with this difference, that the nebulous matter was evidently radiating near the edge of the moon, and certainly so at the outward circumference. It was of a yellowish tinge in the interior, and of a pearly white at the exterior, parts—or, at least, so it appeared to the writer. Its appearance, as seen for considerably less than a minute, the hushed murmur of the crowd, and the darkness all around, can never be forgotten. The telescope was turned slowly round the edge of the moon, in

order to detect the red prominences if possible; but although the operation was repeated, nothing could be seen. At this moment, and when it appeared the corona had not been visible for more than twenty seconds, a cloud drifted over the place which the sun and moon occupied in the heavens, and all was obscured. The eye was reluctantly withdrawn from the telescope, and for the first time we beheld the landscape. Wonderful as was the appearance of the celestial bodies as seen by optical aid, the picture which met the eye, and which was more unexpected, was altogether surprising. The landscape, or that part of it close to us, was of a dark olive green; the distant portion and hills were of a well-defined purple. The outline of the hills in front, including the opposite rock, (known by the name of the Anvil,) was perfectly defined, projected as they were on a bright yellow sky, the color of which was altogether different from the golden tint of sunset, being lighter and whiter, and far more splendid. The colors of Claude were dull in comparison. Above this yellow horizon the clouds appeared more grave, but equally surprising. The heavy cumuli clouds which had been so disastrous to us for the view of the totality were now so splendid that we unconsciously forgot our misfortune. Various shades of purple made their appearance, and they seemed, but for the circumstance of their color, as clouds of dark and dense smoke projected on the clear sky. Two stars were seen between the interstices of the clouds. The silence of the assembled crowd, their upturned and apparently livid countenances, the darkness, which seemed unnatural—all those circumstances combined during the three eventful moments of total obscurity, was a sight never to be forgotten.

Suddenly, however, the sun broke out. The eye detected again the phenomenon of the "Baily Beads." The landscape cleared up as after some heavy snow-storm. It may be noticed here that the darkness, though very considerable, was by no means total, even at the middle of the eclipse. The figures on the faces of the watches and chronometers could be easily distinguished, and the dark lines on the scale of a box-wood thermometer

could be read by Mr. Wray at the distance of a yard. Mr. Buckingham noticed some remarkable appearances in the clouds (which were tinged underneath the sun with the prismatic colors) during the eclipse, and his observations are confirmed by Mr. Waring. The darkness at Santander appears to have been much greater, both as noticed on board the Himalaya and in the town. Mr. Wilde, a British merchant residing at Santander, who observed the eclipse in company with the Conde de Campojero at the Penas de Castilla, informs me that it was impossible to recognize the faces of those close to him during the eclipse. The effect of the darkness on animals, however, could not be contested, and all, both fledged and unfledged, appeared to consider it as the coming on of night. Oxen and goats were altogether astonished, apparently; the latter, which were grazing upon a neighboring hill, started off home directly. The cocks of the farmyard kept up a continual crowing; the hens rushed off with their chickens to roost. Butterflies dropped on the ground. The pigeons of the farm-yard returned homewards suddenly; but I noticed they could not find the pigeon-holes in their dove-cot, and, after fluttering about wildly for a time, perched on the top of the house. All animated nature seemed to be seized with a sudden dread.

The best thanks of the Santander portion of the British expedition are due to J. Moule, Esq., of Los Corrales; to Messrs. Stephenson, Dods, and other gentlemen connected with the railroad. To H. Waring, Esq., C.E., of Media Hor, and to Mr. Forrest, it will be seen that we are altogether indebted for seeing the eclipse at all. To the Spanish authorities in general we have been indebted for the utmost politeness, and every facility was offered to the expedition both for themselves and instruments. There could be but one feeling on the part of the expedition on leaving Santander to the authorities, whether government or municipal, to the inhabitants of town and country, and to our *compatriotes* residing there—namely, one of the greatest gratitude whilst residing amongst them, and of sorrow when parting from them.

LITERARY MISCELLANIES.

THE NEW AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA. A Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by GEORGE RIPLEY and CHARLES A. DANA. Vol. X. Jerusalem to Macferrin. New-York: D. Appleton & Company. 1860.

We have received the tenth volume of this great national work, so creditable to the publishers and honorable to the literature of the country. It fills seven hundred and eighty-eight pages, double columns, with a copious index of eight pages in addition. It comes like its predecessors richly laden with valuable information, as a great dictionary of knowledge interesting to all classes of intelligent men, and worthy of wide diffusion till one or more copies shall be found in every village, hamlet, city, public, and many private libraries over all our land.

CARLYLE'S MISCELLANIES. Critical and Miscellaneous Essays. Collected and republished by THOMAS CARLYLE. In four volumes. Boston: Brown & Taggard, 25 Cornhill. 1860.

VOLUME I. is comprised in four hundred and ninety-one pages, neatly printed and beautifully executed. Its contents are rich and varied. Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, State of German Literature, Life and Writings of Werner, Goethe's Helena, Goethe, Burns, Life of Heyne, German Playwrights. To this is added a copious Appendix. A Preface and Introductions to the book called *German Romance*. On these pages are spread out a multitude of brilliant thoughts, so characteristic of the gifted pen of this renowned writer. Carlyle could hardly write any thing common-place or after the common mode of expressing his thoughts, but attractive and dazzling.

VOLUME II. is comprised in four hundred and ninety pages, rich in the eloquence of thought and diction. The summary of contents begins thus: "Resistless and boundless power of true literature. Every life a well-spring whose stream flows onward to Eternity. Our grand business, not to see what lies dimly in the distance; but to do what lies clearly at hand. Prophetic folly and spiritual contagion. The present is always an important time." The contents and subjects of this volume open a wide field for displaying the graphic imagery of thought so so peculiar to the pen of Carlyle, presented and expressed in such combinations of ideas as no one ever thought of before. His mind starts off like a railway train careering through the air, if such a thing were possible, richly laden and dropping out the gems and wealth of ideas at every turn of the mental engine.

VOLUME III. is comprised in four hundred and eighty pages, filled with varied topics: Characteristics, Goethe's Portrait, Biography, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Death of Goethe, Goethe's Works, On History, Death of Edward Irving; and an Appendix taken up with Novelle, Schiller, Goethe, and Ma-

dame de Staël. On such topics the pen of Carlyle loves to revel and luxuriate in wide regions of suggestive thought, gathering up intellectual treasures as he travels onward, for the instruction and admiration of all who follow him. His pen seems to grace every subject which it takes up, lights upon, or touches, clothing them in fresh robes of beauty to draw the reader onward through all his paths of mental travel.

VOLUME IV. is comprised in five hundred and twenty-four pages, including a copious Index of the whole four volumes, which adds much to the interest and value of the work. This volume leads off with the Diamond Necklace, in sixteen chapters and eighty-four pages. Next, Mirabeau and the French Revolution, Sir Walter Scott, etc. We had little need to do more than announce the publication of these four volumes in neat and uniform style, embracing the productions of this remarkable man. His name and fame are so well known in the world of letters that all the admirers of his works will desire to possess them as published by Brown & Taggard.

THE QUEENS OF SOCIETY, ILLUSTRATED. By GRACE and PHILIP WHARTON. Illustrated by CHARLES ALTAMONT DOYLE and the Brothers DALZIEL. Pages 488. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

This book, the *Queens of Society*, presents the names, the characters, the biographical sketches, and the personal history of eighteen women, celebrated personages, authors, ladies of rank and renown, beautiful, accomplished, talented, wielding immense influence, social or political, over the wide circles of human beings around which they revolved and in which they moved. It is seldom that such a constellation of minds, gifted pens, talents, rank, beauty, and female influence on society around, is brought together in one volume. In controlling personal influence these eighteen celebrated ladies are rightly named the Queens of Society. The book is admirably written, and moreover contains a large amount of cotemporary historic information. Among the names, are the Duchess of Marlborough, Madame Roland, Lady Montague, Mrs. Landon, Lady Morgan, Duchess of Gordon, Madame Récamier, Madame de Staël, Lady Caroline Lamb, Countess of Pembroke, and Madame de Maintenon, etc. The book is embellished with sixteen illustrations.

CASTLE RICHMOND. A NOVEL. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE, Author of Dr. Thorne, The Bertrams, The West-Indies and the Spanish Main, etc. Pages 474. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

THE author of this book is no stranger in the literary world. The scenes depicted in the story and its plot are laid in Ireland. Castle Richmond stands or stood upon the banks of the river Blackwater, surrounded with beautiful and romantic scenery in

the south-west of Ireland. The well-told story fills forty-four chapters, inviting the reader to traverse its hills and valleys of scenic description, for amusement and instruction.

STUDIES IN ANIMAL LIFE. By GEORGE HENRY LEWES, Author of *Life of Goethe*, *The Physiology of Common Life*, etc. Pages 146. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

We welcome and commend this book and all others of similar excellence to those who love the knowledge and studies of Animal Life, inasmuch as they bear an important and intimate relation to our own modes of existence. This instructive volume is divided into six chapters, and is illustrated with cuts which aid the mind in its reflections.

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS. By STEPHEN H. TYNG, D.D., Rector of St George's Church, New-York. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1860.

The name of this Author, so well and widely known as an eloquent divine, on both sides of the Atlantic, who is always ready for every good word and work, will commend its pages to all who feel or take an interest in Sunday-Schools. Such an experience of such a man for forty years, can not fail to be interesting and instructive.

A TREASURY OF SCRIPTURE STORIES: beautifully illustrated with Colored Plates from Original Designs by the first American Artists. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1861.

We greet the publication of all well-written books, whose aim is to draw young minds and hearts to a better acquaintance with the Bible—its biographies, its histories, and its descriptions. This book, so beautifully illustrated with colored plates, will be a welcome visitor to the young in many families.

AMERICAN HISTORY. By JACOB ABBOTT. Illustrated with numerous Maps and Engravings. Vol. II. *Discovery of America.* New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

The pen of Jacob Abbott has become renowned for the easy and graphic style of interest and instruction with which it clothes all books for the young which it produces. It is quite enough for the public to be informed that Jacob Abbott has written a book, to create a wide desire to obtain and read it. This book of American History is full of interest, and should be put into the hands of thousands of our youth.

A COMMENTARY, CRITICAL, EXPOSITORY, AND PRACTICAL ON THE GOSPEL OF ST. JOHN. For the use of Ministers, Theological Students, Private Christians, Bible Classes, and Sabbath-Schools. By JOHN J. OWEN, D.D. Pages 502. New-York: Leavitt & Allen, 24 Walker Street. 1860.

This book is a valuable contribution to sacred literature. It is not superficial, not common-place in the deep searches and inquiries after the true mind of the Spirit in these lively oracles of God. But the language, the statements, and the views expressed, give the reader an impression of serious, patient, careful, and prayerful inquiry into the meaning of the sacred text, so as to satisfy the stu-

dent of the Bible. The talents, learning, piety, and critical and thorough acquaintance of Dr. Owen with the Greek language, largely qualifies him for this commentary work of expounding the Scriptures.

STORIES OF SCOTLAND AND ITS ADJACENT ISLANDS. By MRS. THOMAS GELDART, Author of *Truth is Every Thing*, *Stories of England* and her Forty Counties, etc. New-York: Sheldon & Company. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 1861.

SCOTLAND is a great storehouse of history. Its treasures are rich and inexhaustible. The skillful pen may long continue to draw out from its stores lessons of interest and instruction, such as this book contains, for youthful minds.

ITALY IN TRANSITION. Public Scenes and Private Opinions in the Spring of 1860. Illustrated by Official Documents from the Papal Archives of the Revolted Legations. By WILLIAM ARTHUR, A.M., Author of *A Mission to the Mysore*, *The Successful Merchant*, etc. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

This book is timely and full of historic and current interest. The eyes of the world are turned with intense gaze at the passing events, revolutions, and changes which are occurring in Italy. This book will conduct the reader step by step through the cities of Italy, and communicate to him much valuable information in regard to that classic land.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE. A Novel. By WILKIE COLLINS, Author of *The Queen of Hearts*, *Antonina*, *The Dead Secret*, *After Dark*, etc. Illustrated by John McLenan. Pages 260. New-York: Harper & Brothers. 1860.

The author of this book is a man of renown as a writer of romance. In this volume his object is to tell the story of what a woman's patience can endure, and of what a man's resolution can achieve. In doing this he presents to the mind of the reader many personages and describes many graphic scenes with a master's hand, and holds the reader's attention to the end.

BIBLIOTHECA SACRA AND BIBLICAL REPOSITORY. EDWARDS A. PARK and SAMUEL H. TAYLOR, Editors. July, 1860. Andover: WAITEN DRAPER. New-York: Mason Brothers.

This long-established Quarterly has a wide reputation for the learning and research which fills its pages. The theological world have long looked to its pages for the discussion of profound subjects which task the powers of the mind, in its investigations of sacred themes. Its conductors are men of eminent ability.

American Theological Review for August was promptly issued. (New-York and Boston, New-York: J. M. Sherwood, No. 5 Beekman Street, Boston: Moore, Munroe & Co.) To commend this able and well-conducted Quarterly in common language of stereotype usage would be far below its merits and sterling worth as a periodical whose pages glow with great thoughts on important themes of theological truth. It already takes rank among the foremost in ability and value. Its conductors and contributors furnish an ample guarantee to its ministerial and other patrons that its pages will be enriched with all that can be reasonably expected in the promotion of Evangelical truth and doctrines.

A PERSONAL SKETCH OF GARIBALDI.—

MESSINA, August 2.

I THIS morning accompanied Garibaldi in his usual morning visit to the Faro. Whatever be the season, Garibaldi gets up at dawn, and it is these early hours of the morning, which he calls his own, when he likes to indulge in his day dreams or spend the time in confidential conversation. When at home or in the camp, he likes to saunter about, leaving no spot in the neighborhood unexplored, and having, above all, a tendency to ascend all high hills or towers from which you have the most extensive view in the neighborhood. It was in these early morning walks, near the village of Quartero, in the mountains about Genoa, that he worked out his idea of a descent upon Sicily, and on the heights of the Pizzo di Fico that he decided on the bold blow at Palermo. The tower of the lighthouse at the Faro is likely to become the brooding-place of some other great idea, for not a morning passes without Garibaldi being seen at this chosen spot. Besides indulging in this favorite pastime of contemplation and concentration in himself, his presence at the Faro just at this time is required to vivify and advance the works which are being constructed there.

Like time, Garibaldi waits for nobody, so I took care to be there at dawn. He lives at the Royal Palace, close to the villa, the little ornamental garden in the main street. As usual, leaving the larger apartments to his suite, he retired into a small corner room, which forms his bed-room, study and private room; adjoining it is a small room occupied by his private secretary. He had just done dressing when I entered; he walked about in the room, scarcely illuminated by the first gray light of the morning, finishing his toilet. Coffee and some hard biscuits were ready for breakfast on a small table encumbered with papers, while in the rest of the room were lying about in picturesque confusion other papers, model arms, rifles, muskets, swords, and revolvers, samples of the soldiers' rations as they ought to be, and cigars. Welcoming me with a hearty shake of the hand, he continued walking about twice or three times along the room, then stopping, he asked me: "Do you remember the 'Carme della Morte' of Ugo Foscolo?" On my confessing my ignorance he began to recite it to me, giving all the emphasis of which those sublime verses are capable. Having finished, we sat down to have some coffee, talking of poetry and the superiority of *versi sciolti* over rhymes.

The carriage was ready, and we drove through the still silent streets towards the Marina. It is about nine miles to the Faro; almost all along the road there is a succession of dwelling-houses, villas and villages. The first part of it is the usual summer-evening drive in ordinary times, and it well merits its attractions, with that deep blue sea, and the white fort and houses of Messina rising out of it; the picturesque fishing and coasting-boats drawn up on the beach; to the left the verdant hills, coming down close to the road and exhibiting a deep green, tropical vegetation on their slopes; before you in a graceful curve, the sandy promontory, with the Faro at its extremity; and on the opposite side of the Straits the mountains of Calabria, and the white buildings of Villa San Giovanni and Reggio, bathed by the sea. It is hard to say whether this scene is more lovely in the warm evening tinge, or seen in the rosy vapors of the morning.

Although it was only sunrise when we left the

town, the dwellings of the lower classes were already open, the children playing on the beach, their elders peeping out of windows, or standing at the door, to give their greeting to their saviour, as Garibaldi is called. Man, woman, and child seemed to know him like an old acquaintance, and saluted him with their best smile. They are lying, as it were, in wait for him, knowing as they do, that he passes every morning. By seeing him every morning they seem to think that they have acquired a kind of right to his acquaintance, and, above all, the children watch for his carriage, and never fail to stammer the "*Evviva Garibaldi*." It is a kind of affectionate popularity which he enjoys on this spot, and which is quite different from the noisy popularity which is the usual tribute paid to great men; and Garibaldi is just the man to appreciate this popularity, and to comply with its tyrannical exigencies. Every one expects to have a look of recognition, a familiar smile, a slight nod or waving of the hand; it would tire out any one else except the man from whom they are expected. He sees every one and listens to every one—the most formidable *corvée* in a country where every one begins his speech with the creation of the world.—*London Times*.

SIXTEEN YEARS OLD.—It is just sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first electric telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of James K. Polk for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington, "two hours in advance of the mail." No one at that day, probably not even the Professor himself, dreamed how closely the electric wire would be interwoven with our daily life. Now, railroad trains are run by electricity, thieves are caught by electricity, lost children are found by electricity, fire-bells are rung by electricity, watches are set, and clocks strike by electricity. Armies march, and fleets sail at its bidding. Treaties are negotiated at its word. Two friends in remote towns, by its help, sit down and have a friendly game of chess. Two emperors, a thousand miles apart, by its help, carry on a siege of a distant city. By night, it flies all over the world, gathering news to serve up to us at breakfast. By day, it flies all over the world, here congratulating a bride, there ordering a funeral, here warning of disaster, there summoning help to a wreck, here buying by the hundred barrels, there selling grain by the thousand bushels, arranging for feasts and fights, for sermons and stock bargains, for the harmonies of a concert and the discords of a convention, for law-making and for law-breaking, the fall of empires and the fall of thermometers, the candidate for the Presidency and the candidate for the penitentiary. Truly, the romance of the "Arabian Nights" is tame beside the reality of the electric telegraph.

THE CREED OF THE DRUSES.—The Turks and Druses have no more religious affinity than Jews and Christians. They are as much Christians as Mohammedans; they practice neither circumcision, nor prayers, nor fasting; observe neither festivals nor prohibitions. They drink wine, eat pork, and allow marriages between brothers and sisters. They believe in the transmigration of souls, and suppose that their chief prophet Hakem, passed into a calf, the image of which they now worship. They maintain the unity of God, and his manifestations of himself to man in the person of seven individuals, the last of whom was Hakem. They hold that five superior spiritual ministers also exist, three of whom have

appeared in the persons of men at different periods, the chief being Hamza (a prophet of their own) and Christ. The five points of Islam are set aside, and the following substituted: first, veracity, (to each other only;) second, mutual protection and aid; third, renunciation of all other religions, (implying persecutions of all others when practicable, Mohammedanism among the number;) fourth, profession of the unity of Hakem as God; fifth, contentment with his works; sixth, submission to his will; seventh, separation from those in error, and from demons.

THE PROPHET EZEKIEL'S TOMB.—For centuries past the Jews of Mesopotamia have been in the habit of making yearly pilgrimages to the tomb of Ezekiel, within some sixty miles of Bagdad. On arrival, some weeks ago, however, Nouri Moustapha Pasha, the new governor of the province, published a prohibition against the practice, alleging that the tomb was equally venerated by the Mussulmans, and that he intended to build over it a mosque for the special use of Islamite pilgrims, by whom it would for the future be exclusively visited. In vain did the excluded Israelites urge the prescription of centuries; the new governor was deaf to every argument that could be used. Thereupon the Jews dispatched a deputation hither, to carry their complaint direct to the Porte. This has been done, and a vizierial letter has been dispatched to Bagdad, ordering the bigoted prohibition to be at once removed.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.—There is no prettier picture in domestic life than that of a daughter reading to her aged father. The old man, while listening to her silvery notes, goes back to other times when another one sat by his side, and whispered words he never will hear again; nor does he wish to do so; for in soft evening light he sees her image reflected in her child, and as one by one gentle emotions steal over him, he veils his face, and the daughter, thinking him asleep, goes noiselessly in search of other employment. Virgin innocence watching over the cares and little wants of old age, is a spectacle fit for the angels. It is one of the links between earth and heaven, and takes from the face of the necessarily hard and selfish world many of its harshest features.

A RETREAT FOR YOUNG BOMBA.—The chateau of Rosenhofen, the summer residence of the King of Bavaria, is being prepared for the reception of Francis II., in case he should find it necessary to make a precipitate retreat from Naples.

WOMAN'S mission is that of peace, charity, and love, and the brightest jewel in her coronet is that gentle-heartedness which would rather extenuate than set down aught in malice. Good temper would recommend any woman to the attention of a gentleman, who would assure to her the proud distinction of being honored and respected. If ladies were to respect themselves more, and not to indulge in vagaries of disposition and exhibitions of character, they would command the loving esteem of those whom they like best in their heart of hearts.

A WORD TO HUSBANDS.—Has any body ever written upon the responsibility which rests upon a husband with regard to the education of his wife? Of course we know what you will say about her being supposed to have "finished her education" before marriage, and all that; and yet you and we know

that she begins as new an education with him as if she had never seen the alphabet. His views, his feelings, his ideas, are they nothing to her, if she loves him? Years after, when they who "knew her as a girl" come to talk with the matron, do they not find her husband reflected in every sentence either for good or evil? Of course, the more strongly a woman loves, the more completely is her own identity absorbed in her husband's. This is a point which is too much neglected by married men. A good husband is almost certain to have a good wife; and if she be "not so good as he could wish" at the commencement of their married life, he can soon educate her up to the proper mark; and, on the other hand, he can so educate her down as to render his home a purgatory, and perhaps bring upon himself and his family the greatest agony and keenest pangs of disgrace which a husband and children can feel.

A QUESTION.—At best, life is not very long. A few more smiles, a few more tears, some pleasure, much pain, sunshine and songs, clouds and darkness, hasty greetings, abrupt farewells—then our little play will close, and injurer and injured will pass away. Is it worth while to hate each other?

NUMEROUS SOLAR SPOTS.—At no former period of observation have so many spots been seen on the sun as during the last fortnight. They are not only remarkable for their number, but also for their magnitude. They occupy for the most part two zones parallel to the solar equator, along which they are disposed in from ten to twelve groups, containing about sixty spots.

SULLY, the painter, was distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening he was speaking of a certain belle who was a great favorite. "Ah!" says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh! oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it's full of ivory."

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION TO THE NEAPOLITANS.—The following proclamation by the Sicilian Dictator has been circulated in Naples:

To the People of the Neapolitan Continent;

The opposition of the foreigner, interested in our abasement, and internal factions have prevented Italy from constituting herself a country. Now, however, it appears that Providence has put an end to so many misfortunes. The exemplary unanimity of all the provinces, and Victory smiling every where on the arms of the sons of liberty, are a proof that the sufferings of this land of genius are drawing near to their termination. Yet another step remains. That step I do not fear. If the slight means which have conducted a handful of valiant men to these Straits are compared with the enormous means at our disposal at present, every eye will see that the enterprise is not difficult. I would that the shedding of blood among Italians could be avoided, and therefore I address myself to you. Sons of the Neapolitan continent, I have proved that you are brave, but I desire not to make further proof of it. Our blood we will shed together on the bodies of the enemies of Italy. But between us let there be a truce. Accept, generous men, the right hand which has never served a tyrant, but which is hardened in the service of the people. I ask of you to constitute

Italy without slaughter of her sons, and with you to serve her and die for her. G. GARIBALDI.
Messina, August 6.

VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN ICELAND.—A correspondent of the *Scotsman* describes a recent eruption of one of the most celebrated Icelandic volcanoes—one second perhaps only to Hecla and Krable in interest—the Kothigja Johul. He says: "This johul, or glacier-covered mountain, forms part of a long range of johuls, about 40 miles long and 20 broad—which stretch in an E. and W., or rather N.E. and S.W., direction along, and about 20 miles inland from, the south coast of Iceland. Their average elevation is 5000 feet. They include the Myrdals Johul and Eyafjalla Johul, and they are never through to the east of Hecla. There has been no volcanic eruption in Iceland since that of Hecla in 1846. The present is the fifteenth eruption of Kothigja, the last having occurred in 1823. The fifteenth eruption began on the 8th of May last, and continued till about the end of the same week. It was preceded—as is usual before the eruption of Icelandic volcanoes—with local earthquakes; and the first signal of its advent occurred in the form of a cloud of smoke, which rested on the summit of the mountain. Vivid flames and a column of smoke or steam, sometimes 24,000 feet high, were visible occasionally—as on the 12th and 16th May—in Reykavik, which is at least eighty miles off. Ashes, pumice, and sulphur were thrown up in considerable quantities; but the chief feature of the eruption was the ejection of enormous quantities of hot water, which formed streams of great depth and velocity. These torrents carried with them to the sea, 20 miles distant, high pieces of ice—the size of which latter was sometimes such that they were stranded only in 20 fathoms of sea-water. Fortunately as yet little damage has been done to the neighboring farms and farm-lands; but the Icelanders live in dread of a renewal of the eruption."

AN ALMANAC WATCH.—In the year 1769, a curious watch was presented to King George III., a kind of mechanical almanac, it being designed simply to point out the several months of the year thereof. On a plate by means of a brilliant, the sun was represented, which regularly performed its diurnal revolution. On the plate was a movable horizon, to show the variations of the days according to the seasons of the year. This watch, though of complicated mechanism, was not larger than those then in ordinary use.

A CHANTING WATCH.—During the reign of Catherine II. of Russia, an ingenious Russian peasant, named Kulubin, constructed a musical watch to perform a single chant. The machine was about the size of an egg within, which was a representation of the tomb of our Saviour, with the Roman sentinels on watch. On pressing a spring, the stone would be rolled from the tomb, the sentinels fall down, the angels appear, the holy women enter the sepulcher, and the same chant which is sung on Easter Eve be accurately performed.

A MUSICAL WATCH.—"The Sieur Ranzonet, watchmaker of Nancy, in Lorraine," records the *Annual Register* for the year 1770, "has made a watch, of the common pocket size, in which he has fixed an instrument of his own invention which plays an air *enduo*. All the parts of this little mechanism are distributed with such art as not in the least to

affect the movement of the watch. It is also so nicely constructed as not to be affected by either heat or cold."

A TRANSPARENT WATCH.—In the year 1840, a watch, of small size, constructed principally of rock crystal, was presented to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. It was made by M. Rebellier. The works were all visible; the two toothed wheels which carry the hands were of rock crystal, and the other wheels of metal. All the screws are fixed in crystal, and all the axes turn on rubies. The escapement was of sapphire, the balance-wheel of rock crystal, and the springs of gold. This watch was found to keep excellent time, which circumstance is attributed by the maker to the feeble expansion of the rock crystal in the balance-wheel, etc.

PEDOMETER.—The Emperor Napoleon I. had a watch which wound itself up by means of a weighted lever, which, at every step his majesty made, rose and fell; and having a gathering click to it wound up a ratchet attached to the barrel, if it was not then fully wound up. The instrument called the Pedometer, which is not larger than a common watch, is on the same principle; its use being to register the number of steps you take while the instrument is in your pocket. It is capable of adjustment according to the number of steps the wearer usually takes in a mile, which he must first count, and set the instrument accordingly. Without such adjustment, it forms no measure of distance at all.

A TOUCH-WATCH, BY WHICH THE TIME OF DAY MAY BE FELT.—Brequet invented a watch "une montre de touche," in which the hours were indicated by eleven projecting studs round the rim of the case, while the pendant marked twelve o'clock. In the center of the back of the case was placed an index or hand, which when moved forward, would stop at the portion of the hour indicated by the watch, which by means of the studs and pendent could be easily felt and counted; for instance, at half-past two the index would stop in the middle of the space, between the second and third studs from the pendent. The late Duke of Wellington possessed a fine watch of this description, presented to him by the King of Spain.

FRENCH WINES.—The following statistics may not be without interest to our readers: The stock of wine at Bercy usually amounts to 2,282,161 hectolitres, and the duties paid to the city and Treasury on wines sold there to above 20,000,000*f.* yearly. The vineyards of France cover an area of 2,000,000 hectares, 450,000 of which have been planted recently. The average annual produce is 40,000,000 hectolitres, worth about 500,000,000*f.* to the growers. One twentieth of the total production, or 2,000,000 hectolitres, are exported. The value of the casks made every year is estimated at 80,000,000*f.*, and the expenditure for conveyance not less than 30,000,000*f.* The total amount of town dues on liquida is about 80,000,000*f.*; and the other imports on them amount to 40,000,000*f.* more. The commercial business to which the produce of the vine gives rise in France considerably exceeds the sum of 1,000,000,000*f.*

The Asiatic telegraph has now been carried down to Jezirah, on the Tigris, a hundred miles north of Mosul. As the works along this interval between

the Kurdish and Mesopotamian capitals are being rapidly pushed on by Messrs. M'Callum, it is expected that before the end of this month messages will be transmissible direct from Stamboul to Nineveh.

AN official document states that the consumption of coal in France is 11,000,000 tons yearly—three fifths of it in manufactories. A large portion of the whole is brought from abroad—1,000,000 tons from England, 2,700,000 from Germany, and 700,000 from Prussia. In 1858 the quantity supplied by England was only 500,000 tons, by Belgium 1,700,000, and by Prussia 20,000.

COMPASSES ON IRON SHIPS.—A paper read before the Royal Society at the last meeting for the session, embodies a report drawn up by Mr. Evans for the Admiralty, *On the Deviations of the Compass on Board of Iron-built Ships and Wood-built Ships in the Royal Navy*, and establishes certain principles and conclusions which go far to diminish the risk of navigation in ships built with metal. Some years ago, Mr. Airy, the astronomer-royal, introduced a compensation magnet to neutralize the effect of the ship's magnetism on the compass; but this method having been found liable to danger, is now disused by the Admiralty. The system at present adopted is a standard compass elevated on a short mast a sufficient height above the deck to be unaffected by the iron of the ship, with which the steering-compass is compared by often repeated observations. Vigilant attention to this comparison is one of the characteristics of a good captain: the necessity for vigilance will be understood by a few words of explanation. Iron is more or less magnetic; an iron ship is therefore magnetic, and the amount of magnetism varies with the direction in which she lies while building. If the head be to the north, the magnetism will not be the same as if the head had been placed to the south, and similarly for the other points. Whatever the amount of magnetism, it undergoes a change by the launch, and by the position in which the vessel is moored during the fitting, and by the putting in of her machinery: every addition to the iron-work, and every blow struck thereon, makes a difference. Setting the machinery in motion makes another change, the trial-trip another; in fact, not till after the ship has made sundry trips, and endured some knocking about, does the magnetism "shake down," as Mr. Evans says, to any thing like a permanent quantity. There is yet another vicissitude to be encountered when the vessel crosses the line, for with her entrance upon the southern hemisphere, a change in the magnetism begins and continues through the voyage, until it is entirely different from that which prevailed in the northern hemisphere.

We thus see with such fluctuations, no reliance could be placed on a permanent compensation. The deviation of the compass of the Great Eastern changed full seven degrees in the voyage from the Thames to Weymouth; an amount of error more than sufficient to lead to wreck, and only to be guarded against by constant watchfulness and comparison with the standard.

A HINT TO LADIES.—In a little work on the prevention and treatment of deafness, published eight years ago by one of our first authorities on the subject, Mr. William Harvey, the well-known aurist of Soho Square, London, it is remarked, that "the fashion now so prevalent among the ladies in dress-

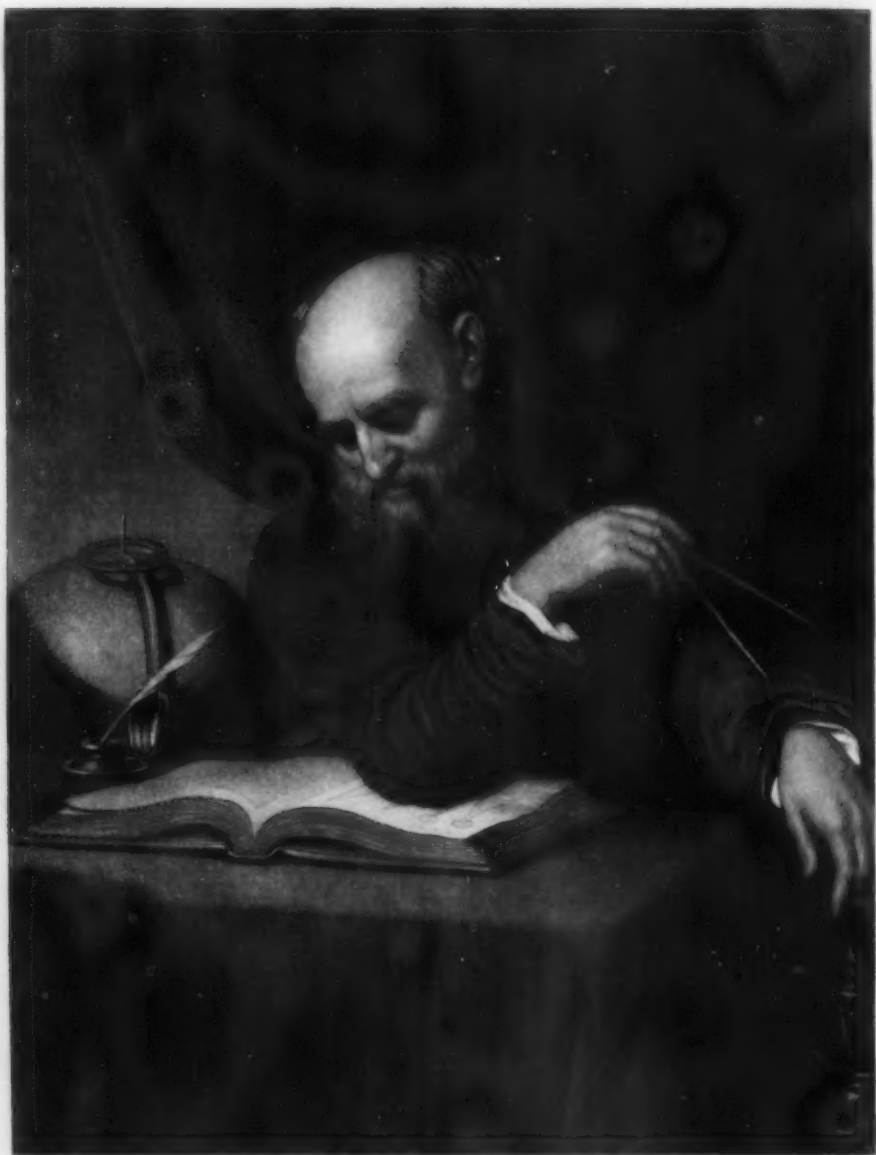
ing the hair entirely conceals that beautiful organ the ear, and it is to be feared that it will give rise, in many instances, to ear-disease." This prediction is now fulfilled. The London aurists are full of business, arising from this "absurd and unnatural fashion of bolstering up the hair with a large pillow of superficial matter, thereby preventing a free and indispensable current of the external atmosphere, and concealing that beautiful organ, which was designed to be one of nature's prettiest attractions." It is time to make our fair countrywomen comprehend that air is as essential to hearing as to seeing; and that it is bad taste, as well as bad judgment, to cover up with bandages an organ "so beautifully adapted," as Mr. Harvey writes, "to collect and reflect the rays of sound, and conduce to the well-being of the race in various ways."

RELICS OF LUTHER.—The *Illustrirte Zeitung* states that an interesting museum of articles relating to Luther, collected by an inhabitant of Halberstadt, has recently been purchased by the Prince Regent and removed to Wittenberg, where it will be preserved in the house once occupied by the great Reformer. Though the collection is extensive and valuable, the collector's heirs sold it for the moderate sum of three thousand thalers, knowing that its late owner was most anxious that it should be preserved at Wittenberg for the benefit of posterity. The collection comprises a number of paintings, thirty-four of which are portraits of Luther and his family, of the elector of Saxony, Melancthon, Erasmus, Pontanus, Ulrich von Hutten, and other eminent men of the time. The second section consists of thirty-four portfolios, containing about 7000 portraits of Luther and his contemporaries, both friends and opponents, representatives of many scenes of his life and caricatures relating to him. Next comes a collection of 2000 autographs of Luther and eminent men of his day, besides numerous manuscripts of the same period. Another section consists of a most valuable collection of 294 medals in gold, silver, etc., struck in honor of Luther and his rivals, and a remarkable series of busts, statuettes, and medallions in bronze and terra-cotta, of the sixteenth century. The sixth section is composed entirely of Luther's writings or works relating to the Reformation, forming in all, a total of 2000 volumes. It is intended to add to this collection a copy of all books or works of art relating to Luther, and the directors of the museum will publish an annual report in which all donors' names are to be inserted.

THE city of Milan is about to present to Marshal Vaillant an album which will contain twenty-eight water-color drawings by the best artists of the city, including Bisi, Massola, Fromagalli, Pennuti, and Rossi. The cost will be about 15,000*l*.

A SUBSCRIPTION list has been opened in Paris and the departments for the benefit of the Christians of Syria who have survived the massacres. It was expected that about 100,000*l*. would be forwarded to Syria in the course of the present week.

MANCHESTER, England, is the greatest manufacturing city in the world. The steam force employed in its various mills and factories amounts to 1,200,000 horse-power. To produce this enormous motive 20,000 tons of coal are consumed every twenty-four hours, or 9,390,000 tons in the 313 working days of the year.



ENGRAVED BY SAMUEL SARTAIN. — THE ORIGINAL BY H. WATTS.

GALILEO.



*On steel by John Sartorius, Phila. after Andreessen by Wills.
for the Engraver.*

COMMENCEMENT DAY, YALE COLLEGE, JULY 26TH 1860.

Rev. Jeremiah Day, S.T.D., LL.D. Rev. Theodore D. Weldsey, S.T.D., LL.D. Prof. Bayne Silliman, M.D., LL.D.